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HISTORICAL MEMOIR

OF

JOAN OF ARC,

The Maid of Orleans.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BOSTON:
PATRICK DONAHOE.
1864.

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JOAN OF ARC;

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE CONTENTS OF THIS HISTORY.

When man revolted against God, the angel of peace departed from him. Since that hour, the cruel passions, like so many famished vultures, have preyed upon the rebel, bound to the rock of pain and death; they torment him day by day, and leave him no rest by night. Their poisonous breath has changed this earth, the delightful garden of the Lord, into one vast, sad, battle-field. Nation has risen against nation, and man is at war with man. From father to son, from generation to generation, the blood-stained sword and the envenomed hatred have been transmitted as an inheritance, and there has been no interval of repose, save when, for a brief season, the arms of the exhausted combatants sank for very weariness. Small, indeed, is the number of those who observe the precepts of eternal love as given by Him who offered himself upon the cross, a victim for the reconciliation of God and man, after he had taught this lesson: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Acc. 4654

But he who draws the sword, must accept the law of the sword; and this law is, that the strong should prevail over the weak. It is, indeed, in the natural course of things, that the wolf should tear the lamb when they chance to meet together. But it betides not so, when God himself advances in the midst of the combatants, and interposes his Almighty hand. He, at whose will death awakes to life, and life sinks back to death; He, who controls all the laws, that He has himself given to his creatures; He can grant, as it seemeth best to his wisdom, the victory to the feeble as to the strong. And it sometimes enters into the counsels of this eternal wisdom, to confound, before the eyes of the world, the prudence of the wise by the simplicity of children, and to break the haughty oak with the light stalk of the lily, so as to humble the pride of those who mock, and the science of those who doubt, and to teach the earth that a God dwells in the heavens, and that He is the Lord, to whom alone belongeth the glory.

Now all this may be found in the history of the shepherdess, JOAN OF ARC, surnamed the *Maid of Orleans*, after her great victory. (A marvellous history, attested on oath by a vast number of eye-witnesses—a history full of great and heroic deeds, as that of the most courageous knight, yet simple and touching, as the life of a virgin devoted to the altar. A history, in a word, animated with the living breath of the Lord, and in which miracles shine out on all sides, as the stars sparkle in the calm azure of the sky.)

Already the king of England, as the palm of numerous and mighty victories, had placed upon his head the

crown royal of France; already, the nobles and the states of one half of the kingdom had sworn allegiance to the foreign ruler; Paris was lost, Orleans was on the brink of ruin, and the deserted Charles VII. thought, in the despair of his soul, to quit as a fugitive the fair domains of his fathers,—when, on a sudden, in the moment of extreme distress, a young girl, poor and unknown, appeared upon the scene of warfare. She brought to her king neither armies, nor treasure; but she brought to him the promise that the Almighty God, the king of heaven, would have pity upon France; that the force of the Lord was with her feeble arm, and that victory would follow in her steps.

Behold! a timid child, who had grown up far from the world, in the midst of her flocks, and beside her wheel—who trembled when they spoke to her in her native village—who wept bitterly when, in the course of their victories, furious enemies offered her insult, and who shed hot tears when she saw them perish on the field of battle—who, when the voice from on high summoned her to the strife, to bring aid to her king, even then about to fall, answered:—

"I am but a poor girl, and know not how to handle the sword, or to ride on horseback."

Behold! it was she, this humble daughter of poor shepherds, that was to raise from the dust the trampled banner of France; and it was before this heroic virgin, God-inspired, that were to fly the victors of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—the terrible archers of England. It was she that marched to the assault and the victory, at the head of the bravest knights, and won for the *little king of Bourges* (as the invaders called in derision the unfortunate Charles VII.) that surname

of *the victorious*, which he still retains in history. It was she that led him to Rheims through the swords of his enemies, and placed the crown of his fathers upon his brow.

And if England no longer assumes the proud title, which victory once gave her, of the United Kingdom of England and France—if France herself, who doubtless would have refused, like Ireland, to sacrifice her creed to that of her conquerors, is not bowed beneath the yoke like that unfortunate country—it is to her faithful heroine, to the victorious maid of Orleans, that she owes it all.

But, whilst Joan of Arc thus inclined the balance of the destinies of France and Europe, she proclaimed aloud before the world, and confirmed it by her marvellous predictions, that she did not accomplish all these things by human strength or human wisdom, but only by the power of God, who had sent her forth in his mercy, and of whom she asked no reward except the salvation of her soul.

But when she had achieved her great mission, and crowned her king with the diadem of Saint Louis, she also obtained a crown. It was not a crown of gold, with its transitory splendor, but the ever radiant crown of martyrdom, which belongs to those who have suffered death in the service of God, and glorified his name even amid the flames of the stake.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE MAID'S BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

At the time when Sigismund, of the house of Luxemburg, held in his hand the sword of imperial justice, the sword of Charlemagne—and when Pope Al-

exander V. sat on the Apostolic throne—that is to say, in the first years of the fifteenth century, two poor peasants lived at Domremy, a little village situated on the borders of Champagne, Burgundy, and Lorraine. The husband was called Jacques D'Arc; his wife's name was Isabella Romée. According to the unanimous report of numerous witnesses, under whose eyes they had lived, they were pious and honest people, of good repute. They served God with a simple heart; brought up their children to labor, and in the fear of the Lord; were pure in their words and just in their actions, and abode with their neighbors in Christian concord. Their existence was far from being an easy one, for they had to earn the first necessaries of life with the sweat of their brows, by cultivating a little field and rearing some cattle; but they ate their bread with a contented heart, and willingly shared it with their more necessitous brethren, that they might also share in the divine mercy at the great day of judgment.

They inhabited a calm, smiling and fruitful country —a fair and solitary valley—divided into broad meadows and rich corn fields, interspersed with orchards and vineyards. The rising waters of the Meuse flow joyously through it, and bathe, as they pass, charming villages, peaceful chapels, and old castles. On the tops of the hills may still be seen the remains of antique and gloomy forests, whose tall trees, mute witnesses of days and generations passed away, bow their withered and tempest-shaken heads towards the flowery valley, even as serious and self-contemplative age looks down upon blooming youth, which knows nothing of the storms of winter or the sharpness of death.

It is true, that this country is not magnificent and varied, like the valleys of the High Alps, where the shepherd pastures his flock on the slope of mountains, lost in the clouds and covered with snow, and from beneath which rivers are gushing forth; nor is it busy and populous, like the valleys traversed by mighty streams, and the roads animated by war and commerce; but it offers an image of labor blessed by heaven, and of the repose found in a contented heart.

The little village of Domremy itself, situated between Neufchateau and Vancouleurs, formed part of the parish of Greux, a neighboring town, and belonged to the immediate domains of the crown of France. At the period in question, this country, surrounded on all sides by foreign rule, and placed at the extreme limits of the kingdom, had seen its fidelity and attachment to the ancient house of its masters, only increase and grow stronger in the midst of continual struggles. In spiritual matters, Domremy belonged to Germany, and was subject to the Bishopric of Toul, and to the Archbishopric of Triers; and in that age, when the German eagle still spread its powerful wings beyond the Rhine, upon the lands of the ancient kingdom of the Franks, the great boundary stones erected by the Emperor Albert were but a few leagues distant from the village.

At this day, one may still see the little house, in which Jacques d'Arc and his wife Isabella Romée lived more than four hundred years ago. It is easily distinguished from all the others, by an ancient stone statue placed above the door, representing a woman in armor, kneeling, and with her hair streaming over her shoulders. The statue itself has been half destroyed by time; but, below it, on the key-stone of the arch over

the door, may be seen three coats of arms still in good preservation. That on the right contains a naked sword, with the point turned upward and supporting a royal crown; that on the left is charged with three ploughshares; but in the middle shield are emblazoned the three lilies, the antique arms of France, surmounted by a bunch of grapes and ears of corn, with the following inscription:—"Long flourish labor!—long live King Louis!"—and the date 1481.

Assuredly, the good Jacques d'Arc never could have imagined, that, after several hundred years, there would not pass near Domremy, either mighty prince or lowly artisan, without stopping for some time in silence before his humble dwelling, to look at the three shields, and at the figure of the woman kneeling above the door. And yet so it is, though nearly five centuries have already elapsed, and that many an illustrious and powerful family has since fallen, of which we know neither the name nor the place. And so it will ever be, as long as gratitude exists in the heart of man, because the hand of God was upon this house, and that, beneath its roof was born JOAN D'ARC, in the year one thousand four hundred and eleven after the birth of Christ.

It is she, that is represented by this statue of a kneeling woman, clad in the armor of a knight. The emblem of the naked sword and the royal crown was given to her family, to hold in perpetual remembrance, that she quitted her father's field, indicated by the emblem of the three ploughshares, to fly to the succour of her king reduced to the last extremity, and, at the point of the sword, reconquered the crown of France.

As for the motto of her house: "Long flourish la-

bor! Long live King Louis!"—each one may do it honor, for, though few can apply it, like the heroic Maid, to the conquest of a realm, all may take it to themselves, as they gather in their corn and grapes, and live in peace and quiet, like the pious parents of Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CONDUCT OF THE MAID IN HER CHILDHOOD.

Joan had three brothers and a sister, but she was early distinguished from the rest by her singular goodness and piety. We have still, with regard to her childish days, the evidence of more than thirty eye-witnesses of all ranks, great and small, knights and priests, officers and peasants, men and women. All agree in declaring that, from her most tender years, her conduct was pure and irreproachable. Almost every one of them quotes some special virtue which he has seen her practice. According to these authentic witnesses, she had a very mild and compassionate heart,—was simple and without suspicion, though prudent and enlightened,—modest in her words and actions, laborious and humble,—far removed from all anger and impatience, and naturally timid, but, at the same time, possessed of dauntless courage in the accomplishment of her duties.

But, above all, these same witnesses are never weary of lauding her piety; a burning love for the Eternal Creator of all that is good and beautiful, and a complete submission to his will, formed the golden chain which bound together all her other virtues, and was indeed the source from which they sprang. By the

paternal hearth, in the fields and woods, everywhere God was present to her mind. He was her guiding star, whether in joy or pain. The house of God was her favorite resort, and, whenever she could, morning and evening, she was present at divine service. She went often and willingly to confess her faults with great contrition, and to partake of the bread of life. When she heard from the fields, the bell summoning the people, if it were too far to the church, or that her work pressed, she would throw herself on her knees in the open air and pray. She loved to speak of God and of the Blessed Virgin. Whilst other young girls, after their day's labor, went sporting and laughing along the roads, she would often be found praying in silence, in some corner of the church, or on her knees before the crucifix, and with looks of deep piety fixed on the Saviour of mankind, or on the Mother of Woes. Yet her temper was neither sad nor gloomy; on the contrary, she was gay, and loved to see a joyous face. She was never accused of presuming on the graces received, or on her piety. She listened with patience to the jests of her companions on her great devotion, the only thing with which they had to reproach her. She censured no one,—was benevolent and affectionate towards all, and gave, wherever she could, both succor and consolation. A peasant of Greaux, named Jean Morel, bore witness, in his seventieth year, that the pious child had been loved by all the inhabitants of the village. Another peasant, Simonin Musnier, attested that, when he was ill, he had been nursed and tended by her with the most compassionate care. A third witness related, that such was her charity towards the poor, that she not only procured them shelter beneath

the roof of her parents and friends, but that she often gave up to them her own bed, and slept herself upon the ground. Sometimes, she was so carried away by pity, as to part with that which belonged properly to her parents. What money she could spare from her alms, she took to the curate to offer up masses for her. Perrin, the sacristan of Domremy, bore witness also how Joan had more than once reproached him, for neglecting, from time to time, to ring the *Angelus* in the evening, and how she had promised him money, if he would be more exact in future.

From her earliest years, she aided her brethren in the labors of the field, and, alternately, with the other children, drove the flocks of her father and his neighbors to the pasture. At a later period, her mother employed her more in the house, and she was very skillful in spinning and sewing.

Amongst the young girls of the village, she had a few intimate friends; but, for the most part, she preferred the conversation of worthy women of a riper age. She knew also how to entertain the little children, and they were well pleased to be with her.

The favorite recreation of Joan was to go once a week on a pilgrimage to a little chapel, called the Hermitage of Notre Dame de Vermont. This peaceful retreat was situated behind the village, upon a hill, near to an old forest of oaks. There may still be seen, on the same spot, the ruins of that humble house of prayer, and the view of the smiling valley spread out before you, is well fitted to raise the heart to Him, who adorned the fields and woods with such rich clothing, that it surpasses all the magnificence of kings. The Hermitage of Notre Dame de Vermont was the object

of peculiar veneration in that country. It appears to have been, like many of our famous places of pilgrimage, one of those spots, where our fathers, in more distant times, celebrated their pagan worship. Afterwards, the first preachers and martyrs of the Gospel kindled, before these altars, the lamp of the true faith, ere its light spread to the surrounding churches. Hence, there still circulated amongst the people, a number of mysterious traditions with regard to this place.

Not far from the chapel flowed a medicinal spring, at which those afflicted with fever were wont to drink. Now, it was said, that, in the old times of paganism, fairies had dwelt there ; that they might still sometimes be seen, and that roots of marvellous virtue were to be found near the spring. Close beside the fountain stood a fine old beech tree, which was known in the neighborhood by the name of *Beau-Mai*, or, the *Tree of the Fairies*. With its large and leafy branches, which, descending to the ground, formed a tent of verdure, it became the scene of joy and merry-making for all the people round about. Every spring, on the Sunday when they sing in the introit, *Lætare Jerusalem*, the lord of Domremy, accompanied by his family, and followed by the joyous youth of the village, went in solemn procession to the Fairies' Tree. The children danced and sang around the ancient beech, went to the fountain, gathered flowers, and weaved crowns and garlands with which they adorned the trunk once more shaded with green. The lord of the castle gave them bread and wine; and, on that day, which was called the *Sunday of the Fountain*, a peculiar kind of loaf was baked in the village. This solemnity was

probably an old festival from the pagan times, which Christianity had converted into a joyous welcoming of the month of May.

Joan celebrated this day with the other children; but, according to the report of the witnesses, she sang more than she danced, and, if sometimes she adorned the majestic tree with flowers, she reserved the greater number of her garlands for the image of Notre Dame de Vermont, before which, every Saturday, she lighted tapers and offered up pious prayers.

More than two hundred years after the death of Joan, Edmund Richer, the laborious biographer of the Maid, saw this tree in all its beauty, and they then still celebrated the same sports beneath its foliage.—It was thus that, in former days, a country-life flowed calmly along: every year, as the new flowers blossomed, a new generation danced round the fountain, without knowing that their ancestors had done the same, and that their descendants would follow their example.

Afterwards, when the sword of Joan of Arc had struck down the enemies of her king, and they had become furious with hate, their malice sought to make a crime of this festival of the fountain, and of these pious pilgrimages to the chapel of the forest. There, said they, in that accursed place, she held converse with fairies and practiced sorcery, and it is to that, and not to the mighty hand of God, that her victories must be ascribed. But Joan, who held witchcraft in horror, and all that had not God for its support, answered as follows, to their questions with regard to the fairies and the magic roots:

"I have many times heard old people say (who did

not belong to my family,) that the fairies abode in this place. I have even heard tell by a woman named Jeanne, the wife of the mayor Auberg of that village, who was my god-mother, that she had seen the fairies; but I do not know if it were true or not. As for me, I have never, to my knowledge, seen the fairies under the tree; and I know not if I have ever seen them elsewhere.

"I have seen the young girls hang garlands on the branches of the tree; I have sometimes done so, like the others. Sometimes, they took them down and carried them away; sometimes, they left them there.

"There is a wood called the *Bois-Chesnu*, which may be seen from my father's house, and which is not more than half a league off. I do not know if I have heard that the fairies came there; but I heard my brother relate that it was said in the country, I had taken my resolve under the Fairies' Tree. Now, it is not true, and I am opposed to such practices.

"When I first came to my king, some people asked me if there was not in my country a wood called the *Bois-Chesnu*; because there were prophecies which said that from that wood was to come a certain girl, who should do marvellous things; but I had no faith in it. I have never had any magic roots. It was told me that there were such in the neighborhood of our village, but I have never seen them. I have been told, also, that it was dangerous and wicked to have them, and that with them one might get money; but I do not believe it. My voices never told me of such things."

Thus answered Joan, free from every kind of superstition, in a time when many learned men believed in the virtues of enchanted roots, and in the powers

of the divining-rod. Besides, other cares than that of extracting gold from the rock by means of sorcery occupied her soul; and it was for the deliverance of her king and country that she offered up to heaven, not magical incantations, but ardent prayers.

In fact, however distant Domremy might be from the great roads and towns of the kingdom, the rumors of war, at this epoch, had reached its quiet valley.—All France was divided into two parties—that of the house of Orleans, called likewise the party of Armagnac—and that of the house of Burgundy. The two factions had long assailed each other with dreadful fury, when at last the Burgundians, to avenge the murder of their chief, traitorously gave up the bleeding kingdom and its unhappy prince, then struck with madness, to England, the hereditary enemy of France. All the inhabitants of Domremy, with one exception, were strongly attached to the ancient house of their sovereigns. A neighboring village, on the contrary, espoused the cause of Burgundy. And such was the exasperation with which this terrible civil war had filled every mind, that the children of the two villages sucked hatred and enmity with their mothers' milk. In the evening, after their work, they attacked each other, and waged mutual war. Joan, destined one day to lead the bravest knights of France to the field of battle, did not remember ever to have taken part in these childish combats; but she remembered well that she had more than once seen the children of her village return home bleeding, and even seriously wounded. She confessed, too, that she had wished they would cut off the head of the only Burgundian at Domremy; but her pious heart, submissive to God in

all things, had only entertained this wish, "provided such was the will of heaven." Thus Joan, compassionate to every species of suffering—Joan, the incarnation of goodness and pity—was yet subject to the contemporary influence of that dark spirit, which stirs up mortal hatred, and makes a civil contest horrible beyond all other wars. But, no doubt, she became reconciled to this man, for together they held a child at the baptismal font. He himself never spoke of her but with great respect. When she was asked whether in her childhood she had not a great desire to injure the Burgundians, she answered with a noble simplicity:—

"I desired, from the bottom of my heart, that my king should recover his kingdom."

And it was thus indeed that she always showed herself, weeping with her conquered enemies, and drying the tears of the vanquished.

Such was the simple and peaceful conduct of Joan amongst the poor people of her native country, where all who knew her held her in affection. Now, this young girl, whom all the witnesses of her life praised so highly, whom the curate and the inhabitants of Domremy regarded as the most gifted child in the parish, and of whom the Chevalier Albert des Ursins said before the judges, that he ardently desired that heaven had bestowed upon him so perfect a daughter (this young girl, who afterwards excited, by her noble deeds, the admiration of all the nations of the West) knew not how to read or write; and her poor parents were able to teach her little beyond the Lord's prayer, the angelic salutation, and the creed. From which may be seen how a simple heart, that gives itself up wholly

to God, and is filled with the divine strength, is more powerful than all the science and all the wisdom of man.

An old chronicle also informs us, with regard to Joan of Arc, of a circumstance that we read of in the legends of a great number of the Saints, namely, that the peace of her soul, and the power of her love, extended to the creatures deprived of reason. In her childhood, says this chronicle, when she kept her sheep, the birds of the field and of the forest came to her, when she called them, as to a cherished companion, and picked up the bread that she crumbled for them in her lap. Whether this be really true, or only a beautiful legend invented by the love of the people for their pious heroine, it is certain that, when afterwards the bitter enemies of the maiden did all in their power to stain her fair renown, and sent to Domremy to enquire into her conduct, the man who was charged with this mission, brought back word that he had learned nothing which he would not willingly have heard of his own sister. Such was the evidence of Jean Moreau, citizen of Rouen; and this homage rendered by the enemies of Joan of Arc, to the universal love and reverence in which she was held, is even nobler and finer than the legend which makes the birds of the field and the forest come to pick up the crumbs from her lap.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DIVINE VISIONS OF THE MAID.

Whilst Joan thus walked in the ways of Divine love, the time arrived in which the hand of God was to in-

terpose miraculously in her quiet course of life, to lead her to the sublime end for which she was destined upon earth. But as no other mortal was privileged to behold the blessed messengers by whom the will of heaven was made manifest to her, we shall let her speak for herself, and simply repeat here what she afterwards said upon this subject before her judges. "All the good I have done for France," said she, "I have done through the grace and by the command of God, the king of heaven, as it was revealed to me by his angels and saints; and all that I know I have learned only by Divine revelations.

"It was by order of God that I went to the king, Charles VII., son of the king Charles VI. I would rather have been torn to pieces by horses, then have gone to him without the permission of God, in whose hands are all my actions. Upon Him, and upon none other, rested all my hope; everything that the voices told me, I have done to the best of my strength and knowledge. Now the voices ordered me nothing, but with the permission and good pleasure of God, and all that I did in obedience to them, I think has been well done.

"Were I to relate all that God ordered me to do, a week would not suffice. It is now seven years ago that the Saints appeared to me for the first time. It was a summer day, about the hour of noon. I was about thirteen years old, and was in the garden with my father; I heard the voice on my right hand, towards the church; I saw at the same time an apparition, surrounded by a great light. It had the form and appearance of a very good and holy man; but it had wings, and was all surrounded

with light, and accompanied by the angels of heaven. For the angels come often to Christians, without their perceiving it; I have myself often seen them. This was the Archangel Michael. He appeared to me to have a very noble voice, but I was yet a young child, and much frightened by this apparition, and I doubted whether it were an angel. It was only when I had heard the voice three times, that I knew it for his. He taught and showed me so many things, that I at last believed firmly in him. I have seen him and the angels with my own eyes, as clearly as I see you, my judges; and I believe with as firm a faith in what he said and did, as I believe in the passion and death of Jesus Christ, Our Saviour; and what leads me to believe in him, is the good doctrine, the good advice, and the succor, with which he has always aided me.

"The angel said to me, that before all things I was to be a good child, to behave myself well, and go often to church, and that God would support me. He told me of the great misery of the kingdom of France, and how I should make haste to help my king. He told me, also, that St. Catherine and St. Margaret would come to me, and that I was to do whatever they ordered, because they were sent from God to conduct and aid me with their counsels, in all that I had to undertake.

"St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to me afterwards, as the angel had predicted. They ordered me to go to the Sire de Baudricourt, captain of the king at Vaucoulers, who, indeed, would repulse me many times, but would finish by giving me people to lead me into the middle of France, to Charles VII.;

after which I should raise the siege of Orleans. I answered them, that I was only a poor girl, who knew neither to ride on horseback, nor how to bear myself in war. They replied, that I was to carry my banner boldly, that God would be my helper, and that I should aid my king to recover his kingdom, in spite of his enemies. 'Go in full trust,' they added, 'and, when thou art once before thy king, there shall be a notable sign for thee, which will make him believe in thy mission, and give thee a good reception.' They have directed me for seven years, and lent me their aid in all my troubles and labors, and now there does not pass a day without their coming to visit me. I have asked them for nothing, except what concerned my mission, and that God would be pleased to assist the French, and protect their towns; for myself, I have asked no reward but the salvation of my soul. From the first time that I heard their voices, I promised freely to God, to remain a pure virgin in body and soul, if that were agreeable to him; and they promised me in return to conduct me to paradise, as I had prayed them to do.

"The saints did not order me to keep silent as to their apparitions; but I feared much to speak of them, lest the Burgundians should prevent my journey to the king, and particularly lest my father should put some obstacle in the way. For the rest, the voices left me free to tell it to my parents, or to conceal it from them; but, for nothing in the world, would I have discovered it to them. In every other thing, I obeyed faithfully my father and mother; and I do not think I sinned in setting out without informing them, for I went by the order of God, and I should have gone

the same, had I possessed a hundred fathers and mothers, or even had I been a king's daughter.

"I do not know if I have heard the saints under the Fairies' Tree, but I know well that I have seen them near the fountain. I rarely see them, unless surrounded with light; I see their faces, but I cannot say if they have garments, hair, arms, and in general a complete body. I see them always under the same form, and I have never remarked a single contradiction in their discourse; I know how to distinguish one from the other, I recognize them by the sound of their voice and by their salutation, for they name themselves when they begin to speak to me. When I am in the forest, I hear them come to me. St. Catherine and St. Margaret wear rich crowns, as they ought; I understand very well what they say to me; they have mild, modest, agreeable voices, and they speak very nobly, and in very good French. I wish all the world heard them as plainly as I do. Before and after the taking of Orleans, they called me many times: *Joan the Maiden, Daughter of God.* From time to time, St. Catherine and St. Margaret tell me to go to confession.

"They come often without my calling them, and, when they are long in coming, I pray the Lord to send to me. I have never wanted them, that they did not come. When St. Michael, and the angels, and the two other Saints come to me, I rejoice greatly that I am not in a state of mortal sin, for, if I were so, I think they would leave me on the instant. I pay them all the honors that are in my power, knowing well that they inhabit the kingdom of heaven. I have also offered at Mass tapers in the hand of the priest, before the altar of St. Catherine, in honor of God, and of the

Blessed Virgin, and of my two saints, but I have never lighted as many as I could have wished. I have also adorned their images with crowns; and when they come to me, I kneel down before them, and should I omit to do so, I ask their pardon. When St. Michael and the angels departed from me, I kissed the ground where they stood, and I have bowed down before them. I have also embraced with my arms St. Margaret and St. Catherine; I hear their voices now every day, and I have great need of them, for, without their aid, I should be already dead."

It was thus that Joan herself related the miraculous manner in which God had ordered her to draw the sword for her king, and she maintained always with unshaken firmness, in spite of sufferings and threats, the reality of these apparitions; she even bore witness to it with a loud voice, in the midst of the flames of the pile, yet it was a hard and painful task. It required an heroic spirit, completely devoted to the service of the Lord, to endure the insults with which the world received the young, unknown girl—to endure with humility and patience, as it became a messenger of God, all kinds of contempt and injustice—and to bear, with the courage of a lion, the divine banner through the midst of steel and fire. For how was she, the simple child of poor shepherds, to convince unbelieving men that she was miraculously chosen of God, and armed with his power? How was she, from the remote frontiers of France, to pass through the midst of enemies, to reach her king, and to persuade the despairing prince to entrust her with his last soldiers? And, even when she had gained her first success, had she not yet her whole career to accomplish upon the field

of battle? But the spirit, which animated her, knew neither discouragement, nor weakness; whilst she bowed down before God in deep humility, she carried her banner boldly in the sight of men, and, with her eyes fixed upon heaven, she walked with a firm step over the abyss and attained in triumph to the lofty goal, to which she had been called by her saints.

CHAPTER V.

HOW JOAN QUITTED HER FATHER'S HOUSE.

Joan was alone in the world with her great secret; she had nobody to whom she could confide it, and above all she feared, not without reason, to open her mind to her father. How indeed could she persuade him to believe in apparitions, which she alone had seen? and how else could she hope that he would let her depart? Had she not rather everything to fear from his honest severity? It is remarkable that the old Jacques D'Arc had a vague presentiment of his child's destiny, and therefore Joan was narrowly watched by her parents. About two years had elapsed since the saints had appeared, when her mother told her at several different times, that her father had dreampt that she had left home with men-at-arms, and that he had said to his sons:—

"If I knew that such a thing was to happen to my daughter, I would order you to throw her into the water; and, if you refused to do it, I would do it myself."

What reception could she expect from those who knew her not, if such were the feelings of her father, who must have known her piety and virtue?

For the rest it was impossible but that some word on the subject, which occupied her day and night, should escape at times from her lips. A man-at-arms afterwards gave evidence that he had often heard her say she would go into the interior of France. A peasant also affirmed that she had said to him:—

"Friend, if you were not a Burgundian, I would tell you something."

This man thought at the time, in his simplicity, that she alluded to some project of marriage. To another person she said:—

"There is now between Compey and Vaucouleurs a young girl, who, in the space of less than a year, will crown the King of France!"

Wonderful prophecy! which was really to be fulfilled, and which the man to whom it was made attested judicially upon oath. She spoke still more clearly to another peasant, who declared that he had often heard her say she would deliver France and her King.

Yet the years passed away, one after the other, and the voices of the saints, which exhorted Joan to rise and go to the captain of the king at Vaucouleurs, grew ever more and more pressing, but no favorable opportunity offered itself for the execution of her design. On the contrary, everything seemed opposed to it. For, precisely at this period, a troop of Burgundians appeared in the neighborhood of Domremy. The shepherds and laborers, who knew the wild habits of these guests, crossed the Mease with their flocks, and took refuge in the little fortified town of Neufchateau in Lorraine. Jacques D'Arc and his family sought an asylum there with the rest; and lodged with

an honest woman, who kept a kind of hostelry. During the few days that Joan remained in this little town, her feelings impelled her frequently to visit the Church, and she confessed herself two or three times to the Franciscans. The rest of the time she drove her father's flocks to pasture, or, according to positive testimony, aided the good hostess in the labors of the house, under the eyes of her parents. Now, this is the only foundation for a fable often afterwards repeated, to place Joan in a false light, and destroy the miraculous character of her mission, namely, that she had been a servant at an inn, and accustomed to manage horses in taking them to water, and so had learned many things, which do not usually form part of the education of young girls. On the faith of authentic documents, all this is entirely disproved.

The residence at Neufchateau became quite intolerable to poor Joan, for she was there at a greater distance from Vaucouleurs than before, and the thought of aiding her king went deeper into her soul, with every new misfortune that seemed to render more desperate the position of the kingdom. She had no rest by night or day, and her uneasiness preyed upon her health. When they asked what ailed her, she answered simply, that she was not happy at Neufchateau; that the place was unwholesome to her, and that she would like better to be at Domremy. She so importuned her parents that, after five or six days, they were the first to return to their village, from which the Burgundians had withdrawn themselves.

But this was not the only obstacle that Joan found in her way. There was another of a quite special nature. A young man whom she had refused as a suitor,

fancied he could not hit upon a better plan to attain his object, than to pretend that she had given him a formal promise of marriage, and to claim the execution of the same before the ecclesiastical tribunal at Toul. There is reason to believe that Joan's parents favored the importunate, and this may have appeared to them the best course to prevent their child from absconding with men-at-arms. But Joan did not give way to fear; she prayed for the assistance of her Saints, who told her to be of good courage, for that she would gain her cause. She went, therefore, with confidence to Toul, where she affirmed upon oath that she had made no promise; and thereupon she was acquitted.

All these difficulties had not shaken Joan's resolution, and she now took the first step towards its accomplishment. She went to her uncle Durand Laxart, an honest peasant who lived between Domremy and Vaucouleurs, and in whom she had peculiar confidence. She told him that she wished to stop with him for awhile. Laxart was pleased at it, and begged Joan's parents to let their daughter attend upon his wife, who was then near her time. The parents consented, and Joan was thus delivered from their constant watchfulness.

A week had not elapsed before Joan disclosed to her uncle the command which God had given her, and how she was called to place on the head of King Charles, the crown of his ancestors, and must, therefore, go to the Chevalier Baudricourt, captain of the king at Vaucouleurs. We may imagine the incredulous shake of the head with which the honest peasant received this marvellous story. To convince him,

Joan asked him if he had ever heard of a prophecy, which foretold that France, after being plunged by a woman into the depths of misery, should be rescued from the same by a virgin. Then she spoke with such immovable conviction, such firm confidence of success, that the good man finished by believing. However, he thought proper to go first himself to the captain, to see how he would treat the matter; and he went accordingly. But the captain was a rough soldier, with an arm of iron, who had more faith in a good sword than in any hundred virgins inspired of heaven. When Laxart had told his story, Baudricourt gave him this only answer, and repeated it several times to impress it on his memory—that he ought to box his niece's ears soundly and send her back to her father; for the captain saw in all this a piece of folly, for which he knew no other care.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW JOAN WENT HERSELF TO THE CAPTAIN.

It must be confessed that this reply was in no way cheering; but Joan was not disheartened. She declared to her uncle that she would herself go to the captain, and that nothing in the world should prevent her. What could the good Laxart do? He made up his mind, then, in God's name, that he would accompany her, and they arrived together at Vaucouleurs, on Ascension day, in the year of grace, 1428. In this affair the poor peasant, whose simple faith did not reject at once all that was miraculous and divine, showed himself nobler and wiser than the Chevalier

Baudricourt. The latter again sent word to Joan, that he was in no way disposed to have her brought to the king.

But, by dint of perseverance, she succeeded in obtaining admission to the captain's presence, and, instructed by her Saints, she distinguished him immediately from those about him, though she had never before seen him. She declared to him how the voice of God had reached her through the medium of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, and how she had herself come to him by command of her Lord, that he might tell King Charles to stand firm, but to avoid any battle with the enemy—for that, before the middle of Lent, her Lord would send him aid. She said, moreover, that the kingdom of France belonged, not to the king, but to her Lord, who had willed that the Dauphin Charles should hold it of him as a fief. Finally, she added, that the enemy could not prevent the accomplishment of this design, and that she would herself conduct the king to Rheims, to have him anointed and crowned there.

Then the captain, having asked her who was her Lord—

"The King of Heaven," replied Joan. But all she could do or say she could not convince him, and only obtained from him a promise that he would write concerning her to the king.

The maiden withdrew much afflicted from the presence of Baudricourt. Still she remained at Vaucouleurs, waiting for a more favorable issue, and seeking her consolation in God alone. She lodged at the house of a cartwright, whose wife had conceived a great friendship for the pious and marvellous young girl.—

They went to Church together, where Joan frequently confessed herself, and one of the priests afterwards attested that he had been much edified by her confessions. Another priest declared that she often came to his Church, heard both low and high mass, and remained a long while after divine service. Many times he had seen her on her knees before the image of the Blessed Virgin, now with her head bowed down, as if plunged in deep contemplation, and now with her eyes fixed on the mother of the Saviour, with an expression of love, and fervor, and confidence.

At home she employed herself with spinning, but the thought of setting out before all was lost, was like a burning fire within her. Her hostess attested that, being unable to go to the king, the time appeared long to her as to a woman waiting her delivery.—She entreated every one she saw to take her to the king, that she might save the kingdom.

"I must go to him," said she, "for my Lord has willed it. This mission has been entrusted to me by the king of Heaven. I will go, even though I should wear my legs to the knee."

She reminded her hostess, too, of the prophecy then generally current, according to which France was to be saved by a virgin from the marches of Lorraine; and the woman was so touched by her words and by her edifying conduct that she believed in the truth of her promises, and many others began to believe also.

On his side the captain saw that boxes on the ear would not do in this instance, and the only way in which he could explain the obstinacy of the Maid was on the supposition that she might be possessed with a devil. Accordingly, he came one day to her with the

curate, to examine thoroughly into the matter. As soon as Joan saw the priest attired, as if for a solemn occasion, she knelt down; and, before she was aware of it, he began the exorcism, saying,—

"If thou art of the devil, get thee hence; if thou art of God, come to me!"

Then Joan came to the curate, dragging herself along on her knees; but she was deeply hurt by the suspicion, and she said afterwards that the curate had not acted well towards her, since he had already heard her confession.

This plan not having succeeded better with the captain, he let things take their course, as people of his stamp are wont to do, and poor Joan had to return to her uncle's without having obtained anything. Her uneasiness continued to devour her, for the period approached in which the promises of her saints were to have been fulfilled.

At the commencement of Lent, the good Laxart, whose confidence was not shaken by so many refusals, was obliged to take her back to Vaucouleurs. Finding that the captain remained of the same mind, she would no longer stay, but set out on foot, accompanied by her uncle and by Jacques Alain, who also believed in her mission. When, however, they had gone a certain distance, Joan, who had had time for reflection as she walked along, said to her companions that it did not appear fitting to present herself thus before the king, and they returned to Vaucouleurs the same day on which they had set out.

There she again waited, till the captain, after having refused three times, at length gave her his consent and a proper escort, as her voices had promised.

In this state of affairs, Jean de Novelompont, surnamed of Metz, a gentleman much esteemed in the country, met Joan at the house of her former hostess, the cartwright's wife. "Well!" said he to her, "what are you doing here, my dear child? What else can happen but that the king must be driven from his kingdom, and that we all become English?" She answered, full of sorrow: "I have been to Captain Robert de Baudricourt, to ask him to take or send me to the King. But he troubles himself neither about me, nor my words, and yet I must be with the king before mid-lent, though I wear my legs to the knee. For no one in the world—neither kings, nor dukes, nor the daughter of the king of Scotland herself—can reconquer the kingdom for Charles VII. He has no help but in me, though I should better like to remain at home, spinning at my wheel with my poor mother, such feats not being suited to me. But I must go to accomplish my mission, because my Lord wills it." "Who then is your Lord?" asked the knight. "He is God!" she answered; and she said all this with so much firmness, and such deep conviction, that the heart of the worthy gentleman was touched; he took the hand of the Maiden in his own, and swore to her by his faith, that he would himself conduct her to the king, under the blessing of God.

Henceforth, she gained more belief with those who were in the habit of seeing her, by reason of her pious life; and the report of her divine mission spread through the country. The Duke of Lorraine, attacked with an illness which had baffled all the art of his physicians, sent her a black palfrey, and begged her to come to him that he might consult her. She con-

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sented to his request, but declared to him that she had no revelation with regard to his illness. Nevertheless, she added, that if he wished to recover his health, he should reform his irregular life, be reconciled with God, and bring back with honor to his palace the virtuous wife whom he had driven from him. She likewise entreated him to send her to the king with a proper escort, promising she would pray God for his cure; but the duke would not agree to this, and sent her away, after having made her some presents.

But now the report of Joan's enterprise had also reached the ears of her parents at Domremy. These good, poor people were at first almost beside themselves, on hearing that their daughter had really gone in search of men-at-arms at Vaucouleurs, and they instantly set out for that little town; but they appear to have arrived there whilst Joan was with the duke of Lorraine. Finding the public opinion favorable to their child, and seeing that persons of repute believed in her mission, they submitted to the will of God, and returned to Domremy. Joan caused a letter to be written to them, in which she asked their pardon for having acted without their knowledge and permission, and the good people granted it.

At length, Robert de Baudricourt, having received a letter from the king, yielded to the Maid's entreaties. It is true, that, according to a chronicle of those times, he only let her go because she had predicted to him a defeat of the royal army, which really happened on the day and at the place named. This made such an impression on the captain, says the chronicle, that, not knowing what to think, he resolved to send Joan to

the king; but, as she only quitted Vaucouleurs the day after this defeat, which took place in a distant part of France, and as Baudricourt could not therefore be informed of it, the falsehood of this tale is evident. Moreover, no mention is made of such a circumstance in the judicial records, which is another proof of their authenticity.

The friends of Joan at Vaucouleurs took care to supply her with all that was necessary for her journey, for they believed that God was with her, and that she would procure some great benefit to the kingdom. Her uncle, who had so faithfully stood by her in all her crosses, joined with Jacques Alain to buy her a horse. Then she doffed her woman's garments, and assumed the dress of a cavalier, "by the advice of her celestial voices," as she herself stated, that she might avoid the evil thoughts and coarse insults of the rude men-at-arms. The captain completed her equipment by giving her a sword.

All these preparations made, Joan of Arc, the consecrated heroine, set out from Vaucouleurs, on Sunday, the 13th February, 1429, to bring the assistance of heaven to her king. Her friends gathered round her, with many of the people, and all wondered to see a young girl undertake, in that inclement season, the long and perilous journey of one hundred and fifty leagues, through forests and across rivers, when all the roads were occupied by the English and the Burgundians, and by brigands and plunderers.

"How can you go now?" said they to her; "all the country is full of soldiers." "I fear not the soldiers," answered she in a firm voice; "if they stop my path, I have God with me, and He will open me a way to my lord the dauphin—for to this end I was born."

And so she departed, full of hope and courage, for the messengers of God had said to her: "Advance boldly in the way that heaven opens to thee, and when thou art in the presence of the king, there shall be a notable sign, to make him receive thee well, and believe in thy mission." Joan was accompanied by Pierre of Arc, her youngest brother, by two knights, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, by a messenger of the king, a squire and two yoemen. Robert de Baudricourt, who still doubted, said to her at the moment of her departure: "Go now, and come of it what may!"

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE GREAT JOURNEY OF THE MAID TO THE KING'S COURT.

It must not be wondered at if the heart of Joan sometimes sank within her during this journey. For, without speaking of the road, infested by robbers and enemies, she ran other dangers, even on the side of the little escort, which had been given for her protection. The captain had indeed made all who composed it swear that they would conduct the Maid in safety to the king, and there was nothing to fear from the noble sentiments of the two gentlemen; but it was not the same with some others of the company. They afterwards avowed that they had at first taken her for mad or bewitched, and, considering the numerous dangers to which she exposed them, they had resolved to put her in a sure place. They also confessed that the young girl's beauty had awakened in them evil intentions.

But Joan continued on her way, with undiminished bravery, convinced that the Almighty, who was her guide, would at the same time be her defence. No uneasiness filled her mind, and she even inspired her companions with courage, when it began to fail them; and, whenever they asked her, anxiously, if she were quite sure of accomplishing her promises, "Fear nothing," she replied to them, "all this is ordered, and my brethren in paradise tell me what I have to do." It is also related, that some of them, wishing to try the courage of the Maid, withdrew secretly, and then suddenly rushed out as if to attack her, whilst the others pretended to take flight; but she only cried out to them: "In God's name, do not fly! No harm will happen to you."

During all the journey, she conducted herself like a saint; so that her companions were soon seized with a respectful fear in her presence, as in that of a superior being. In the morning, when she awoke, her first thought was to implore the protection of God, making the sign of the cross. She often said to the people of the escort:—"If it were possible, we should do well to hear mass." The latter, afraid of being surprised by the enemy, only twice yielded to the ardent wish of the young girl, and she submitted without a murmur to the precautions of their merely human, but well-intentioned prudence. In a word, they saw in her nothing but what could ameliorate and edify a man, and make him blush for his own sins; on no occasion did they remark anything in the least degree blameable.

In this way it came to pass, that those who had at first evil intentions, were deeply touched, and they

confessed, that, each time they wished to follow up their criminal designs, a sudden shame had bound their tongues, and paralyzed their boldness. They said, also, that, a little while after the commencement of the journey, they conceived quite a new idea of the Maid, so that they could no longer resist her orders, or do anything that was disagreeable to her, but wished as ardently to bring her to the king, as she could wish it herself.

Jean de Metz formally attested that, in this journey, the Maid inspired him with such respect, that he would not have dared to ask her the smallest improper question, and that no such thought had ever come into his mind. Bertrand de Poulengy also affirmed, that he had never felt any such wish or desire, because, said he, of the great goodness he had always remarked in her. And, therefore, these two gentlemen, according to the positive testimony of Jean de Metz, had faith in the promises of Joan, and felt themselves filled with the same love for the God who inspired her. And thus they pursued their long journey, through Champagne, Burgundy, Nivernois, Berry, and Touraine. The first portion of the road was particularly dangerous, for all that part of the country was occupied by the enemy. They were obliged to travel as secretly as possible. Keeping aloof from the great roads, and choosing the by-paths, they passed through forests, forded rivers swollen by the winter's rain, and spent the night in remote villages. In two instances they rode all night long.

In the midst of all these fatigues and dangers, the only regret of Joan was her inability to be often enough present at the holy sacrifice. At length, after a jour-

ney of eleven days, they arrived safely at Fierbois, which was only six leagues from Chinon, where the king then held his court. Now there was there a much frequented place of pilgrimage, dedicated to St. Catherine. Joan having arrived thus near the goal of her journey, gave herself up to the ardent piety of her heart, and heard in one morning three masses one after the other in the church of her celestial patroness. Then she sent to the king a letter, in which she asked if she might come to him at Chinon, telling him she had travelled a hundred and fifty leagues to bring him aid, that she had good tidings to deliver, and that she would point him out amongst all his followers.

Let us here leave for awhile the pious Joan in the church of Fierbois. Now that we know her, it is time to know, also, the unfortunate king to whom she was sent, and to see how he and his kingdom had been reduced to such extremity, that they could only be saved by the aid of miracles.

But as empires do not perish in a single night, any more than they first arose in a single day, we must go back to the past to discover how it was that France, after long years of struggle, lay trampled beneath the feet of the English, her ancient enemies. We must examine, also, how it was that a disastrous folly plunged her into so cruel a civil war, that, on all sides, flames, kindled by her own hands, devoured her towns and villages, and that, by the light of these fires the son slaughtered the father, and the whole kingdom was changed into one vast theatre of the most horrible crimes, misery, and despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE FIERCE STRUGGLES BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH, AND THE DREADFUL CIVIL WAR WHICH RAVAGED FRANCE IN THE TIME OF THE MAID.

From time immemorial, France and England have been enemies. Now if we look back into history, these are the first causes we shall find of their hostility. At the period when the descendants of Charlemagne had lost the strength and wisdom of their ancestors, to such a degree that they knew not how to maintain order within, or to defend the country against attacks from without, a bold and warlike people dwelt on the frozen shores of the North of Europe. These were the ancestors of the Swedes and Danes, and the Norwegians. They were handsome and vigorous, accustomed to the use of arms, and their wild hearts, which had not yet been softened by the doctrines of Christian charity, were entirely devoted to war and pillage.

Mounted on hundreds of vessels, which they called their *horses of the sea*, their chiefs conducted them towards the smiling lands of the South, to gain both gold and glory with their sharp swords. And from the rising to the setting sun, from the coasts of England and France to the distant Orient, their formidable war cry ever sounded, and towns and castles, churches and convents, became a prey to the flames. But soon these powerful *sea-kings* were not content with mere plunder; from pirates they became conquerors, and founded their establishments on every side. It was thus that one of these heroes, named

Rollo, in the year 911, compelled Charles, the Simple, by force of arms, to assign to him as a fief the northern coast of his empire, which received from its new masters the name of Normandy.

For a hundred and fifty years the country flourished under its dukes, as feudatories of the kings of France, and the wild children of the North, embracing the doctrines of Christianity, adopted also Christian civilization, the arts and sciences; so that the court of these Norman princes was soon cited throughout christendom, as the most chivalrous and the most magnificent. Now it happened in the year 1065, that Edward, the Confessor, king of England, died without issue. William, duke of Normandy, claimed the succession to the throne, and resolved to possess himself of it. At the head of more than fifty thousand men, he crossed the channel, and, upon the bloody field of Hastings, gained both the victory and the crown of England. Henceforth, he and his successors were placed in a singular position; being on the one hand free and independent kings of Great Britain, and on other, as dukes of Normandy, subjects and vassals of the kings of France. But if already these proud Norman princes had hardly deigned to bend the knee before the feeble power of their liege lords, as kings of England they did it with still worse grace, and the jealousy increased in proportion as, by inheritance and marriage, they added other provinces of France to their duchy of Normandy. Thanks to the power and wealth of these possessions, they assumed a menacing position with regard to the French kings. Hence the origin of an interminable struggle between the two crowns. But this struggle having at first been

disadvantageous to the English, they made peace in 1303, and, after a disastrous war, the hereditary prince of England, Edward II, in order to bind the two nations together, married Isabella, the daughter of Philip the Fair.

But this marriage, which was meant to put an end to the discord, was just that which occasioned new and more terrible wars. Charles the Fair, the last of his house, dying soon after without male issue, and the peers of the realm having conferred the crown on Philip, Count de Valois, in pursuance of the ancient custom, which excluded women from the succession to the throne, the English availed themselves of Isabella's marriage, to set up an unjust claim to the kingdom of France. The son of this same princess, Edward III, stepped upon the soil of France, sword in hand, to support his pretended rights; and then began that terrible war, which was only terminated, a century after, by Joan, the chosen messenger of God.

From the commencement of this war, many successive blows, each ruder than the last, were showered on the unfortunate kingdom of France. In 1340, the English having gained the advantage of the sun and wind in a naval combat near the mouth of the Scheld, the French fleet fell almost entirely into their power, with a loss of about thirty thousand men. In 1345, France, by inconsiderate temerity, and want of discipline, lost the bloody day of Crecy. King Philip was there in person, with an army seven times greater than that of the enemy; he himself fought courageously, and it was only after one horse had been killed under him, and he had seen his brother fall by his side, and when all was indeed lost, that they succeeded in leading him,

by his horse's bridle, from the field of battle. Eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand men, were left on the place; eighty banners fell into the hands of the English. The king, who, in the morning, had thought himself sure of victory, as he advanced to the combat at the head of his hundred thousand soldiers, fled in the evening, accompanied by only six barons, towards the castle of Broi; and when the castellan, in the obscurity of the night, did not recognize the fugitive: "Open your gates," cried the latter; "it is the fortune of France!"

After a long and valiant resistance, Calais was forced to surrender. Edward III. filled this town with English inhabitants, and made of it a strong port and arsenal, from which he and his successors could, at their pleasure, carry fire and sword into the interior of the kingdom.

Ten years had not elapsed since the fatal day of Crecy, and already the French dukes and counts, with many allied princes, at the head of a hundred and twenty banners, trampled the fields of Poitiers with the hoofs of sixty thousand horses. It was the proudest and finest army that had ever been seen. The chivalrous King John, accompanied by his four sons, commanded it in person. The hostile army, led by Edward, Prince of Wales, surnamed the *Black Prince*, because of the color of his armor, was small in number, and consumed by famine, but occupied a strong position behind hedges and bushes, like to a lion at bay. Vainly, the English prince offered to restore all his prisoners, if they would give him a free passage—vainly, Cardinal Talleyrand Perigord, legate of the pope, rode from one camp to the other to negotiate a

peace. King John, relying on the superiority of his forces, rejected every overture, and the battle began.

The courage of the English, now driven to despair, the skill of their archers, the intrepidity and great military talent of the Black Prince, who had already gained his spurs on the field of Crecy, changed this day of ruin to a day of victory, perhaps the most brilliant ever obtained by a handful of well-disciplined men over an ill-directed mass. Already those who surrounded the French king had fallen, already three of his sons had taken flight with a portion of the army, but still John continued the struggle, mounted upon his white charger, and brandishing his battle-axe. His youngest son Philip, then fifteen years of age, and himself wounded, alone remained near him, and parried the blows aimed at his father. But all this valor was in vain. The king, his son, and more than eight thousand nobles, fell into the power of the English.—The victorious army had half again as many prisoners as it had soldiers. King John was forced to make a solemn entry into London with the *Black Prince*. But in the midst of this great calamity, Philip remembered with haughty courage, that the conqueror was the Norman vassal of the crown of France. One day, when the English cup-bearer had served Edward before his father, the young prince struck him, saying:—"Who told thee to serve the vassal before his lord?" And Edward replied with chivalrous generosity:—"They are right in calling you *Philip the Hardy*." The youthful prince had gained this surname on the field of Poitiers. It was his father who pronounced the royal words: "If good faith were banished from the rest of the earth, it should yet be found in the mouth of kings"

—admirable words, which every prince ought to engrave upon his crown, or rather upon his heart!

In France, during the captivity of king John, his son Charles V. assumed the reins of government. A truce was indeed concluded with England, for the purpose of negotiating a peace; but Charles V. was soon surrounded with difficulties and misfortunes in his own country. At the assembly of the States, the people wished to seize the opportunity to shake off the royal yoke, and take all authority upon themselves, as a compensation for the exactions to which they had been subject. A prince of the royal house, Charles, king of Navarre, surnamed the *Bad*, put himself at the head of the revolt. He sought to place on his own head the falling crown of France. Paris rose in furious rebellion, and Charles V. was obliged to besiege his capital. The people were oppressed with taxes, to furnish England the enormous ransoms of Poitiers; the army was badly paid, and the country badly guarded. The English mercenaries, discharged upon the conclusion of the treaty, traversed the land in disorderly bands, pillaging everything on their passage. Then the inhabitants of the country, having risen in imitation of those of Paris, rushed with fire and sword on the castles of the nobles. Their fury hesitated at no crime. They went so far as to force the wife of a gentleman to eat the roasted flesh of her husband. Yet, in the midst of all these calamities, Charles V. remained calm and firm, and opposed his own wisdom and moderation to all these excesses.

But the danger became greater, when King John, tired of his long captivity, offered, as the price of his freedom, to renounce all his rights of sovereignty

over the English possessions in France, and promised besides to pay an exorbitant ransom.

Charles and the States, more jealous of their dignity, rejected the peace, which the captive king had just concluded at London. Then Edward again landed on the coast of France with the most powerful army that had ever left England. The conquerors advanced close to the walls of Paris. Charles V. did not let himself be frightened. He retired before the English, and in spite of all their taunts, refused to risk the fate of the kingdom on the chances of a battle. Sickness and famine soon thinned the ranks of the enemy's army, in a country which they had themselves ravaged with improvident fury. King Edward was forced to retreat. Already his precipitate march resembled a flight, when, near Chartres, a terrible storm, such as finds no parallel in the page of history, burst upon his troops. Whilst the horses fell by thousands beneath the hail-stones, and dead bodies covered the roads, Edward's conscience, filled with terror, recognised in this disaster the hand of God, who thus chastised him for the dreadful calamities with which he had afflicted a Christian land. He dismounted from his horse, lifted his hands in supplication towards the Church of Notre Dame de Chartres, and promised to make a just peace. And thus was concluded, in 1360, the famous Treaty of Bretigny, in consequence of which the king of France returned to his own people.

John died shortly after, but he left arrangements behind him, which, for a whole century, influenced the fate of France. Some years before his death the ancient race of the dukes of Burgundy became extinct, after flourishing for three centuries, and the duchy, as

a direct fief of the crown, returned by succession to the king of France. Now the fidelity and courage of the young Philip had gained the heart of his father, whom he did not abandon in the hour of peril upon the field of Poitiers; and upon him and his successors John settled the principality of Burgundy with the title of *First Peer of France* at a period when unity was the thing most needed by the torn realm. In a short time the new house extended its power, by inheritance and conquest, over all the country situated between France and Germany, and the ducal hat of Burgundy soon became more magnificent and more feared than many a royal crown.

But even as the great Norman vassals, on becoming kings of England, had made themselves the rivals of their sovereign, so the Burgundian feudatories were not long in opposing the superiority of their force to the power of the king of France. Artois and Flanders, with the industrious and wealthy cities, in which commerce and arts flourished together—such as Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, Antwerp, Malines—the county of Burgundy, Hainault, Holland, Zealand and Friesland, all fell into their fortunate hands. In the course of a century, this superb domain was possessed, from father to son, by four dukes only,—Philip, the Hardy, John, the Fearless, Philip, the Good, and Charles, the Bold. All these princes were animated by that spirit of daring, ambition and tenacity, which enabled Phillip, the Hardy, to lay the foundations of their power on the field of Poitiers, and which, a hundred and twenty-two years after, in the bloody battle of Nancy, was to cause the ruin of Charles, the Bold, the last scion of the race. During this period, the kings of France had

to bear with many humiliations from the house of Burgundy; more than once, these haughty vassals made them tremble for their own crown, particularly when, as we shall see in the history of Joan of Arc, they joined the English to ruin the power of their sovereign, and marched with drawn swords against a throne, before which they ought to have bowed the knee.

Yet, so long as the firm and skillful hand of Charles V. wielded the sceptre, Philip, the Hardy, his brother, aided him, like a good vassal, with the whole force of Burgundy, against all enemies within and without. Under the rule of so wise a king, France rose quickly from her abasement. When war again broke out with the enemy, from beyond the sea, it was not by brilliant battles, but by skillful marches, that Charles surprised, one after the other, the English possessions. Thanks to his personal ability, to his intelligent choice of servants, and to the bravery of his constable, Du Guesclin, surnamed the *Sword of France*, he restored the antique honor and the ancient power of the kingdom; so that Edward III., upon his death-bed, saw the fruit of the victories of his whole laborious life, gradually wrested from him. Hundreds of thousands of men had shed their blood to realize his conquests, flourishing countries had been devastated, horrible crimes had been committed; he had loaded his own realm with exorbitant taxes, and purchased the consent of his subjects, with more than one cherished prerogative of the crown; and now he lay there, old and deserted, waiting for death, upon his solitary couch, and saw torn from him, almost to the last fragment, the domains that his house possessed in France. None of the companions of his glorious youth were beside him, to ren-

der him the last duties; he had none with him but a perfidious mistress, whom he had loaded with favors, and who tore the ring from his finger, at the moment when he breathed his last sigh, whilst his faithless servants were employed in plundering the palace. Only a priest, who came in by chance, had pity on the dying man, and told him that his last hour was at hand. The king thanked him, kissed the crucifix weeping, and so went to give his account with God. Twenty-three years after, his grandchild, Richard II., son of the Black Prince, died in a prison, to which a civil war had brought him, and the crown of his ancestors was transferred to the line of Lancaster.

The good fortune of France also was of short duration. It is not battles won or lost, nor the virtues or crimes of Princes that can sustain or destroy an empire. When internal corruption gnaws at the heart of a people, when the fear of God and the sanctity of law and right have been forgotten, and when good morals have disappeared—then they fall into an abyss of misery from which no human power or wisdom is able to extricate them.

After a most successful reign, which earned for him the surname of the Wise, Charles V. rested with his fathers, and immediately the Princes and the great barons of the kingdom recommenced their pernicious enterprises. The subject of their quarrel was the regency and guardianship of the heir of the throne, then twelve years of age. There was now no arm strong enough to keep them all within bounds. The private passions of the great found a free way, and the poor people, worn out with exactions, and given up to be pillaged by an ill-paid soldiery, could only express their anger by insurrection and revolt.

Yet, in the commencement, the situation was still tolerable. The young king was mild, benevolent, and full of promise. But soon the avenging hand of divine justice removed this ground of hope from a degenerate kingdom.

One day, as he was riding on horseback through the forest of Mans, Charles VI. was seized with a sudden terror, at the abrupt apparition of an unknown figure, which, starting from a thicket, and grasping his horse's bridle, exclaimed:—

"King, thou art betrayed!"

From that moment Charles became mad, and, through all the course of his long reign, his lucid intervals were few and rare. Often he lay down for months together, insensible to everything, howling like a wild beast, and forgetting even his own name. Henceforth calamities came in floods over the disorganized state, whose nobles and princes, careless alike of their God, their honor, and their duty, were no longer able to restrain the fury of their own passions.

The whole period between the unfortunate rencounter in the forest of Mans, and the appearance of Joan of Arc, forms one long tissue of calamities and frightful crimes. It is a sad history, but full of instruction, because it shows to what a point a people may fall, where every one following his own evil instincts, tramples upon all laws human and divine. Two parties disputed for power; on the one side was Philip the Hardy, the puissant Duke of Burgundy, distinguished by the purity of his morals, the generosity of his sentiments, and his magnificence; on the other was the Duke of Orleans, who united with much in-

formation exquisite courtesy, and a chivalrous spirit, great lightness of character, and gross immorality.—The latter, in his quality of brother to the reigning king, wished to have the pre-eminence over the Burgundian, who was only the uncle of Charles VI. The other grandees of the kingdom joined one or other of these two ambitious chiefs. The corruption, misery, and distress of the people went on increasing with the general disorder. They robbed the poor man even of his miserable couch of straw, and, instead of employing for the defence of the country whatever they thus harshly extorted, they spent it in riotous feasting, or distributed it to an unworthy crowd of favorites and partisans.

Many times, the two parties met sword in hand, waiting for the signal to fall on. But, as long as Duke Philip lived, his skill and fidelity saved his brother's house from such deplorable extremities. But when the heart of Philip the Hardy, had been deposited, in 1404, at St. Denis, with the kings of France, the aspiring genius of his son, surnamed *John, the Fearless*, broke through all bounds. This prince was endowed with the eminent qualities which distinguished all his house; he had the daring courage, the audacity, and the strength of will, which lead to great things; but, in the dark depths of his soul, burned an ambition, which shrunk not from any crime. Then the struggle became more and more violent, and the confusion ever tended to increase. The nobles, instead of paying their debts, took by force whatever they wanted from the traders. The excesses, the mad luxury, and the insolence of the rich, formed a striking contrast with the misery of the poor. Im-

morality alone was equally distributed amongst all classes, and had possession of the ecclesiastics as well as the laity. The servants of Charles VI. himself, the poor, afflicted king, were reduced to steal every day what was required for his support.

Still, the sword had not yet been stained with the blood of fellow-citizens. But, on a dark evening, of the year 1407, the Burgundian prince caused his rival, the duke of Orleans, to be assassinated, in a street of Paris. And such was the degree to which the fury of parties had obliterated the moral sense, that, in a solemn assembly of princes and nobles, the duke of Burgundy ventured to justify the murder, though perpetrated on the person of the brother of his king; he dared to represent this execrable act as a great and meritorious work, as a sacred duty performed on the person of a traitor, and as far more worthy of recompense than disgrace. With this murder, blood began to flow in civil strife; and the torrent, ever increasing, finished by inundating France. The country was devastated with fire and sword, in a horrible manner; the barbarity of the men-at-arms grew with unbridled license of their chiefs; neither age, nor sex, nor the sacredness of places, could arrest their fury; all faith and confidence were extinct. Even at the moment when the parties extended their hands in sign of reconciliation, or exchanged the most sacred oaths, they were meditating, at the bottom of their hearts, some new perjury, treason, and murder.

The duke of Burgundy had his most devoted partisans amongst the corporation of the butchers of Paris, and the populace connected with the slaughter-houses. The guard of the capital was confided to

them, and soon the life of no honest citizen was safe from the insolence and ferocity of these furious bands. Whoever was rich, or had incurred the hatred of any of them, was marked out as a traitor, and an adherent of the opposite party. If he escaped being knocked on the head at once, he was lucky to be let off with the loss of his fortune and liberty. Thus each faction persecuted the partisans of the opposite party, and whichever got the upper hand destroyed what the other had left standing. But the saddest part was that of Charles VI., in the midst of these mournful scenes. When, after long agonies, reason returned to him, he had before his eyes the spectacle of the horrors committed during his days of madness, and was obliged to sanction the acts of the conquering party, which held him in its hands as a passive instrument of its will.

Whilst the fires of intestine discord thus devoured the entrails of the nation, the English appeared once more with a considerable army in the midst of the distracted kingdom. They also had been a prey to civil war; but in 1415, assembled under the banner of their young king, Henry V, a prince full of promise, they came to avenge the dishonor and the reverses which their arms had experienced in the time of Charles the Wise, and to restore matters as they were in the glorious reign of Edward III. Roused at length by considerable losses, the French marched to encounter the enemy. Their army was three times more numerous than that of the English, and the ruin of Henry V. seemed inevitable; but the presumption of the French who thought themselves sure of victory, and their disunion caused them to be again defeated; whilst the

calm and heroic courage of Henry gained the great day of Agincourt, more bloody and more disastrous than those of Crecy and Poitiers. France there lost her noblest blood by a deplorable accident. The victory was already gained by the English, when suddenly a false report was spread, that a second French army was advancing on their rear. Then Henry gave the terrible order to massacre all the prisoners without distinction. The bravest knights perished beneath the axe; there was not a house in France that had not to mourn for some one; the king himself lost seven of his nearest kinsmen, amongst whom were two brothers of the duke of Burgundy. The young duke of Orleans was led captive by the conqueror into England. The count d' Armagnac took his place, and gave his name to the party.

It was particularly the Orleans faction which suffered on this occasion, the duke of Burgundy having forbidden his people to take part in the battle. But the greatness of the national disaster brought about no reconciliation. The count d'Armagnac, who was master of Paris since the fall of the butchers and their comrades, directed all his efforts to preserve the city from the Burgundians, and not to protect it against the victorious English. With that view he called in the garrisons which occupied the strong places of Normandy, and thus left the whole country without defence. But he added still more to the internal irritation, by despoiling the queen of her possessions, and sending her a prisoner to Tours, with the consent of her son, Charles VII.

This princess was Isabella, daughter of Stephen II, duke of Upper Bavaria. Whilst yet a child, and en-

dowed with marvellous beauty, she had come to France in the light of better days, and had made her entry amid joyous festivals and matchless splendor, in all the brilliancy of youth and happiness. But, falling into the abyss of the general corruption, married to an insane king, and surrounded by all the seductions of pleasure, she became herself the victim of great misfortunes, at the same time that she brought inexpressible calamities upon France. At first united with the Orleans faction, she afterwards broke with the party of d'Armagnac and of her son, and offered her alliance to the Burgundian, to revenge the double insult she had received as a queen and as a mother. Delivered by John, without Fear, she constituted her own parliament, and placed herself at the head of the kingdom. There were then two governments in France, and the confusion now reached its height.

But the harshness of the Count d'Armagnac, and the license of his troops, had reduced the Parisians to despair. The city was surrendered by treachery, to the duke of Burgundy; and such was the rage of the people against their vanquished oppressors, that they soon after broke open the gates of the prisons in which they had been confined, and killed, in a single day, with horrible refinements of cruelty, fifteen hundred prisoners of all ranks. Murder had now become a delight to these furious men, and they treated the dead bodies with shameful indignity. As it often happens in times of revolution and disorder, famine came to add its horrors to all these atrocities; and the plague, following on the famine, carried off in Paris alone, in the space of a few months, fifty thousand persons.

Whilst the French were thus destroying each other, the English continued to advance, still demanding the crown of France as the price of peace. Rouen sustained with generous courage a long and terrible seige. The faithful inhabitants bore with every privation, misery, and danger; fifty thousand of them perished, until at length, pressed by a dreadful famine, after vainly soliciting aid from the two factions, they were obliged to have recourse to negotiation. Henry V. treated their envoys with extreme harshness and arrogance, and the heroic citizens resolved to set fire to their town; and, with the help of God, to force a passage through the ranks of their implacable enemies. It was only then that the king of England consented to grant them honorable conditions.

This new blow, which delivered the North of France into the hands of the English, spread great consternation amongst the people, and at length forced the dauphin, Charles VII., and the Duke of Burgundy, to be reconciled to each other. But hate, anger, and suspicion continued to divide the two parties, each of which had to reproach the other with the shedding of so much blood, and the perpetration of so many atrocities. They could not yet agree to unite their forces against the common enemy. But, worse than all, the dauphin having invited the Burgundian to an interview, on the bridge of Montereau, so as to come to an understanding with him, the former partizans of the Duke of Orleans, who accompanied Charles VII., rushed suddenly upon John, the Fearless, and murdered him—thus revenging, by an atrocious act of treachery, the crime, which he had himself committed twelve years before, on the person of their chief.—

Thus, one crime was always punished by another, and this new murder became the source of a new train of calamities, according to the laws of eternal justice, which decree, that what is sown in blood shall produce a bloody harvest.

The first effect of this murder was, that the enraged queen, and her weak husband, passed over from the side of the dauphin to that of Philip the Good, whose only thought was now to avenge his father's death. Vainly, the inquisitor of Pierre Floure, in his funeral sermon for John without Fear, solemnly exhorted his son not to seek for vengeance, but to leave it to the divine justice; the young duke, carried away by passion, betrayed at once his family and his king, and concluded with the English the unfortunate treaty of Troyes, in the year 1420. This treaty destroyed the independence of France; it gave, with the hand of Catherine, the daughter of Charles VI., the administration of the government to the king of England, during the life of the brains-sick king, and, declaring the dauphin to have forfeited all his rights, secured to Henry V. the succession to the throne. The king, in his madness, and the queen, in her worse frenzy of unnatural hate against her son, agreed to this shameful convention, which was held in horror by all good Frenchmen; and the very day on which the marriage of his sister was celebrated with Henry V., the young, disinherited dauphin saw the united forces of France and England march against him, to drive him from the provinces which had still remained faithful to him. The war thus became still more disastrous; the misery of the country went on increasing, and the rage and ferocity of faction had no longer any check. Murder,

pillage and incendiarism laid waste the kingdom, which was given up to robbers and assassins of every kind—English, French, Burgundians—soldiers, adventurers, townspeople, peasants. The fields lay fallow; whole populations emigrated; the fortresses and castles alone offered some chance of safety; the animals themselves became so accustomed to this state of things, that, when the flocks heard the sound of the alarm-bell, they rushed towards the gates of the towns.

It was Paris, however, which presented the most deplorable appearance. The people suffered dreadfully from hunger and cold, through winters that were more than usually severe; the poor were reduced to eat what the pigs rejected: day and night, women and children wandered about the street, crying: "I die for want! I die for cold!" Deserted children lay stretched by tens or twenties upon the dunghills, starved and frozen. Wolves came in troops into the cemeteries, and devoured the dead bodies even in the streets. But all this fell short of the horrors committed by a soldiery gone back to the state of savages; imagination shrinks from such monstrous deeds, and trembles at the thought that men can thus sink to the level of tigers and hyenas, when once they break the bands with which the love of God and the fear of eternal justice, chains down the wild beasts that slumber at the bottom of the heart. A devouring and satanic thirst for evil, and for the ruin of other men, had taken the place of love, compassion, and pity. The country people themselves, before so mild and peaceable, but now driven to despair, abandoned their homes, dispersed themselves amongst the woods, and

murdered all who fell into their hands. Terrible fruits of civil war! Woe to those on whose heads rest the sin of provoking it, and who feed the infernal fire!

Besides this extreme misery, the French had the additional mortification of feeling the heavy hand of the proud foreigner. Whilst the latter encircled himself with luxury and magnificence, old Charles VI., poor, deserted and in sickness, only received, on some great festival, the homage of a few faithful citizens and old servants.

Meanwhile, Henry V. died, before he had completed the conquest of France. He left for his heir a child in the cradle, whom he recommended on his death-bed, to his brothers the dukes of Bedford and Gloucester, adjuring them to remain in close alliance with Burgundy, without which the fortune of England must soon wane upon the continent. Some months after, Charles VI. also died; and the people followed his funeral with great grief, for they could not ascribe to him the disasters which afflicted the kingdom; and, besides, the unfortunate prince had drank the cup of bitterness even to the dregs.

Then in the church of St. Denis, the ancient sepulchre of the French kings, an English herald proclaimed the young Henry VI., king of France and England. All good Frenchmen, on the contrary, from that day forward, considered the dauphin, whom they called Charles VII., to be the legitimate heir; and it was in a poor chapel, where the fallen prince had taken refuge, that was now unfurled the banner of the realm, of which he was the supreme head.

The duke of Bedford turned all his attention to ex-

pel Charles from those provinces of the South, which had remained faithful to him. The better to secure the alliance of Burgundy, he himself married the sister of Philip the Good. Still King Charles' knights fought bravely; and, in different parts of the kingdom, valiant achievements were performed, and towns and fortresses both won and lost. But the forces of the two parties were too unequal, and the faithful French always finished by succumbing to the numerical superiority of the English. The battle of Verneuil in particular, was a fatal affair, in which Charles VII. lost perhaps as much as his father on the plains of Agincourt.

The kingdom was more and more given over to destruction. Where formerly had been seen villages, towns, and castles, surrounded with fields and blooming gardens, there was now nothing but a desert, marked with the traces of fire, and strewed with crumbling ruins; on the ground was covered with thick underwood, in which the wild beasts found shelter. To crown these misfortunes, the young king Charles VII. was far from possessing the activity, prudence, and firmness of his grandfather Charles V. He passed by turns from extreme discouragement to reckless temerity, and never acted on a resolution of his own, but always by the advice of his favorites.—Therefore, he never escaped from the rule of one without falling under that of another, and it came to such a pitch, that his partisans, amongst whom concord was especially necessary, engaged in an open struggle between themselves, as to who should have possession of his person, and hold in his name the reins of power.

Such was the desperate situation of the kingdom, at

the time when the pious Joan, her heart oppressed with grief, seated near her father and mother, beneath her natal roof, was seeking anxiously for the means to obey the commands of God, and to bear the divine assistance to her king. But the last blow, which threatened the unhappy country, had not then been struck; it was only to fall upon France, at the moment when the young virgin supplicated so earnestly the captain at Vancouleurs, and was repulsed by him with harsh words.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE ENGLISH LAID SIEGE TO ORLEANS, AND REDUCED THE FAITHFUL CITY TO THE LAST EXTREMITY.

It was in the summer of the year 1428. At the request of the three estates of the kingdom, Thomas Montagu, earl of Salisbury, had landed in France, to complete for his master, the young king of England, the conquest of those provinces, which had remained faithful to Charles VII. And, whilst the partisans of the latter, blinded by their evil passions, were contending for empire over the mind of the young prince, the towns and fortresses on the right bank of the Loire fell, one after the other, into the hands of the invaders.

The North of France no longer offered any resistance. Then the earl of Salisbury, aspiring to a higher degree of glory, determined to possess himself of the great and powerful city of Orleans. Since Paris had fallen

to the English, Orleans was regarded as the capital of the provinces that still remained French. This town was the key to the southern part of the kingdom.—Once taken, the enemy would be able to penetrate to the heart of the realm, and it would then be all over with the liberty of France. Therefore all Frenchmen, worthy of the name, felt that their doom must be decided at Orleans, and hastened to offer whatever feeble resources remained to them after so many disasters, to avert this mortal stroke.

The city itself was full of devotion and courage. The inhabitants were ready to sacrifice their lives and properties for the safety of their king and country, reduced to the last extremity. They armed and fortified their town as well as they could. They raised a voluntary contribution, to which many a good citizen gave more than his share. The canons of the chapter of Sainte-Croix particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion, and advanced for the defence of the city two hundred gold crowns.

The other good cities of France also sent money, and provisions. In fact, the importance of the struggle that Orleans was about to sustain for the expiring liberties of the country was so generally recognised that the States of the kingdom taxed themselves for it. On his side, Charles VII. drew closer the ties which united him to his ancient ally, the king of Scotland, that he might obtain additional troops. It was not wonderful under these circumstances, that the noblest and bravest of the French knights came flocking from all parts towards the menaced city to fight against the enemy of their country, and gain honor to themselves by their exploits. In the midst of all these preparations, He,

from whom alone cometh the victory, was not forgotten; and as it was well known that war, in spite of the most vigorous discipline, opens wide the door to the passions and vices of the impious, the canons of Sainte-Croix ordered solemn processions to implore the mercy of God, that the good city of Orleans might not be made to expiate the outrages, committed against his hallowed name and holy religion.

Orleans is situated on the right bank of the Loire.—A bridge leads over to a fair and rich suburb upon the left bank. At the head of this bridge was a fort called the *Tourelle*, destined for the defence of the passage, and separated from the land by a draw-bridge. Now, the good citizens having learned that the English army was approaching on that side, resolved, by the advice of men experienced in the art of war, to destroy the suburb of their own accord, and to erect in front of the fort which protected the bridge an intrenchment formed of earth and the trunks of trees.

They worked night and day, but they had not yet entirely finished this fortification, when, on the 12th of October, their spies returned in haste to the town, and they saw advancing towards the head of the bridge the Earl of Salisbury, the great Captain, surrounded by the most illustrious of the English chivalry, and by many Frenchmen, traitors to their country. Then the inhabitants of Orleans set fire to what remained of the suburb, particularly the fine Church of the Augustines, which they had wished to save to the last moment, and, protected by lofty ramparts of flame, they proceeded steadily to complete their entrenchment.

During the four days that the fire lasted, the Eng-

lish army could not approach the bridge; but, the fifth day, the flames beginning to burn low, the Earl planted his heavy artillery on the ruins of the Church of the Augustines, and proceeded to cannonade the town day and night, with bullets of stone and iron.—The men of Orleans did not allow this assault to remain unanswered. Not only did their cannon thunder against the English from the top of their walls and towers, but they made also many sallies from their entrenchments raised in front of the bridge, with so much vigor and courage that Salisbury resolved, before all things, to attack this principal point, and made his preparations accordingly.

On Thursday, the 21st of October, at ten o'clock in the morning, the assault commenced. The English advanced under the fire of their cannon, and planted their ladders against the ramparts; but the brave knights posted on the parapets gave them a warm reception, tumbled them from the ladders, and, to prevent their returning, hurled down upon them iron hoops, stones, hot oil, boiling water, and quick-lime. The courageous women of Orleans brought these things to the besieged and supplied them with meat, and drink, and fresh linen. Some of them even repulsed the enemy with lances. In a word, all the inhabitants did so well their duty on this day that the Earl was obliged to withdraw from the assault with great loss.

But this advantage did not materially help the people of Orleans. In fact, Salisbury only applied himself to his works and mines with more ardor, and, when he had entirely sapped the entrenchment, so that it only rested on wooden props, which might be with-

drawn at a given signal—and when his artillery had carried away a good part of the roof of the fort, which defended the bridge—the inhabitants saw clearly that they could no longer hold out at this point. In consequence, they themselves broke down two arches of the bridge behind the fort, and made use of them to erect a new rampart on a little island named Belle-Croix, which sustained the piles in the middle of the bridge; then they set fire to the old entrenchment.—The English took possession of the fort after a new assault, and soon turned it against the French. But the latter made such good use of their artillery on Belle-Croix, in directing it against the fort and the outworks, which had been again repaired, that, to use the expression of an old chronicle, "the English durst not show their noses out of doors."

The loss of their fort had not a little afflicted the citizens. Yet they were soon doubly consoled; on one side, by the arrival of the most skilful captain of the time, the young Count de Dunois, surnamed the Bastard of Orleans, whom the king had sent to take the command of the town, and who brought with him a choice troop of gallant knights—and, on the other, by a great misfortune which happened to the English, at the moment when they least expected it. Hardly had the brave Salisbury taken possession of the fort at the bridge, when he ascended a turret with some of his followers, to have a better view of the position of the town. At this moment, an intrepid knight, named William of Gladesdale, addressed him in these proud words:—"Look, my Lord! your town is spread out before you; you can here take it all in at a glance." Just then a ball of stone sped from the city, carried

away one of Salisbury's eyes and a portion of his forehead, and stretched dead upon the spot another knight who was close behind him.

Mortally wounded, Salisbury did not forget, in that moment, either his honor or duty. He called round him his captains and exhorted them not to lose courage because of what had befallen him, but rather to press the siege more closely, and to fight more bravely than ever for the glory of their king. Then he caused himself to be carried to a neighboring town, and expired so privately that the English army did not learn, till two days afterwards, the death of their chief.

The loss of this great captain, whom history reproaches with not having been always generous towards the enemy, filled all England with grief and fury. The king's council thus expressed itself on the subject, in a letter to the duke of Bedford, at Paris: "That the lamentable loss of so vigilant and zealous a servant, and one so devoted to his king and country, was too painful an event to enable men to appreciate, in its full results, this chastisement of heaven; but as it was not wise to rebel against the ordinance of Him, from whom we are bound to receive all with gratitude, it would be best to repair the evil as far as possible, and to use every endeavor to bring the siege of Orleans to a successful termination."

In consequence, Bedford sent the earl of Suffolk with a reinforcement of men and artillery. Suffolk was a noble and heroic knight, an old companion in arms of the victorious Henry V. He knew the art of war as well as Salisbury, and he was moreover mild and generous; in a word, he had all the virtues of chivalry.

He divided his army into two parts, one of which, under the command of Glacidas, he stationed near the fort on the bridge, to keep up an incessant fire against the town; then he crossed the Loire with the other division, to attack the place from the east, the north, and the west.

As soon as the courageous citizens knew of his plan, they resolved to pull down and burn the rich suburbs, which, on this side of the river, were nearly as large as all the rest of the town, and were considered the finest in France. They resolved to do the same with many churches, consecrated to their most cherished saints, having determined that neither house nor temple should fall into the hands of the English, and ready to sacrifice them all for the defence of their town and country.

In the midst of the wild tumult of arms, the sacred festival of Christmas drew nigh. The two parties agreed that, on the day in which the Prince of Peace was born, a humble child amongst men, no sword should leave its scabbard, and no cannon shot be fired, from nine o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon. Moreover, Glacidas and other English captains begged the bastard of Orleans, and the marshal de Saint-Sévere, to send them a troop of good singers and musicians, with trumpets and hautboys, in honor of the festival. These were readily granted to them, and they made fine and joyous music.

But, when the hour was come, this music gave place to the roar of artillery, which deafened many an ear, and oppressed many a living man with the slumber of the tomb. Glacidas opened his cannonade with even more vigor than Salisbury had done. He threw blocks

of stone, weighing two hundred pounds, upon the roofs and into the streets. Often people escaped, as if by miracle. Thus the chronicles tell us that one of these huge bullets fell in the midst of a table, round which five persons were seated, without any of them receiving the least hurt. This wonder was ascribed to the especial grace of God, and to the intercession of St. Aignan, the patron of the city. In these instances, of which a great number are related, the knights and citizens hastened immediately to the church, to return thanks to heaven for their preservation. For they believed that He who created all things is also the Lord of life and death.

A few days after Christmas, the earl of Suffolk, with his division of the army, appeared in the rear of the town. He closed by means of towers, ramparts, and fortifications, all the roads which led to Orleans; he even erected an outwork upon an island in the Loire, to keep up a communication with Glacidas. In this manner, the town was speedily encircled, on land and water, by thirteen fortified stations. Suffolk attacked the city at all hours; sometimes in the morning, when the citizens had the sun in their faces, sometimes in the darkness of evening, or during the stormy nights, when the guards could neither see nor hear; sometimes he rushed on like a tempest with all his forces, to the sound of trumpets, and uttering terrible cries; sometimes he crept without noise towards the walls, like a thief that seeks to surprise the sleeping inhabitants. But still he carried on the war according to the laws of chivalry, without hate and without cruelty, and he honored even the bravery of his enemies. Thus, one day, he sent to Dunois a plate of

figs, raisins, and dates, and asked him in return for a piece of black fur, to line his coat and keep out the cold of winter.

On the other bank of the river, Glacidas attacked the town with the same courage as Suffolk, but he was more puffed up with pride, and, according to the report of the chronicles, of an evil and tyranical spirit. Day and night, the shot from his heavy artillery rained upon the town, and seemed to urge it to surrender. Still, the defenders of Orleans, the stranger knights as well as the citizens, surrounded on all sides, and exposed to continual assaults and the incessant fire of the enemy, fought like men on whose courage depended the safety of their country. Often too, valiant cavaliers succeeded in throwing succors of men and provisions into the place, in spite of the numerous fortifications which guarded all the approaches. On its side, the artillery of the besieged responded so well to that of the besiegers, that more than once Glacidas, in a transport of rage, cried out from the top of his strong towers, that, when he entered the town, he would put man and woman to the sword, and spare no one. The citizens answered these threats by redoubling their fire. They had amongst them one man in particular, a native of Lorrain, called Master Jean, who was wonderfully expert in gunnery. Wherever he pointed his cannon the ball went straight to the mark, and, thanks to his skill, many of the enemy perished before Orleans. He was, besides, a bold and jolly fellow, full of devices, and one that often exposed himself to danger. Knowing how the English detested him, and that they would rather have him in the other world than in this, he sometimes pretended to be mortally

wounded, threw himself on the ground, and allowed himself to be carried away for dead. But at the moment when the enemy were rejoicing in his death, he again made his appearance, and gave convincing proofs of his resurrection.

The French knights were so far from feeling despair, that they often challenged the English knights to single combat, in presence of the two armies, to show them, that, man for man, they did not yield to them either in address or courage. A memorable combat of this kind took place on the 31st of December, 1428. Two Gascon knights, of the troop of the celebrated La Hire, announced to the English, that if they had amongst them two knights, noble and patriotic enough to break a couple of lances in honor of their country, they might come down into the lists, and prove in a fair combat their skill and bravery. Two English knights immediately responded to this appeal. Cords were drawn round the place appointed, and guards of the lists, on foot and horseback, were stationed in equal numbers on each side. Then the knights couched their lances, and rode against each other with all their might. The victory remained with the French. One of them unhorsed his adversary at the first shock, and they were separated on the instant, because they had undertaken this adventure, not for any hatred, or wish of injuring each other, but for the honor of their country.

Thus whole months passed away, one after the other, in continual labors and combats, without rest either by night or day, and the siege was prolonged, and the distress constantly increased in the city, which was pressed ever more and more closely.

The last hope of the men of Orleans was in the Count de Clermont, who had assembled an army at Blois to march to their assistance, and who had been joined by the constable of Scotland with his Scotch troops, and by a number of the counts and barons of France. Now, just as Clermont was about to advance upon Orleans, he learned, that Bedford had sent to the English in Paris, a convoy of more than three hundred chariots laden with provisions and munitions of war, together with an escort of about fifteen hundred men, under the command of Falstof. The count immediately resolved to intercept the convoy. On his side, Dunois set out from Orleans with the best knights and five hundred citizens to aid Clermont in this enterprise. But, God, who directs all things, great and little, according to his wisdom, decreed that Dunois should come up with the enemy near Rouvray, before he had effected his junction with the count. He soon learned that Falstof's convoy was advancing in the greatest disorder, and without any suspicion. The bastard and his knights burned with a desire to lay an ambuscade for the English, and to fall upon them unawares. But Clermont sent them message after message, enjoining them to wait till he could come up with the main body of the army. The knights obeyed, not without feeling very heavy at heart, when they saw Falstof, who had perceived the danger, draw up his chariots in a long line, with pointed stakes in front, and having recommended himself to the divine protection, wait for the attack behind this double rampart. But the English archers having begun to shoot their arrows against the French, at the moment when Clermont appeared in the distance with his troops, the

knights could no longer restrain themselves. Unfortunately, they just then fell into great disorder. The Scotch, not choosing to attack the palisades on horseback, dismounted with a number of the French knights, whilst others rushed with their horses upon the stakes. In the midst of this general confusion, Falstof ordered a sally, and occasioned them great loss. Two brothers of the Stuart family fell together on the field of battle, with many knights of the noblest houses of France and Scotland by their side. The brave Dunois himself was dangerously wounded, and only owed his safety to two faithful archers. But La Hire and Poton Xaintrailles stood firm, and, with about sixty men, stopped the pursuit of the enemy, who were driving all before them.

At this critical moment, the Count de Clermont came up. He had been knighted that very day, in token of his bravery, and he had an army strong enough to avenge the shame of the French arms; but he retired from the place of combat without striking a blow, probably because he could not conquer the miserable anger which had been provoked by the disobedience of his orders.

Thus fifteen hundred Englishmen prevailed over eight thousand French. This is the defeat, which Joan is said to have predicted to the captain at Vaucauleurs.

This bloody day was the most terrible blow, that could have fallen upon the unfortunate town of Orleans, and when, late in the evening, the same knights, who had set out in the morning so joyous and sure of victory, returned sad and bleeding from the field of battle, where they had left so many of their friends, fear and sorrow rose to the highest pitch, and men, women

and children rushed through the streets uttering piercing cries. They regarded their beloved town as already in the power of the enemy, and they called those happy who had fallen on this lamentable day.—But Dunois, the magnanimous and chivalrous hero, was not disheartened; and misfortune only augmented the fame of him, who recoiled before no danger, and was seen everywhere, distributing consolations and imparting courage. Yet the situation of the faithful city became darker and darker. The Count de Clermont, on whom they had founded so many hopes, quitted the town after stopping there only two days, taking with him the best knights and two thousand men at arms. Dunois alone, and the Marshal de Saint Sévere, still held firm. All hope of safety had disappeared; the inhabitants saw themselves, after a siege of five months, given up to the wrath of a cruel enemy, irritated by so long a resistance; a great number of them were of opinion that they should implore the clemency of the victor. The exhortations of the two knights could alone persuade them to make a last attempt. On the 15th of February, they sent an embassy to the duke of Burgundy, humbly to represent him, that their lord, the duke of Orleans, being detained in England since the battle of Agincourt, was unable to defend his good town, and that consequently they begged the Burgundian to take them under his protection, until the quarrel should be decided with regard to the crown of France.

Two months elapsed before the return of the embassy. During this time, the struggle continued without ceasing, and misery and distress increased in the faithful town, which did not, however, prevent the

courageous inhabitants from performing many noble deeds of arms. Thus, for example, in a dark night, some brave men secretly crossed the Loire, and, falling suddenly on the enemy's intrenchments, carried away with them twenty English prisoners.

When their deputies returned from Burgundy without having succeeded in their mission, the people of Orleans were the more afflicted to see, that all this heroism would be useless. Philip the Good had, it is true, shown himself favorable to their request, but he had first thought it necessary to send to Paris, to ask the consent of the duke of Bedford. The latter, considering the town of Orleans already in his power, and thinking that he need no longer observe towards Philip that respect which the great king Henry V. had so earnestly recommended on his death-bed, rejected the demand of the Burgundian proudly and harshly, in full council, saying, that Orleans was now at his mercy, and that he would make the inhabitants pay dearly for the expenses of the siege. "It would be a singular thing," added he, "if I had spread the net, for another to take the birds." And one of the council inproved on these words of his leader, by saying that was not the place to chew the pieces, in order that the duke of Burgundy might swallow them.

Thus spoke the English, deeming themselves sure of victory. They had forgotten that not a sparrow falls from the roof, without the permission of the Most High, and they were far from thinking that the hand of a young girl was to break the meshes of the net, in which Bedford supposed that the birds were already taken.

But the duke of Burgundy, provoked by the answer

of Bedford, sent his heralds to accompany the deputies of Orleans, with orders to command any of his men-at-arms, who might be in the English army, to return immediately. The Burgundians obeyed with joy, but the people of Orleans did not the less consider their ruin as inevitable. They had done all that fidelity and courage could do. The town, worn out and exhausted, lay, as it were, at the feet of its enemies. In that moment, when according to the report of an advocate of King Charles, all was lost; when Orleans and France itself could look nowhere for safety, except to the divine mercy; when Charles VII., called in derision *the little king of Bourges*, had only four crowns in his exchequer, half of which belonged to his treasurer, as witnessed by the wife of the latter; in that very moment the unseen hand of God showed itself visibly in the course of events. On the 15th of February, the town had sent its deputies to the duke of Burgundy, and already on the 24th of the same month, Joan came to announce to Charles that she had made a journey of a hundred and fifty leagues to bring to him the succor of God.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE SAINTS WHO LIVED IN THAT TIME, AND OF THE PROPHECIES RELATIVE TO JOAN OF ARC.

A miraculous apparition, like that of Joan of Arc, was not a rare occurrence at this period. Both before and after her, we see similar figures rising out of silence and obscurity, and influencing every mind with

a marvellous and irresistible power. The dreadful corruption and misfortunes of the time, which dissolved all civil society, and displayed themselves outwardly in revolts, wars, and murders, in all kinds of excesses, in pestilence, in despair, had also penetrated into the sanctuary of the Church, and attacked the noblest of her members. Already, for a whole generation, a deplorable schism had divided the Christianity of the West; whilst, in the East, the cross fell before innumerable hordes of Turks and Tartars, the crescent glittered from the extremity of India as far as Salzburg, and Bajazet seemed about to execute his threatened design of bringing his war-horse to feed upon the altars of Rome.

In this general anarchy, at the moment when many thought that the end of the world was come, strange forms made their appearance, such as had not been seen in calmer times. Some, seized with gloomy despair, or giving themselves up to unbridled passions, gazed into the abyss of darkness, and invoked the powers of night. Hence the infernal practices of magic; hence the horror which filled the minds of men with such mutual dread, that no punishment seemed severe enough to extirpate the evil, and that on the least suspicion, thousands of persons were consigned to the flames of the pile. Others, on the contrary, raised their eyes to the eternal light, and implored, with redoubled ardor, the mercy of heaven to relieve the miseries of earth. Many of these pious suppliants obtained the object of their prayers; and, when the electric ray of divine love had pierced their hearts, we see them first generously struggling against sufferings and trials, and then, inspired by the spirit

from on high, advance quietly and firmly into the midst of the distracted world, to assist misfortune, and offer consolations and remedies to despair. Their powerful voice addresses itself to all in the name of God, to popes and emperors, to beggars and bandits—sometimes teaching, exhorting, pitying, conjuring, warning—sometimes threatening, rebuking, crushing, and announcing the chastisements of the Lord.

Thus, for example, St. Bridget sprung from the race of the ancient heroes of the North, fills the greater part of the previous century. Many of her revelations are addressed to her contemporaries. They were examined by the Council of Basle, which allowed them to be published for the edification of the faithful; and they were soon translated into all the languages of Europe. This inspired saint of the North is thus mentioned by a priest of Landau, who wrote upon Joan of Arc, in the year of the deliverance of Orleans. "The Revelations of Bridget," says he, "show what a prophetess she was. Her predictions have been already in part realized, and we wait with steady confidence for the accomplishment of the rest."

One of the revelations here alluded to belongs specially to our subject. It is contained in Book VI., chap. 63. There, in the name of heaven, St. Bridget receives orders to warn Pope Clement, the sovereign pacificator of Christendom, to do what the sword of Joan afterwards accomplished—namely, to bring to an end the disastrous war, which had been kindled between France and England. These, amongst others, were the words full of severity, addressed by God through her to the pontiff: "The Lord says unto thee —By me wast thou raised to the supreme power;

therefore arise, and make peace between the kings of France and England, who are there like wild beasts, having no reason, to the great loss of souls. Think on the times past, when thou didst anger me with thy deceit, doing according to thy will, and not as thou shouldst have done. I have been silent, I have been patient, as one that judges not. Now have I come to reckon with thee for thy luke-warmness, in advising peace between the two kings, because thy heart was occupied with other matters. If my long-suffering had not sustained thee, thou wouldst now be fallen below thy predecessors. Consult the book of thy conscience and see if I speak not truth!" In her sixty-ninth year, this indefatigable saint had still the courage to go on a journey to Jerusalem; she died at Rome in 1373, in the arms of her daughter, St. Catherine of Sweden.

One of St. Bridget's contemporaries was the celebrated doctor John Tauler, who preached at Strasburg and at Cologne. In his life, written by himself, is the account of his miraculous conversion, to which he was indebted for the consecration of his eloquence. He was already fifty years old, and the reputation of his sermons had spread far and wide, when, by the inspiration of heaven, a poor and simple layman, though rich with celestial grace, came to him and told him, that at the bottom of his heart he was but a Pharisee, albeit not of the worst kind. These harsh and strange words deeply mortified him, but he soon recognized their truth, and begged his visitor to have pity upon him. Following the advice of this man, he gave over preaching to others, and admonishing them of their sins, and began to preach to and admonish himself, and to offer up all his desires at the feet of a crucified

Saviour. Then he resumed his sermons, which deeply affected his audience, and their echo has come down even to our own time.

Next to the German preacher came the great saint of Tuscany, Catherine of Sienna. Her life was short; she spent only thirty-three years upon earth; but her days were as well employed as if they had been years. Sometimes she kneels in the solitude and silence of her cell, plunged in the contemplation of the Divinity; sometimes she walks through towns and villages, and everywhere the people, running in crowds after her, seem transported with her words of fire. Now she nurses those that are struck with the plague, or accompanies criminals to the place of execution, exciting their hearts to repentance; and now she flings herself fearlessly into the midst of the savage tumult of war, and her voice stays the combatants. From Florence, she is sent to Gregory XI. at Avignon, and, with infinite toil and danger, she restores the peace of the Church; or she submits humbly and patiently to the cross-questioning of those who doubt, and changes their unbelief into admiration; or, finally, she writes the most touching letters to those whom her words are unable to reach. Time has spared three hundred and eighty of these letters, addressed to the pope, to princes, to cardinals—and, for the purity of the language, Italy places them, as models, beside the writings of Dante and Petrarch. Moreover, they ascribe to St. Catherine of Sienna, the poems which have come down to us with her revelations.

In the year of the death of St. Catherine were born two Saints, whose lives lasted until the time of Joan of Arc—St. Bernadin of Sienna, and Ludwige, or Lid-

wine, (commonly called in English Lidwina or Lydwid), of the Low Countries. St. Bernadin also waited on the sick of the plague, in the hospital of his native city, gave all his goods to the poor, and for fourteen years journeyed through the towns and the country of Italy, preaching everywhere the word of the Lord. On all sides they wished to hear him, and begged him to come to them; the Churches could not contain the multitude that crowded around him; he reconciled the Guelfs with the Ghibelines; in a word, the whole of Italy, according to the testimony of the Roman martyrology, was illuminated by his doctrines and acts. So that, when he died, the brethren of his Order were justified in chanting the verse:—

"Father, I have magnified thy name, and now I go to thee."

The life of St. Ludwige, full of earthly sufferings and celestial consolations, has been written by Thomas à Kempis. To prove that this pious virgin, from the depths of her solitude powerfully influenced her contemporaries, we shall cite the following words of the same priest of Landau, who, wishing to show that the apparition of such personages as Joan of Arc was not unprecedented in Christendom, refers to the case of Ludwige:—

"Seventeen years ago," says he, "the report was spread through the whole world that there was in Brabant a virgin named Ludwige, who shone with marvellous holiness, and performed great miracles, as I have heard related by those who were eye-witnesses. From the East to the West, and from the North to the South, we glorify in these two virgins (St. Ludwige and Joan of Arc) the name of the Lord for the

might of his goodness, which exalts the humble, and brings low the proud, so that we may acknowledge that he chooses neither nobility nor power, nor wisdom, nor riches, but rather gives strength unto the poor and feeble—He who liveth and reigneth in his triple unity for ever and ever."

Another holy personage, who flourished up to the time of Joan of Arc, and whose labors took in a considerable portion of Christendom, was that great preacher of the people, and conqueror in the kingdom of God, St. Vincent Ferrer. Born of an ancient and noble family, beneath the hot sun of Spain, he early renounced the honors of this world, and entered the order of the Dominicans. Becoming an object of high respect, because of his piety and learning, he was summoned by Benedict XIII. to Avignon as confessor and master of the sacred palace; but neither entreaties nor the offer of several bishoprics, and even of a Cardinal's hat, could long keep him at the Pontifical court. At the age of forty-two, after having asked from the Pope his benediction and apostolic powers, he entered upon his great career of Christian heroism, preaching the gospel from town to town, from kingdom to kingdom, in the Churches, in the public places, or in the open country, reminding a corrupted world of the day of justice and judgment. Many times he traversed the provinces of his native Spain. The kingdoms Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, Castile, Leon, Marcia, Andulusia, heard each in turn his words, and witnessed his piety and his miracles. There was even a Mahommedan prince, the King of Grenada, who sent envoys to beg him to come into his kingdom, and the Saint did not quit the country till multiplied conversions

began to excite great uneasiness, and the chiefs threatened a revolt. At Toledo and at Salamanca he converted the whole synagogue, and turned it into a Christian Church. When the ancient royal race of the Counts of Barcelona became extinct in the person of Don Martin, three pretenders appeared to dispute the crown of Aragon.

A civil war was on the point of breaking out. To avoid this, the estates of the three provinces of the kingdom met, and chose nine arbitrators to decide between the rival claimants. Valencia sent Vincent and his brother, who was a Carthusian. The happy issue of this difficult affair was chiefly attributed to the wisdom of the saint, and to the reverence he inspired. The other arbitrators chose him unanimously to announce to the people the result of their decision, and the people answered with shouts of joy: "Happiness and victory, and long life to our new king, Don Ferdinand!"

Vincent Ferrer went also through France preaching, from the Pyrenees along the sea-coast, and by the course of the Rhine to Lorraine, Burgundy, and Normandy. As St. Bernard of old, transformed the *valley of wormwood*, Vincent Ferrer undertook to convert a vale of perdition, inhabited by savage and impious men, into a *pure valley*. He traversed the mountain-gorges of Switzerland and Savoy, crossed the Alps in the midst of the severity of winter, and came to Florence by way of Piedmont and Lombardy. King Henry IV. sent for him to London, and he preached in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The indefatigable apostle went even as far as the island of Majorca. He labored thus for nearly twenty years, consulted by the

emperor, sought for by kings and princes, honored with an embassy by the pope and council, who availed themselves of his enlightened views, and received everywhere with the solemnity and veneration due to an apostle; and yet he always rigorously kept the rule of his order, not even accepting as alms more than was necessary for his daily food. Often the sobs of his audience forced him to pause in his sermons; the rich, when they had heard him, gave their goods to the poor; he reconciled the most bitter enemies, and was followed by notaries, to draw up official documents with regard to the differences he settled. When he quitted a place, long processions of repentant sinners accompanied him, and those whom he converted are reckoned by thousands. He died in 1417, at Vannes in Britany, reciting the penitential psalms; and for several centuries they preserved with religious care, at Toul, in Lorraine, the pulpit in which he proclaimed the word of God to the country of Joan of Arc.

Attended by a veneration nearly equal to that which encircled St. Vincent Ferrer in the west of Europe, a disciple of St. Bernardin of Sienne, St. John Capistran, spread the doctrine of the Lord through the eastern part of the same continent. Born in Abruzzo in 1385, he entered the order of the Franciscans, after suffering a great sorrow. He visited in succession Italy, France, the countries of the Germanic empire, Austria, Bavaria, Thuringia, Francania, Saxony, Swabia, Silesia, Moravia, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Walachia, and even Russia. Though he preached in Latin, and made use of an interpreter, an immense concourse of people assembled around him. The

crowd often waited for hours in the cold and snow; a hundred thousand people came to hear him at Erfurt. What Joan of Arc did at Orleans for France, Capistran did at Belgrade for the whole of Christendom. It was by the sword of Hunniades, the white knight of Walachia, and by the word of the Franciscan friar, that this great bulwark of Christendom was saved in spite of all the efforts of Mahomet II., and that the infidels were driven back, at the moment when they threatened to overthrow the west.

Precisely at the epoch in which Joan appeared, many preachers went about France, from town to town, exhorting the people to abandon their life of disorder, and to appease, by repentance and penance, the divine wrath which had fallen so heavily on the kingdom. Amongst these ministers of the blessed word, a disciple of Vincent Ferrer is particularly distinguished —one Brother Richard, a singular man, of whom we shall have occasion to speak farther. He proclaimed at Paris from the pulpit, that Antichrist was already born, and that the year 1430 would witness great wonders. The words of this monk filled the excitable minds of the Parisians with emotion and terror, to such a degree that a citizen wrote thus in his journal: "Eleven sermons of Brother Richard have more edified the people of Paris, than those of all the preachers for the last hundred years. When the Parisians left these sermons," continues the same citizen, "they were so touched and contrite, that, in less than three or four hours you might have seen more than a hundred fires, into which men threw their cards, their dice, their games of hazard, in a word, all the things which had excited them to anger, blasphemy, and the

thirst of gain. Women also cast into the flames their vain ornaments, the long trains of their dresses, and the high horns which they wore upon their heads, and which often reached above the tops of the doors." At length, Brother Richard kindled such enthusiasm amongst the people that the English were afraid of him, and ordered him to quit the city immediately, just at the moment when Joan of Arc came to the king. At his departure all Paris was in tears.

About the same time the celebrated treatise of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* began to be circulated.—"VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY, EXCEPT TO LOVE GOD AND TO SERVE HIM." That incomparable book revealed to man, in the interior of the soul, a calm and sacred asylum, and a sure refuge from all misfortunes; more than any other work of man, it has found the direct road to the heart, and finds it still even in our day. It has been printed and translated an infinite number of times, and exists in all languages, even in those of Asia, and many countries have claimed its author for their own, as of old the Greek cities disputed the glory of having given birth to Homer.

But if, in the midst of all these apparitions, that of Joan of Arc was not so unusual, neither was it quite unexpected. As it generally happens in those moments of uneasy expectation, which precede events destined to act upon nations for whole centuries, a vague presentiment of the future agitated the mind of the people, and expressed itself in predictions, sometimes clear, sometimes obscure. Joan of Arc herself asked of her hostess at Vaucouleurs (as the latter afterwards attested upon oath) if she did not know of a prophecy, according to which the kingdom of France, having

been brought to ruin by a woman, was to be saved by a young virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine. The hostess was greatly struck with this question, for she really remembered such a prediction, and she afterwards believed with many others in the divine mission of Joan of Arc. Besides, according to the report of Doctor John Erault, a woman named Marie of Avignon went to the king and said to him:—"That it had been revealed to her, that great disasters and rude afflictions should fall upon France; that she had seen, amongst other things, in many marvellous visions, a vast quantity of arms; and, believing they were destined for her, she had been extremely frightened; but it had been told her, that she might be quite easy, for that these arms were not meant for her, but for a young maiden, who was to come hereafter, and deliver France from its enemies."

Another witness stated, that he had read in an old book, published under the name of Merlin, that the virgin would come from the forest of oaks, in the country of Lorraine—and we know from other sources, that such a prophecy was current amongst the people.

At Orleans itself, the report was generally spread, that a young shepherdess, commonly called the Maid (*La Pucelle*), accompanied by several gentlemen of her native place, situated in the marches of Lorraine, had passed on horseback through the town of Gien; that she had declared she was on her way to the noble dauphin Charles, and that she came, in the name of God, to deliver the good town of Orleans. The Count de Dunois affirmed afterwards that this report was current in Orleans a long while before the arrival of Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE KING AND HIS COUNCIL RECEIVED THE MAID AT CHINON.

The same day in which Joan had asked permission to appear before the King, she arrived at Chinon.—She had travelled by roads infested with enemies and robbers; she had crossed deep rivers; nothing had been able to stop her, and now that she had reached the goal so long and ardently desired, the first obstacle rose before her.

Extreme distress had broken down the courage of all, and despair had taken possession of even the most faithful; so that the brilliant promises of the Maid must have appeared to them like the mockeries of a diseased brain. They could not believe that the fate of the proudest kingdom of Christendom was committed to such lowly hands, or that the feeble arm of a young, ignorant, unknown maiden could accomplish a task, in which had failed the counsels of the wisest, and for which the blood of the bravest knights had been shed so many times in vain. Joan did not, therefore, find at the court much more credence than she had been able to obtain from the Captain at Vaucouleurs.

The King summoned before his council the two knights who had accompanied the Maid—the Sieur de Metz and the Sieur de Poulengy—and had them examined in his presence. They related what they knew of Joan, and with what marvellous good fortune they had performed their journey, along the most dangerous roads. The question was then warmly debated in the council, whether it became the dignity of the King to

give audience to this unknown prophetess. It was at length resolved that the ecclesiastical counsellors of the King should first examine Joan as to her habits and intentions, and should decide according to her answers, as to what was afterwards to be done.

The prelates did as was required. The Maid was brought before them by the two knights, and they proceeded to ask her a number of questions. But Joan made them no answer, except that she was bound to speak to the King himself. Only when Charles had commanded her to answer, she declared that she had come by order of the King of Heaven to perform two things: namely—to deliver in the first place the strong city of Orleans, and then to conduct the King to his good town of Rheims, that he might be there anointed and crowned.

After this declaration, the counsellors of Charles could no more agree than before. Some said that no faith was to attached to her words; others maintained that, as she claimed to have been sent from God to the King, the latter ought at least to give her a hearing. As for Charles himself he knew not what part to take. It was at length decided that Joan should be again examined more rigorously than at first, and that enquiries should be made in her native country as to her reputation and conduct.

Meanwhile the castle of Coudray was assigned her as a dwelling, under the care of the Sire de Gaucourt, grand-master of the royal household. Joan grieved at these long delays, and prayed to God with all her strength.

A page, who had been placed in her service, afterwards declared that he had often seen her on her

knees, and that she seemed to address heaven with fervent prayers, frequently accompanied with tears. All her conversation was of God. The principal nobles of the court, who came to visit this marvellous young girl, were moved by her profound piety, her humble affability, her manners at once open, simple, and prudent, and her unshaken confidence in her mission.—They believed ever more and more that she was (as she herself said) really inspired by heaven.

A very remarkable circumstance is, that about this time, two gentlemen, the Sire de Villars and Jamet de Tilloy, having escaped from the besieged city, came to Chinon, by order of the Bastard of Orleans, to learn the truth as to the young girl, who was said to be sent from God.

After a long discussion, which lasted two days, it was at length decided on the third, that Joan should be presented to the king. According to the testimony of Brother Jean Pasquerel, at the moment when the Maid entered the castle, a cavalier began to stare and mock at her in an indecent manner, and backed his insolent words with a blasphemous oath. "Ah!" cried Joan, more touched by the blasphemy than by the insult to herself, "doest thou abjure God, and art so near death?" An hour had not elapsed from the prediction of the Maid, when this unhappy man fell into the water, and was drowned.

But now the king, staggered by objections of all kinds, had returned to his former state of irresolution; it was only the idea of the journey, so marvellously accomplished that prevented him from sending away Joan without a hearing.

It was in the evening that the Maid was introduced

by the Count de Vendome. The hall was lighted by fifty torches. All the court, more than three hundred knights, the members of the noblest families in France, the first dignitaries of the crown, were assembled there, magnificently arrayed. The king, clad very plainly, kept on one side, wishing to see if the Maid would recognize *him*, to whom she had declared herself sent from God. The two gentlemen from Orleans were also present.

Calm, and with no appearance of confusion, the Maid advanced through the midst of all this pomp, straight to the king. She, who had seen the glorious and shining faces of the princes of heaven, now came to bring succor to an oppressed and humiliated prince of earth. Joan was now seventeen years of age. She was of a good figure, tall and well made, fair, with black eyes, and her hair cut short and round, after the fashion then used in chivalry. She was endowed with great vivacity, and extraordinary strength of body, and she was moreover courageous, and skilful in the use of arms as the best knight. Simple and modest, she spoke little; but as soon as the discourse turned on her divine mission, her speech was fluent, powerful, and inspired like that of a prophetess. Her features were delicate, and wore the expression of gentle piety, and full confidence in God. In a word, we have it from an eye-witness, that something divine seemed to encircle her whole person.

She saluted the king humbly, prostrated herself before him, according to custom, and, embracing his knees, she said to him in her mild, melodious voice:— "God give you a prosperous life, noble king!" "I am not the king," replied Charles; "that is he,"—and he

pointed to one of the attendants. "In the name of God," answered Joan, "you are the king, and none other." Then Charles having questioned her as to her name and projects. "I am called Joan the Maid," replied she, "and I am sent hither by God, to bring succor, gentle sire, to you and to your kingdom; and the King of Heaven commands you by my voice, to go and be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and you will become the vicar of the King of Heaven, as every true king of France ought to be."

Then the king took her aside, and talked with her in a low voice. He asked her a great number of questions, and was very well satisfied with her answers, as the spectators could easily perceive by the joy which shone in his countenance, though they could not hear what was said. Thus was accomplished what the blessed voices had foretold to the Maid, when they bade her go with courage and confidence, for there should be a notable sign before the king to make him believe in her words. Now the sign was as follows. It was generally known in the time of Joan, and has been related both by witnesses and historians, that, in this conversation, she revealed to the king a great secret, of which Charles VII. afterwards said, that it could only have been known to God and to himself. At a latter period, the enemies of the Maid used their utmost endeavors in vain, to draw from her this secret in the course of the proceedings against her. But she told the almoner of Charles VII. with regard to this private interview at Chinon, that, after answering many questions which the king had put to her, she added: "I tell you, on behalf of the Lord, that you are the true heir of France, and the king's son." All the

mystery lies in these few words; but the contemporaries of Joan of Arc did not understand their hidden meaning, nor should we ourselves do so, if a strange accident had not furnished the required clue.

In the Royal Library at Paris there is an old manuscript containing the renowned feats and adventures of many kings and emperors. The author was named Sala, and lived a short time after the Maid. King Charles VIII. had given him an appointment at the court of his son, and it was there that he learned the secret from the mouth of an old knight, who, in his youth, had enjoyed the special favor of Charles VII. and had heard this matter in confidence from the king himself. Sala relates the story with great simplicity, in the following manner:—

"When the king, Charles VII. had fallen so low, that he knew not where to take refuge, except at Bourges, or some of the castles near it, Our Lord sent to him a simple maiden, by whose guidance he recovered his own, and remained peaceably the sole king. And as, peradventure, some people will find it hard to believe, that the king should have faith in her words, know that she gave to him a message from God, in which she declared to him a secret so closely shut up in his heart, that he had never in his life revealed it to any one, unless it were to God in his prayers. So that when he heard the news, which the Maid told him in secret, and which could not be known to her, except by divine inspiration, he put all his conduct and resources into her hands.

"I learned what I am now relating, by these means. It is true, that, about the year one thousand four hundred and eighty, I was attached to the chamber of the good

king, Charles VIII., whom we may justly call the Hardy; for he proved it well at Fornova, on his return from the conquest of his kingdom of Naples, when, with only seven thousand French, he overcame sixty thousand Lombards, of whom some were killed and the rest put to flight. This gentle king married Madame Anne, duchess of Britany, and had by her a fair son who was Dauphin de Viennois, named Charles Rolland (some say Orland,) born at Plessis-les-Tours. This same was brought up, by command of the king under the care of a very noble old knight, his chamberlain, called Messire Guillaume Gouffier, lord of Boisi, who was by him chosen amongst all the lords of the kingdom, as a loyal and prudent man of honor. For this cause, he wished to place his son in his hands, as one in whom there was great trust. With this noble knight was the lord of La Selle-Goyenaut, as also two stewards, a doctor, and myself, who held the office of pantler; and there were none other in the beginning, except the ladies, and twenty-four archers for a guard. At times, I followed this good knight, Monsieur de Boisi, when he took his diversion in the park, and I loved him so much for his great virtues, that I could not leave his company. For his mouth was full of fine examples, from which I learned a great deal. He had been to Jerusalem, and to St. Catherine's of Mount Sinai, of which he related many marvels; and I told him of my travels in Barbary, where I had seen strange things. He related to me, amongst the rest, the secret which existed between the king (Charles VII.) and the Maid; and he might well know it; for he had been in his youth much beloved by that king, insomuch that no gentleman was allowed to

sleep in the king's bed, except this one. It was in this great intimacy, which I have just described, that the King told him the words which the Maid had spoken, such as you shall see them below. It is true that in the time of the great adversity of this good king Charles VII., he was brought so low, that he knew no more what to do, and thought of nothing but how to mend his condition. For, as I have told you, he was enclosed by enemies on all sides. The king, in this extremity, entered his oratory one morning all alone; and there he made a prayer to Our Lord, in his heart only, without uttering a word—in which prayer he devoutly entreated, that IF HE WERE THE TRUE HEIR, DESCENDED FROM THE NOBLE HOUSE OF FRANCE, AND THAT THE KINGDOM OF RIGHT BELONGED TO HIM, it would please heaven to guard and defend him, and at the worst, to give him grace to escape death or captivity; and that he might find safety in Spain or Scotland, which were of old time brothers in arms, friends, and allies of the kings of France; wherefore he had chosen them for his refuge. A little while after, the king being still in these thoughts, it happened that they brought to him the Maid, who, whilst she kept her sheep in the field, had been divinely inspired to come and comfort this good king, which she did not fail to do; for she had herself conveyed to Rheims by his own kinsmen, where she crowned him king of France, maugre all his enemies, and restored to him the peaceable possession of his kingdom. Afterwards, this holy Maid was taken and martyred by the English, at which the king was much grieved; but there was no help for it." *

* Exemples de Hardiesse de plusieurs rois et empereurs, manuscript No. 180, in the Royal Library at Paris.

Thus then, the words that Joan herself communicated to the almoner, and which the latter afterwards publicly attested—"I tell you, on behalf of the Lord, that you are the true heir of France, and the king's son"—contained an answer to the secret prayer of Charles, and the king was so strongly impressed with them, because she could only have known his thoughts by inspiration from above. It is quite natural that Joan should have maintained strict silence with regard to this great sign which God had given her; for if the English had been informed that the king himself, knowing the lightness of his mother's character, doubted the legitimacy of his birth, and his own right to the throne, they would have made a weapon of this doubt, to destroy the little respect that still attached to his name in the eyes of the French. But what is no less remarkable than the secret itself, is the manner in which it has pleased Providence to hand it down to us, and the wonderful light which the words of Joan, and the simple narrative of Sala, a mere pantler at the court of the grandson of Charles VII., mutually throw upon each other.

For the rest, during all this interview, the good carriage of Joan and her modesty were such, that it appeared to some as if she had passed all her life in the midst of courtly scenes, whilst others only beheld in her the poor and humble shepherdess.

The king no longer doubted, that this young girl, who foresaw what was to come, and knew the most secret thoughts of the heart, must be inspired by some peculiar spirit; only he knew not if it were a spirit of heaven or of hell. And so, before he trusted her with an army, which was what she asked for, he wished to

look into the affair more closely, and to consult on the subject the most distinguished and learned men of the kingdom.

Charles himself had several other interviews with Joan, and the report spread more and more through the country, that she was sent from God. The Duke d'Alençon, whose father, at the battle of Agincourt, had struck the golden crown from the helmet of Henry V., and expiated that heroic action with his life, was amusing himself with catching quails, when his seneschal came to announce to him the news that was in every mouth. The Duke immediately went to Chinon, where he found the Maid with the king; and Charles having said to Joan: "Here is the Duke D'Alençon." "He is welcome," she replied; "the more we have of the princes of the blood royal of France, the better."

The next morning, the duke heard how the Maid, amongst other things, stipulated that Charles should deliver up his kingdom into the hands of the King of Heaven, who would do for him, after this sacrifice, what he had done for his ancestors; and restore its crown in all its ancient splendor.

At noon, on rising from table, the King and the Duke went to walk in the meadows before the castle. Suddenly they saw Joan on horseback, with lance in hand, managing her steed and arms with the skill of a practised knight. The Duke, transported with joy and astonishment, gave her the same day a fine war-horse.

The two deputies from Orleans returned to the besieged city, rejoiced at the marvellous things which they had seen and heard, full of hope and enthusiasm. The good Dunois immediately assembled the

people, and the deputies related what they had learned of the Maid at the King's court, and how she was coming to deliver their town, and then to conduct Charles VII. to Rheims, that he might there be anointed and crowned.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE LONG EXAMINATIONS WHICH THE MAID HAD TO UNDERGO AT POITIERS.

By order of the King, Joan was again examined as to her designs, by a respectable assembly, at which, amongst others, four Bishops and the Duke d'Alençon were present. She answered, as on the first occasion, that she came as a messenger of God, and that celestial voices had revealed to her what she was to do in obedience to the will of Heaven.

It would appear that all these persons united did not venture to pronounce positively on so important a matter. They feared the mockery of the enemy. The Archbishop of Rheims in particular could not bring himself to believe in the promises of the Maid. It was, therefore, determined to take her to Poitiers, the seat of a parliament and university, since Paris had fallen into the hands of the English, and where might still be found a good number of doctors and learned men, who were to examine Joan over again.

It was quite proper that the affair should be submitted to a serious enquiry, for it would have been an act of unpardonable recklessness to confide, on the faith of her bare word, the destinies of the kingdom to the hands of an unknown girl. But everything has its

limits in this world, prudence amongst the rest, and doctors and learned men are not always the most clear-sighted in these matters. So Joan felt affrighted in her heart, at the thousand learned objections she was about to encounter.

"I know well," said she, by the way, "that I shall have much to do at Poitiers, whither they are taking me; but my Master will help me. So come on, in God's name!"—for such was her manner of speaking. The King went there likewise.

Then was convoked in that town, by order of the royal council, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of the kingdom, a great and solemn assembly of doctors, professors, and bachelors, well versed in the Holy Scriptures, and in the civil and ecclesiastical law, in order to test the faith and doctrine of this young girl, who declared herself sent by God to re-establish the King in his dominion. They were to inform their master if she spoke the truth, and if, as a good Christian, he could accept her succor.

In consequence, the assembly proceeded to the residence of the Maid, who had been lodged in the house of one of the king's advocates, under the care of his wife, a woman of the best reputation. When they were all seated in the hall, Joan took her place at the end of the lower bench, and asked them what was their desire.

Then one of them, rising in the name of the whole assembly, explained to Joan, how, being informed of what she had said to the king, as to her mission from God to him, they came to examine her further. And straightway the professors, the doctors, and the bach-

elors, began, one after the other, to show her, by all sorts of learned proof, that, on such a point, they could not believe her words.

Joan did not allow herself to be disconcerted. To all their reasons, questions, and subtilities, she gave such noble and convincing answers, that the professors, the doctors, and the bachelors shook their heads, saying that no learned man could have spoken better. Then, as they came to treat of her divine mission, when she related to them how the angels and saints had appeared to her in the fields where she kept her sheep, and had told her of the great misery that was in the kingdom of France—and how thereupon she had wept, and how the saints had ordered her to go to the captain of Vaucouleurs, and had promised to watch over her in the dangerous journey to the king—when she related all this with enthusiasm and lofty dignity, the learned men were astonished to hear a simple and ignorant shepherdess say such wondrous things, and answer, in so skillful and wise a manner, to every question and every doubt.

Moreover, when they began again to try and prove to her, by all sorts of books and writings, that they could not yet give credit to her words, she heard quietly their long discourses, from the commencement to the end, and only answered:—"There is more in my Master's books than in yours."

She also predicted four things during this examination:—first, that the power of the English should be broken, and Orleans delivered—but, for that purpose, the king must give her men-at-arms, and she must herself summon the invaders to retire of their own accord; secondly, that the king should be crowned at

Rheims; thirdly, that he should recover possession of Paris; and fourthly, that the duke of Orleans should be rescued from the captivity, in which he was detained in England.

Although these four marvellous predictions were afterwards realized, even as the Maid now promised at Poitiers, they appeared altogether improbable to the professors and doctors, particularly in what related to the crowning of the king at Rheims; for they considered that all the roads and fortified places, from Orleans to that city, were in the hands of the enemy. They therefore met Joan, upon this subject, with a host of objections. For example, Master Guillaume Aymeri said to her:

"Thou pretendest that thy voices have told thee, that God will deliver the people of France from their present calamities; but, if really such be his will, he does not stand in need of men-at-arms."

Joan answered immediately, without being disconcerted:

"The men-at-arms will fight, but God will give the victory."

Master Guillaume Aymeri declared, that he was satisfied with this answer. Then Brother Séguin said to her:

"God will not suffer us to believe in your words, unless you give us a sign, by which we shall be forced to believe. We cannot advise the king, upon your simple assertion, to trust you with men-at-arms, and allow you to lead them into danger, if you cannot tell us something more."

This objection appeared of great force to many, and, indeed, if Joan had changed water into wine before

them, or raised the dead to life, it would have been the readiest way to overcome their doubts. They joined Brother Séguin, therefore, in earnestly entreating the Maid to prove her mission by a miracle. But she answered:

"In God's name, I have not come to Poitiers to work miracles. Take me to Orleans, and I will show you the sign for which I am sent. Let the king but give me men-at-arms, even such and so few as may please him—and I will go."

But the inquiries and questions had no end. Besides the solemn meetings, the first of which lasted more than two hours, and in which she was interrogated by all the members of the assembly, each one in particular had the right to visit and examine her in private.—Nor was this all. As it generally happens in such cases, a number of other persons of every degree, great and small, male and female, came from all sides to behold the wonder with their own eyes. "Before these people came to her," says an old chronicle, "what she said appeared to them impossible to be done, and they looked upon it as dreams and fantasy: yet there was not one, that returned from hearing her, but said she was a creature of God; and some even, as they returned, wept hot tears. There came also to speak with her, ladies, young damsels, and citizens' wives; and she answered them so sweetly and graciously that she made them weep. Amongst other things, they asked her why she did not wear women's clothes? And she answered them: 'I trow, it must seem strange to you, and not without cause; but, because I must arm myself, and serve the gentle Dauphin in war, I have taken the garb suitable and necessary for that service;

and also, when I am amongst men, being in a man's dress, I shall not wake in them any loose desires, and so shall better keep my virginity both in thought and deed.'"

There were some also, who asked her why she gave to Charles the title of Dauphin, and not that of King. "I will only call him *king*," she answered, "when I have seen him anointed and crowned at Rheims, whither I mean to lead him." In this reply, one sees the religious character of Joan's mind; for, according to the old Catholic idea, royalty was in her eyes a sacred dignity, a divine mission; the Church must consecrate the King, in order that the latter, in the name of Him to whom belongs all power in earth and heaven, may preserve law and justice, and use the temporal arm, as the Church does the spiritual, to protect and extend God's kingdom amongst the people committed to his care.

Those whom the king had appointed to examine Joan, caused her slightest words and actions to be watched by women whom they had placed about her. But all the reports of these persons only tended to exalt her praise; for they could say nothing of her, except that she led an entirely christian life, and that they had never seen her idle. Her excellent hostess related, how, every day, after dinner, she went upon her knees, and passed a part of the day, and even of the night, in prayer, and how she often retired into a little chamber, to attend exercises of piety.

In this long and minute examination, the Maid must have had plenty of opportunity to prove her patience, for it would probably have been more easy to deliver Orleans from the English, than to satisfy the doubts

of the professors and doctors. We must therefore not be astonished, if sometimes her patience failed her in the midst of these interminable questions, when she thought how, every day, famine and the sword were bringing Orleans nearer to its ruin, particularly with the fixed presentiment she always had, that a very short time was vouchsafed her by heaven, for her miraculous mission upon earth. She knew besides, that it would depend upon men to make a good or bad use of the grace offered to them, according to the extent of their faith in the power and mercy of God. One day, two professors having again repeated the same question: "Why have you come, and who has sent you?"

"Listen," she replied; "I know neither *A* nor *B*.—I come from the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans, and to lead the King of Rheims, that he may be anointed and crowned. But first I must write to the English to summon them to retire, for such indeed is the will of God. Have you ink and paper?"

And, when the two professors fetched what she required, she began to dictate to them a letter for the English.

Another day, Brother Séguin—*a very sour man*, says the chronicle—asked her with the accent and in the dialect of his province (he was of Simoges)—

"In what language the celestial voices had spoken to her?"

"Better than yours," replied Joan; and, as he afterwards ventured to ask her if she believed in God—"More than you do," replied the Maid, indignant at such a suspicion. But, above all, she never ceased repeating that there was no time to lose, and that they should begin to act.

Christophe d'Harcourt, Bishop of Castres, declared that he believed her sent from God, and that it was she of whom the prophecy had spoken. At length the learned examiners pronounced their opinion, according to the report of the Chevalier d'Aulon, as follows:—

"That they had seen, heard, or known of this Maid nothing unbecoming a good Christian and true Catholic, and that such they held her to be; and it was, moreover, their opinion that she was a very good person."

In consequence, judging by her good behavior, her simplicity, her stainless reputation, the purity of her life, and the wisdom of her words, they considered that her answers might be divinely inspired. And, besides, seeing the great distress of the King and kingdom, and that all faithful subjects, despairing of human succor, now looked for safety to God alone—seeing also the imminent peril of the good city of Orleans, unless succored without delay—they judged that the King might accept the services of this young girl, and send her forthwith to Orleans.

A proof of the reserve and prudence with which all this affair was conducted, and that no light credence was given to the statements of Joan of Arc as to her divine mission, is found in the fact that Charles VII., not content with the long investigations of the learned and celebrated doctors of the University of Poitiers, still wished to consult the prelates and most illustrious personages of the kingdom. Amongst the answers sent to the prince on this subject, time has spared that of Jacques Gelu, who, after filling the archi-episcopal throne at Tours, died Archbishop of Embrun in the same year as the Maid.

To the first question put to him, namely: "Whether it accords with the majesty of God, to take part in the acts of an individual, or even in the affairs of a kingdom?"—the Archbishop answers:

"Eternal Wisdom has said it—'By me kings reign, and law-givers do justice.' God, the author and preserber of every creature, loves and directs them all with the same paternal care."

In answer to the second question: "Whether it accords not better with the operations of Almighty power, to work miracles by means of angels than of men?"—Jacques Gelu says:—

"That indeed angels are more worthy to be the instruments of the divinity, but that heaven also makes use of men to perform great prodigies. God even sent a raven to carry food to Elijah in the desert."

To the third question: "If it be proper to employ a young girl in a task which belongs to men?"—the Archbishop observes:—

"That the old law, it is true, in order to separate the sexes, forbade women to wear the male attire; but that, God having sometimes revealed to virgins secrets that were hidden from men, it is also possible that a virgin may be chosen to lead an army. As for knowing, in the present instance, if the thing be real, or a deception of the enemy of the human race, it were best to judge by the conduct of the Maid.—They must try what spirit she is of, and judgment being a gift of God, it is necessary to use it in all that happens, by the order and disposal of Divine Providence."

From the documents we have here cited, we may see, that the men of that period, if they had not quite

so high an opinion of themselves, were yet not so superstitious, as many persons of our own time, in the ignorance of their pride, have pronounced them.—They could look narrowly into a subject, when it was needed; but they did not contemptuously close their eyes, as in our day, to everything miraculous and divine, without even deigning to examine the facts, when it pleases Eternal Wisdom to act in some other way, than that which human reason has conceived in its vanity and ignorance.

Finally, after the king had delivered Joan into the hands of the queen of Sicily, his mother-in-law, and of several other ladies, to ascertain if she had kept her virgin vow, and this point being also decided in favor of the young girl, he resolved, in his council, though still with some hesitation to make use of her services at Orleans, since God himself had sent her for that purpose.

The celebrated Æneas Sylvius, who ascended the pontifical throne, by the name of Pius II., in 1458, less than thirty years after the death of Joan of Arc, bears this testimony to her in his history:

"The dauphin, fearing to be deceived, had Joan examined by his confessor, the bishop of Castres, a theologian of eminent science, and also committed her to the care of noble ladies. When she was questioned as to her faith, her answers were all conformable to the Christian religion, and when they investigated her conduct, they found in her a virginal purity and the most strict morals. The examination lasted many days, and they could detect in her nothing feigned, nor any sort of falsehood or deception."

Such were the numerous and severe trials, to which

Joan had to submit, before she obtained from her king permission to appear before the enemy, at the head of the French chivalry, to accomplish the will of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE MAID PREPARED TO SET OUT FOR ORLEANS, AND SENT HER HERALD-AT-ARMS TO THE ENGLISH.

When the duke d'Alençon received orders from the king, to march towards Blois, in advance of the Maid, to organize a convoy of provisions, and force to escort the same. The Maid herself was afterwards to direct this convoy. Even if the king had trusted entirely to her, he could not have undertaken anything more considerable, for he had a great deal of trouble to raise the money necessary for this expedition.

During these preparations, Joan was herself equipped as became the leader of an army in that age. She received her armor and her retinue from the king, her banner and her sword from God.

It was her saints that announced to her, how, in the church of St. Catharine de Fierbois, there was a sword buried for her, near to the altar. In consequence, she caused a letter to be written to the priests of that church, to ask them for the sword in question. An armorer of Tours was employed to dig near the altar, and found in truth, at no great depth, a sword marked with five crosses. The priests easily removed the rust, with which it was covered, and had a rich scabbard made for it, of red velvet sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*. The citizens of Tours wished to surpass the priests of St. Catharine's, and offered to the Maid a still more

costly scabbard of cloth of gold. But the humble Joan ordered one to be made of leather, simple, but strong and durable, and this she usually wore in battle.

It was only after much importunity that she confessed to the king as a secret, how the existence of this sword had been revealed to her by her celestial voices, for she made no display of the graces bestowed upon her. She ordered a banner also, such as St. Catherine and St. Margaret had shown her, saying: "Take this banner in the name of the King of Heaven, and bear it without fear." By desire of these saints, the banner was made of white stuff, sprinkled with lilies. The Saviour of Men was represented on it, seated in the midst of clouds, on his throne placed above a rainbow, and holding in his hand the globe of the earth. At his feet, to the right and left, were kneeling two angels. One of them held a lily, which is the emblem of France, and to which the Lord was giving his benediction. This was the motto inscribed on it—"JESA MARIA." For the rest, the banner was in form like that of an ordinary knight. On the streamer, peculiar to this kind of pennon, was painted the Annunciation, with an angel offering a lily to the Blessed Virgin.

And now Charles VII. placed in the service of the Maid, Jean d'Aulon, whom the noble Dunois called his best knight, two pages, a steward, two heralds, and two men-at-arms. The king also had made, to fit her exactly, a complete suit of armor, from head to foot. At the moment she was seeking for what she had most at heart—namely, a confessor, or *almoner*, as it was then called—her brother Pierre d'Arc, and one of those

who had accompanied her to the king, brought to her Brother Jean Pasquerel, master-reader to the Convent of the Augustine hermits at Tours. Edified by his great piety, they had persuaded him to accompany them, and they presented him to the Maid, saying:—"Joan, we bring this good father; thou wilt certainly love him much, as soon as thou comest to know him." She answered, that she had already heard speak of him, that she accepted him with joy as her spiritual father, and that she would confess to him the next morning. The friar began by saying Mass for Joan, and, as he afterwards bore witness, was edified in no common degree by her confession. She begged him not to leave her, but to remain always with her, in the quality of a confessor. He promised to do so, and kept his word.

Before taking leave of the king Joan gave a miraculous confirmation of the truth of her divine mission. She told Charles VII. how St. Margaret and St. Catherine had revealed to her that she would be wounded in delivering Orleans, but that her wound would not prevent the accomplishment of her task. This prediction, which she repeated at Orleans on the morning of the very day on which it was realized, is related, in a very remarkable manner, by a Flemish gentleman, who announced it as a curious piece of news in a letter from Lyons, before it had been fulfilled; so that there cannot exist the least doubt of its authenticity. Here as well as with regard to the secret which the Maid discovered to the king, and in general throughout this history, it seems as if Providence itself had provided for the preservation of a mass of the most decisive evidence, to confound the incredulity of those who re-

fuse to believe in the miraculous mission of Joan of Arc.

This gentleman, named the Sire de Rotslaer, writes to the Duke of Brabant: "How he has heard from a counsellor and steward of the Lord Charles de Bourbon, that there is now with the king Charles VII. a young girl of Lorraine, who promises to deliver Orleans, and declares that she shall be wounded with an arrow, in a combat before the city, but that she shall not die of the wound. The dauphin Charles, says this young girl, will be crowned at Rheims next summer, and she announces many other things, which the king keeps secret. She rides every day on horseback, armed *cap-a-pie*, with her lance in rest like any other knight, and Charles and his adherents have confidence in her." This remarkable letter is dated from Lyons, the 22d of April; now it was on the 29th, that Joan entered Orleans; she was wounded on the 7th of May, and on the 11th of the following July the king was crowned at Rheims.

The preparations of the Duke of Alenzon being pretty well complete, and many brave knights having joined him, the Maid unfurled her banner, and set out from Tours on the 21st of April for Blois, accompanied by the Archbishop of Rheims, the marshal of the king's household, and a small body of men-at-arms.

In the commencement, the soldiers had but small confidence in the pious young girl, and when they heard her say that she placed all her hopes, not in the edge of the sword, but in the blessings of the Almighty, such discourse was by no means acceptable to their rugged minds. Joan, upon her side, was struck with horror at the impiety and sinfulness in which so

many souls had become hardened in these interminable wars, and she wished above all things to put an end to this kind of life.

During the two days that she stayed at Blois, the priests of the town assembled at her request, morning and evening, under a banner which she had caused to be made on purpose by her confessor, and which represented the figure of the crucified Saviour. The ecclesiastics sang hymns and canticles in honor of the Queen of Heaven, whilst Joan prayed kneeling down in the midst of them. She only admitted to this pious exercise those of the men-at-arms, who had confessed themselves on that day, and the priests were ready at all hours to listen to them. Joan herself earnestly exhorted them to be reconciled to God, for she only desired pure and pious hands to aid her in the accomplishment of her divine mission. At her request a portion of the priests in question accompanied her in this holy war, even unto Orleans, the heroic and afflicted city.

But before quitting Blois, Joan sent to the English, as indeed her saints had commanded her, a summons in the name of God, to depart from the realm of France. It was conceived in these terms:—

"JESUS—MARIA.

"King of England, and you, duke of Bedford, that call yourself regent of the realm of France; you, William de la Poulle; you of Suffolk; you, John, sire de Tallebot; and you, Thomas, lord of Scales; that call yourselves lieutenants of the said Bedford, submit to the King of Heaven, and deliver to the Maid who is sent by God, the keys

of all the cities that you have taken and robbed in France. She is come from God to redeem the royal blood, and is ready to make peace, if you will do her right, in so far as to void the realm of France, and make good the damage that you have done, and return the tolls you have received during the time you have held in possession. And for you, archers, men-at-arms, gentlemen, and others, that are now encamped before the town of Orleans, go back, in the name of God, to your country; and if you do not do it, expect to hear news of the Maid, who will come and see you shortly, to your great cost.

"King of England, if you will not do this, I am chief of the war, and I assure you, that in whatever place I find your people in France I will combat and drive them out, whether they will or no; and if they will not obey I will have them all slain. I am sent hither by God, the King of Heaven, to combat and drive them out of France; and if they obey they shall find mercy. And do not think to remain any longer; for you do not hold the realm of France, of God, the King of Heaven, son of the Virgin Mary. But thus shall Charles, the lawful heir, hold the kingdom, for so God, the King of Heaven, wills it; and it has been revealed to him by the Maid, that he shall enter Paris in good and fair company. And if you will not believe the tidings of God and of the Maid, I warn you that in whatever place we find you, we shall strike home with the steel, and make so great a carnage, that such has not been seen for a thousand years in France. And trust me, that the King of Heaven will send such forces to the Maid, that you and your men-at-arms will not be able to do any injury either to her, or to those in her company; and

hard blows will prove who has the best right. And you, duke of Bedford, that lay siege to the town of Orleans, the Maid entreats you not to bring destruction upon yourself; and if you will do her right you may yet see how the French will do the noblest feat that was ever done for Christendom. And I pray you send me an answer, if you will make peace in the city of Orleans, where we hope soon to be. And, if you will not do it, you will remember it to your cost.

"Written, this Tuesday of Holy Week, in the year of Our Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-nine."*

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE MAID SET OUT FOR ORLEANS, AND WITH WHAT JOY SHE WAS RECEIVED THERE.

On the twenty-seventh day of April the convoy left Blois for Orleans; and the Maid, who had the chief command of the army in the King's name, ordered that they should march in such fashion as to arrive before the town by the right bank of the Loire. It was on this side that the Earl of Suffolk was stationed with the main body of the English, and it was there that they had erected their principal works. The anxious knights represented in vain to Joan that great dangers would attend this course, and that the Bastard of Orleans, who was himself so experienced in the art of war, had advised them to take the left bank,

* It is not known what has become of the draught of this letter. We give it here, according to the copy contained in the report of the judicial proceedings, and such as it was read to the Maid before the tribunal, when she was asked if she acknowledged it to be hers. Joan answered that it was her letter, with the exception of three passages, altered perhaps with an evil intention.

and to make their approaches from the water. The Maid, who feared neither Suffolk nor his troops, nor his entrenchments, had determined to force the enemy's strongest lines, for so her voices had commanded her, and the knights were obliged to promise obedience.

At the head of the convoy marched the priests, with the sacred banner of the Lord. The Maid followed them, surrounded by the Marshals de Saint Sévere and de Rays, the Admiral de Culan, the Grand Master of the Palace Gaucourt, the brave La Hire, and many other valiant knights, who had flocked to Blois to bear her company. Then came a troop of four or five thousand men, escorting the flocks and provisions destined for the supply of the town.

The priests, who advanced in front, sang aloud in chorus the ancient hymns of the Church, and above all they wafted the *Veni Creator* to the throne of the Spirit of love and eternal wisdom, that He might descend upon the army.

They were close upon the mild month of May, when the birds sing in the woods and the fields, when the flowers gleam in the meadow, and the blossoms upon the tree, and when all that has life in it spreads itself abroad to the sun; and, for two days, the convoy advanced like a procession, along those smiling plains of the Loire, which are interspersed with orchards and pleasant places, and surnamed, because of their beauty, the *Garden of France*.

Thus preceded by its priests, the army resembled rather a peaceful pilgrimage than a warlike expedition, and the hearts of the fierce men-at-arms became more and more impressed with respect for their saintly

guide. She exhorted them continually to repentance and trust in God, and in His infinite mercy, — assuring them that He would give them the victory if they were but in a state of grace.— She herself communicated solemnly in the midst of them, in the open air, and the love which inspired her soul soon inflamed the others also. The greater number went to confession, all women of bad life quitted the army by order of the Maid, and she maintained so strict a discipline on her own part, that she slept the first night in her armor, by which she was not a little incommoded.

On the third day they arrived before Orleans, the faithful city, whither all the wishes of Joan had been so long directed; but how was her joy mingled with bitterness, when, having reached the heights that command the town, she saw that the knights had broken faith with her, and that the army was on the left bank of the river!

The fatal consequences of this measure soon became apparent, and they found what a mistake they had committed in following the counsels of human prudence to avoid a momentary danger instead of placing full confidence in the messenger of heaven. The entire convoy was in the most perilous position; there was not a single bridge on which they could pass the river, and near the town the waters of the Loire were so low that they could transport the provisions in boats at one spot only. Now this very spot was defended by an intrenchment, and they had to dread every minute an attack from all the forces of the enemy.

In this critical moment the leaders who had pre-

ferred their own opinion to that of the Maid, no longer knew what to advise; but Joan, always full of trust in the divine protection, exhorted them to attack the entrenchments. They could not, however, make up their minds to it, because of the disproportion of their forces.

Meanwhile, the Count de Dunois crossed the Loire, with a numerous troop of citizens.

"Are you the Bastard of Orleans?" exclaimed the Maid."

"Yes," he replied, "and I am right glad of your coming."

"Is it you," she continued, still dissatisfied, "that gave counsel for me to come by this bank of the river, and not by the other upon which are Talbot and the English? The provisions would have been brought in without passing the water."

Dunois having tried to excuse himself, saying that other more experienced captains had agreed with him in that opinion, because they thought it the safest course. "In God's name," resumed Joan, "the counsel of the Lord our God is safer and better than yours. You thought to deceive me, and you have deceived yourselves more than me; for I bring you the best succor that was ever brought to any one. I bring you the succor of the King of Heaven. And it comes to you not for love of me, but from God himself, who, at the prayer of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne, has had pity on the town of Orleans, and will not suffer that the enemy should hold both the body of the duke of Orleans and his city at the same time."

At length it was resolved to go again up the river with the boats and the army, to a distance of two

leagues east of Orleans, opposite to the village of Checy, where there was a French garrison, and where the passage was not so difficult. But even this plan appeared impossible to execute; the weather was stormy, the rain fell in torrents, night was drawing on, and the boats could make no progress because of the contrary wind. Only Joan predicted that the wind would shortly change. "Wait a little," she said to them; "for, with the help of God, all will be well." Hardly had she uttered these words, when, as related by Brother Pasquerel, an eye-witness, the water seemed visibly to rise. Dunois was so struck with this marvellous event, that he said in relation to it:

"Methinks that the Maid and her deeds are rather of God than of men, when I recollect how suddenly the change took place, as soon as she had spoken of her trust in the succor from on high, and how the provisions were brought into Orleans in spite of the English, although they were much the stronger party."

The boats now sailed right under the cannon of the English, and yet the latter did not fire a single shot, which was really marvellous. Henceforth, the courage of the French went on increasing, along with their confidence in their miraculous guide. The provisions arrived without obstacle at the appointed spot, and were carried over to the other side of the river. The number of passage-boats being insufficient, it was resolved that the army should move back upon Blois, to cross the Loire by the bridge and return with fresh reinforcements, by the road which Joan had pointed out. But they begged her to enter the town without further delay, as the citizens were expecting her with so much impatience. She could not at first be per-

suaded to leave the army. "My people," she said, "have repented of their sins, they have confessed their guilt, they show good will, and I would fain lead them in this humor against the enemy." It was only at the earnest entreaty of the chiefs, and when they had promised to return with a larger force, that she at length entered Dunois' boat, and crossed the Loire, holding her banner in her hand, and accompanied by the brave La Hire, the Marshal Boussac, and other knights. Before this, she requested her confessor, Jean Pasquerel, to remain with the army, and along with the priests, as hitherto, to bear at the head of the troops the sacred banner of the Redeemer.

Whilst the men of Orleans made a vigorous sally to attack an English entrenchment which defended the passage of the river, and took one of the enemy's flags in the combat, the provisions were safely brought into the famished city, and the Maid's prediction was thus far accomplished—that the convoy should reach the town without being staid by the English.

As for the Maid herself, to avoid too great a concourse of people, she tarried with her followers where she had landed, until the evening. It was half-past six when she again set forward, accompanied by two hundred lances, which had been taken from the army to serve as her escort. Now, although this little band passed within bowshot of the English, the latter drew not a sword against the messenger of heaven, nor did they even move from their places; for it seemed as if the hand of God had held back their arms, and paralyzed their courage. Let us hear on this head the words of a citizen of Orleans, who wrote in the simple language of the time, a narrative of the seige, preserved with the archives in the town-hall:

"For thus, at eight o'clock in the evening, in despite of all the English, who, indeed, offered no opposition, she entered in complete armor, mounted on a white horse, with a white standard borne before her, on which were two angels, each holding a *fleur-de-lis;* and on the pennon was painted what resembled the annunciation—the figure of Our Lady, with an angel presenting her with a lily. Thus she entered Orleans, having the Bastard on her left hand, splendidly armed and mounted. And after them came many other noble and valiant lords, squires, captains, and men-at-arms, without reckoning sundry of the garrison and citizens of Orleans, who had gone forth to meet her. And now from the other side came to receive her many more men-at-arms, and citizens and burgesses of Orleans, bearing a great number of torches, and showing such joy as if they had seen God come down amongst them, and not without reason; for they had suffered great sorrow, and travail, and pain, and, what is worse, were in doubt, that they might not be succoured, and that they might lose all, body and goods. But now they felt themselves comforted, and rescued as it were by the divine grace, that was said to be in this simple maiden, and they all looked at her very fondly, both men, women, and little children. There was a wondrous press to touch her, or even the horse on which she rode; so that one of those who carried the torches coming too near her standard, set fire to the pennon. Whereupon she put spurs to her horse, and turned him lightly towards the pennon, and put out the fire, as if she had long been used to follow the wars—which the men-at-arms held to be a great marvel, and the citizens of Orleans also, and they accompanied her all

through their city, making her great cheer and great honor, &c., &c."*

Though the Maid had neither eaten nor drunk anything from morning till evening, and had passed the whole day on horseback, in heavy armor, so that she had great need of repose, she yet went straight to the cathedral, to return thanks to God. The people followed her incessantly, with great reverence, as they would have followed an angel, and saluted her with joyous acclamations; then she addressed sweet and gracious words to those about her, exhorting them to have trust in God, and promising them the end of all their misfortunes, if they would but hold fast to a true faith and hope.

From the cathedral she was led with great ceremony to the house of one of the principal citizens, who had a very worthy wife. There only she laid aside her armor. A magnificent banquet had been prepared for her, but she only asked for a little wine and water in a silver cup, in which she soaked five little pieces of bread, and that evening she would take no other refreshment.

She passed the night in the chamber, and by the side of the daughter of her hostess. Her brother Pierre, the good Jean de Metz, Bertrand de Poulengy, and the Chevalier d'Aulon, the Maid's squire, had lodgings in the same house.

In the archives of Konigsberg, in Prussia, there exists a letter, which is supposed to have been addressed

* The history and discourse of the Siege laid to the City of Orleans, the 12th of October, 1428, with the coming of Joan the Pucelle, and how she forced the English to raise the siege, taken from an old manuscript, and published by the diligence of Leon Trippault. Orleans, Satur Hotot, 1576, in 4°. It has been since reprinted several times.

to Francis Sforza, duke of Milan, and translated for the Teutonic Order. It gives the following portrait of Joan of Arc: "This young girl has a very comely appearance. She is well skilled in warlike exercises. She speaks little, and shows great wisdom in her discourse; her voice is quite that of her sex. She eats little, and drinks wine very moderately; she likes brave men-at-arms, and courageous gentlemen, but has no pleasure in useless words; she likes also a joyous countenance, and she endures fatigue with so much constancy that she can remain six days and nights together under arms."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE MAID COMMANDED THE ENGLISH TO WITHDRAW THEMSELVES.

The next morning a council of war was held at the Count de Dunois', at which were present all the chief captains. The Maid stoutly maintained that they should avail themselves of the new ardor of the knights and citizens, to attack the enemy's works. The brave La Hire and the Chevalier Florentin d'Illiers shared in this opinion; it was opposed by others, influenced by motives of human prudence. Then Joan, by virtue of the supreme command with which she was invested, called on them to obey her, and the discussion became more and more violent. One of the chief huntsmen of the king, Sir Jean de Gamache, seeing the others about to yield to the Maid's inspired eloquence, became so enraged, that he could no longer contain himself, and said with great disgust:—"Since you are minded, Sir Knights, to follow the advice of a low-born jade, rather

than that of a cavalier, like myself, I will speak no more against it; in time and place, my blade shall speak for me, and I may, perhaps, be slain; so would I have it, for my king and my honor, but henceforth I lower my banner, and am nothing but a poor squire—for I would rather have a nobleman for my master, than a woman, who has been nobody knows what."—As he uttered these words, he folded up his banner, and presented it to Dunois, as a sign that he placed himself at his service. The latter had no small trouble to appease this untoward quarrel; he succeeded in it, however, and, as a mark of reconciliation, the knight kissed the Maid on the cheek—which ceremony, says the chronicle, "they performed very much against their will." As for the proposed assault, it was rejected by a majority of votes, and they merely came to the resolution, to send a re-inforcement to meet the French army coming from Blois.

Joan was much grieved at seeing her opinion overruled. The fiery La Hire and Florentin d'Illiers, who had supported her views, made a sally in consequence, of their own accord, and had a sharp engagement with the English.

Then the Maid sent, for the second time, by her two heralds-at-arms, a letter to Talbot, to desire him to withdraw peaceably. When the English heard this, they became furious, and violently abused Joan, calling her a vile hussy and cow-herd, and threatening to burn her alive. Then they proceeded to make game of all she had written to them; but, what was still worse, they forgot in their rage the laws of war and honor, and detained one of the heralds, whom they were on the point of burning. They thought, however,

it would be more prudent to write first to the University of Paris, to obtain its sanction.

They sent back the other herald to the Maid, with their message. "What says Talbot?" asked Joan, as soon as she saw him. "Talbot and the rest of the English," answered the herald, "say all the ill they can of you, and that, if they caught you, they would burn you alive." "Then return to them," said she, "and make no doubt thou wilt bring back thy companion. And tell Talbot that, if he arms, I will arm also; and let him wait for me in front of the town; and, if he takes me, he is welcome to burn me; but, if I conquer, let him raise the siege, and go back to his country."

It appears that the herald wanted courage to return immediately to the enraged English. But Joan, on the contrary, was not the least uneasy on his account. She said: "God is my witness, they will do him no harm"—and so it actually happened.

That same Saturday, towards evening, the Maid ascended the rampart near the Belle-Croix, at one end of the bridge; and, from that place, she again ordered the English in a loud voice to retire peaceably, if they did not wish to force her to drive them out with arms, and to their great damage. Glacidas and his companions answered her with their usual insults and threats. There was one in particular, named the Bastard of Granville, who surpassed them all in insolence. "Dost thou think, then," said he to her, "that cavaliers will fly before a woman?" and he called the French magicians and heretics, because they followed so foul a witch.

Joan was so much hurt at these audacious and uncivil words on the part of the English, that, unable to con-

tain herself, she cried out to Glacidas, that he was a liar; and she added, "that, in spite of themselves they would soon take their departure; but that *he* would not see it, and that many of his people would be slain."

After these words of menace, she hastened to re-enter the town, for it could profit nothing to her honor to continue the dispute with so coarse a fellow as Glacidas.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, Dunois, as it had been before agreed, advanced in the direction of Blois with his forces, to meet the French troops.—Joan, armed cap-a-pie, also left the town, and stationed her men between the ramparts and the English entrenchments, to cover the count's march. But the enemy did not move, notwithstanding his superior force, and the Maid only returned to the town, when she had quite lost sight of the Bastard of Orleans.—Once again she cried out to the English: "Return, in God's name, to England, or I will make you!" Then, as they recommenced their indecent insults, she withdrew hastily.

But, in spite of the violence of their language, the English were by no means tranquilized. They had lost their confidence, for, according to the evidence of Dunois himself, two hundred of them would formerly have put five hundred Frenchmen to flight, and now four hundred gave way before two hundred Frenchmen. Nay, their whole force was now daily attacked by four to five hundred men, and driven back into their entrenchments. Thus the courage of the inhabitants of Orleans increased from day to day, along with their confidence in the virgin sent by God. In the council she displayed more valor and experience, and a clearer

and more rapid perception, than the best knights, and at the same time she was humble, pious and pure, as a saint that has renounced the world. All bowed before her enthusiasm, when she magnified the goodness and power of God; all acknowledged her humility, when she spoke of herself. Her benevolence and kindness softened the most savage hearts, and she pierced every soul with the words, which she so often repeated: "God has sent me hither; only put your trust in Him, and He will deliver you." Her ardent piety deeply affected the people, as when, at the elevation of the Host, her cheeks were bathed in tears; she spoke always of God, and of the Blessed Virgin, and exhorted every one to sincere repentance.

The licentious lives of the soldiers gave particular uneasiness to the pious Joan. Sometimes she reproached them with inexorable austerity (astonishing in so young a girl), and exhorted them to think of the salvation of their immortal souls. The effect of her burning words was so powerful, that she recalled to a life of grace more than one chilled and frozen heart.

The good knight La Hire, especially, gave her great pain. He was a fiery soldier, who had a sincere faith in God, and was devoted body and soul to his king; but, for the rest, not over-scrupulous, according to the fashion of war in his day, and, for example, he had the bad habit of swearing in a horrible manner. Joan took all imaginable pains to cure him of this. The brave knight had the best will in the world, and, following the counsels of Joan, he confessed himself often, but was yet not able to conquer his habit of swearing. At length, seeing that he could not lay it aside, Joan advised him to swear by his staff, instead of blaspheming

God and invoking the devil, and this mode La Hire really adopted, at least as long as he was in her presence.

That which astonished people more than anything else was her extraordinary activity, and the numerous labors to which she devoted herself; for, from morning to evening, she was on horseback and under arms. Often, all day long, she ate nothing but a morsel of bread, and drank only a little wine-and-water. None could tell whence she derived her strength, or rather it was clear that it came to her from God alone.

The brave inhabitants of Orleans, after their long and dire distress, could not restrain their joy at the sight of all these wonders. The people besieged, as it were, the doors of the house where Joan was staying, and on the Sunday, when she returned within the walls, they begged and prayed that she would consent to ride through the town on horseback. "That day," says the *History and Discourse of the Siege*, "the Maid rode through the city, accompanied by many knights and squires, because the men of Orleans had so great a wish to see her, that they almost broke down the doors of the hotel where she lodged; and to see her there was such a press of people in the streets through which she passed, that with great trouble she could make her way, for the people were never tired of looking at her. And it seemed to all very marvellous, how she could sit so gallantly on horseback. And, in very truth, she held herself as fairly and nobly, as could have done any man-at-arms that had followed war from his youth upwards."

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE MAID CARRIED BY STORM THE FIRST ENTRENCHMENT OF THE ENGLISH.

The following Monday, Joan rode out beyond the walls, to examine the enemy's works. A great crowd of people accompanied her; she passed in front of the towers and entrenchments of the English, quite round the town, without a single arrow being discharged, or a single sword drawn against her; then she returned quietly to the city, and went to hear Vespers in the church of Sainte-Croix.

Still the days rolled on, and neither Dunois nor the army came in sight. The townspeople began to get very uneasy about it. They had fears also for the Marshal de St. Sévère, who had likewise gone to meet the reinforcements. But Joan said to them:—"The Marshal is coming, I am sure of it; no harm will happen to him." And, in fact, soon after, they announced the approach of these impatiently expected troops. The Maid went out to meet them, with La Hire, d'Illiers, and many other knights, in order to succor them in case of attack. But the English, although much superior in numbers, remained motionless and silent in their towers and entrenchments, as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt, whilst the army, commanded by Dunois, defiled before them like a procession.—Brother Pasquerel, followed by the priests, walked at their head, and thus they entered the city singing canticles, and without striking a blow.

Here also was seen how well the Maid had judged, when, on the day of her arrival at Orleans, she had so earnestly refused to be separated from her army.

For the chiefs having again held a council at Blois, a division would have broken out amongst them, if Dunois had not arrived just in time to prevent it. Now that they were all assembled, Dunois went to announce to Joan that he knew, from a sure source, that the English leader, Falstof, was advancing towards the enemy's camp, with reinforcements both of men and provisions. The Maid was greatly rejoiced at these tidings. But, as they had already deceived her once, and rejected her advice, to the great damage of the expedition, in spite of the authority with which the King had invested her, she said, in a tone of menace to the valiant Count de Dunois:—

"Bastard! bastard! in the name of God I command thee, that, as soon as thou shalt know the coming of that same Falstof, thou let me know it also; for, if he pass without my knowledge, I promise thee that I will have thy head."

Dunois, astonished at such extraordinary language from the mouth of a young girl, answered her with profound respect, that she might be quite easy, and that he would act as she had ordered.

After Dunois had left her, there happened a singular event, which is related on the authority of eye-witnesses. D'Aulon, the squire of the Maid, being greatly fatigued, had thrown himself at mid-day on a bed, to take some repose, and Joan had done the same along with her hostess. Now, scarcely had the knight fallen asleep when Joan rose suddenly from her bed, and awaked him with a loud voice, saying:—

"In the name of God, my counsel tells me to advance against the English; but I know not if I should

go against their *bastilles*, or against Falstof, who brings them succor."

Whilst she was thus speaking, Brother Pasquerel entered with other priests, and heard her exclaim:—

"Where are those that should arm me? The blood of our people stains the earth. In God's name, it is ill done. Why was I not awaked earlier? Our people are in great need before a *Bastille*, and many are wounded. My arms! bring me my arms and my horse!"

It appears, evidently, that she said all this in a vision; the *Bastille*, the fight, the blood of her people, were present to those eyes of her mind, which, even when the body slept, ceased not to watch over those whom God had committed to her care.

D'Aulon knew not what to think, for, all around, the most profound calm and silence reigned in the streets; but, before he could have given her the armor she required, Joan was already below stairs. Here she found her page, Louis de Contes, chatting carelessly on the threshold of the door.

"Ha, wretched boy!" cried she to him, "you did not tell me that the blood of France flowed apace!"

Then she called for her horse, and hastily reascended to her chamber to arm herself. D'Aulon had not finished buckling on her armor, when they heard a tumult in the streets. The squire hastened to arm himself, but, before he was ready, Joan was in the saddle. Then only she perceived that she had forgotten her banner. The page went up to look for it, but she was in such haste that she called to him to give it to her from the window; then she put spurs to her horse, and dashed off, banner in hand, towards the Gate of

Burgundy with so much swiftness that the sparks flew from the pavement beneath the hoofs of her steed. The people were much astonished to see her thus take the direct road to a place where she had never been till now.

The page, standing quite amazed, the hostess told him that he ought to follow his mistress, and accordingly he galloped after her with the Chevalier d'Aulon; but they only overtook her near the gate, where the way was choked up by the press of flying Frenchmen. Now the affair had happened in this wise.

That morning, a troop of men-at-arms, without consulting either Dunois or the Maid, had attacked an intrenchment thrown up by the English near the church of Saint Laud. This attack had at first succeeded, but they were soon after repulsed and put to flight. When the Maid saw one of the wounded returning from the combat, she said: "I never yet have seen French blood flow, without my hair standing on end!"—and, as she uttered these words, she urged on her horse in the direction of the intrenchment, right through the midst of the fugitives, and followed only by a few knights. Her countrymen received her with a cry of joy, and again turned upon the enemy. But she, who felt sure of victory, began by proclaiming aloud, that no one should dare to plunder the church of Saint Laud situated in the midst of the English lines; then she gave the signal for the assault. On his side, Talbot commanded men to advance from several other *Bastilles*, the better to defend the menaced intrenchment; but, at the same time, the Marshal de Boussac and the Baron de Coulonges issued from Orleans, with six hundred knights and men-at-arms, and cut off this suc-

cor; whilst the victorious Maid carried the intrenchment, after three hours' fighting. Those of the enemy, who refused to surrender, were slain without mercy; a hundred and fourteen Englishmen lay dead on the spot, forty were made prisoners, and about two hundred escaped by flight. A certain number took refuge in the church of Saint Laud, and dressed themselves in the priestly vestments; but they were taken by the French, some of whom would have massacred them, whilst others wished to spare them because of their ecclesiastical habits. The question was referred to the Maid, who decided, that they should be treated as priests. She forbade that any harm should be done to them, would not even allow them to be plundered, and, for their greater security, had them conveyed to her own dwelling, without once losing sight of them; for the people of Orleans, to avenge themselves for all the miseries they had suffered, had murdered the other prisoners, when the Maid was not present. Joan, on the contrary, wept bitterly at the thought of so many enemies slain on the field of battle, and she softened, whenever she could, the calamities of war. She resolved to confess herself instantly, having made it her habit never to go to battle for God and her king, save with a clean breast; but on this occasion she had been roused suddenly from her sleep, and had not had time to observe her pious custom. Therefore, she wished to observe it now, and she ordered all those who had taken part in the action, to do the same, and to return thanks to God for the victory which had been vouchsafed to them; "for, else," she said, "God would no longer be with them in the combat, and would abandon them because of their ingratitude." She then

made them set fire to the conquered intrenchment, and ordered it to be razed to the ground.

When the Maid re-entered the city, with the lords and knights, all the bells proclaimed her first victory, and they thanked God in the churches with hymns and prayers, for the succor He had sent to the good town of Orleans in its great distress. To the English, on the contrary, these festal sounds were of mournful omen, for that day they had lost much of their strength and courage. In the evening, the Maid declared that the morrow being Ascension Day, she would not go out to battle, neither would she put on her armor, because of that great solemnity; but that, in order to celebrate it in a mannner agreeable to God, she would attend the tribunal of penance, and partake of the holy communion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAID'S SECOND VICTORY.

On Ascension Day, the knights and ladies held a great council of war in the Maid's absence. They determined to direct a sham attack against the intrenchments on their side of the Loire, intending, when they had drawn over the enemy, to pass rapidly to the opposite bank with their chief forces, and surround such of the English as remained behind. But they resolved to inform the Maid of the attack on their side of the river only, and to hide from her the stratagem to which they had all agreed. So Joan was summoned, and the Chancellor of Orleans, who presided at the council-board, having communicated

to her that portion of the plan, which they had decided to make known, she said to them in a voice of displeasure:—

"Tell me all that you have fixed and resolved, for I can keep silence on more important matters than these."

"Do not be angry," answered Dunois, "because we have not told you all at once," and he proceeded to lay before her the whole plan, and assured her that it appeared to him excellent.

Joan appeared equally satisfied, but she added with an air of doubt: "Provided only it is executed just as you have explained it to me."

She was right; for that same evening the plan was changed, and it was determined to attack the Bastille of Saint-Jean-le-Blanc on the other side of the river.

Thereupon, Joan issued a proclamation, in which it was declared: "That none should dare on the morrow to leave the town, or to attack any of the forts, without first going to confession, and that the men-at-arms should send away the women of loose life, and, above all, prevent their coming in contact with the Maid; because, as she told them, it is to punish the sins of men, that God permits the loss of battles."

Then she fastened to an arrow her letter to the English, and ordered an archer to shoot it at them, crying: "Read! here is news!" At foot, she had now added the following words: "This is the third and last time that I write to you; henceforth, I will write to you no more. JESUS-MARIA. *Joan the Maid.*" And a little lower: "I would send you my letters in more civil fashion, but you detain my heralds; for you

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have kept back my herald named Guyenne. Send him back to me, and I will restore you some of your people taken at the Bastille-de-Saint-Laud, for they are not all dead."

The English answered with their accustomed insults. "Here is news," they exclaimed with all their might, "of the strumpet of the Armagnacs!"

Joan sighed and wept bitterly, calling on the King of Heaven to bear witness to her innocence; and immediately she derived consolation from above, and said to those who surrounded her, "that she had just had tidings of her Lord."

On his side, Dunois summoned the English to restore the Maid's herald-at-arms; threatening in case of refusal, to put all the prisoners to instant death, and with them the heralds who had come to treat of their ransom. At first, no one would be the bearer of this message, until Joan's other herald, assured by her that he would return safe and well with his companion, ventured into the enemy's camp, from which indeed he came back in safety.

At dawn of the next day, Brother Pasquerel said mass in presence of the Maid and her followers. After that, Joan left the town towards nine o'clock in the morning, with the best knights, and about four thousand men. They crossed the water, and posted themselves on a little island, not far from the Bastille-de-Saint-Jean-le-Blanc.

There they made a bridge with two boats, in order to attack the fort; but, meanwhile, Glacidas set fire to it, and retired with his men into their largest and best fortified intrenchment, near the church of the Augustins. The French leaders, thinking themselves too

weak to attack so strong a position, were of opinion that they should give the signal of retreat; but, Joan, accompanied only by a small body of men, marched forward, and planted her banner opposite to the formidable Bastille des Augustins. Then the report spread suddenly, that the English from the right bank were passing over the river in great numbers, the French recoiled in terror, and Joan, in spite of herself, was carried along with the stream of fugitives: which when the English perceived, they heaped the coarsest insults upon her. She had already reached in safety the little island of which we have spoken, when, no longer able to endure the disgrace of flight, she threw herself with her horse into a barge, and ordered the rowers to take her back to the hostile shore. She was followed by the brave La Hire, and when they had reached the bank, she exclaimed: "Now, in the name of God, let us rush boldly on the English!"—and, putting their lances in rest, they advanced with so much ardor and impetuosity, that they drove the enemy into his intrenchments.

A second time the Maid planted her banner on the Bastille des Augustins, and the French troops pressed in greater numbers to her aid. Then began a terrible struggle, for Glacidas was a famous captain, who had never known what it was to fly. Joan distinguished herself above the rest by her courage and military skill, and on either side was performed many a high feat of arms.

Now there was, in the ranks of the French, a Spanish knight remarkable for his strength and courage, named Alphonso de Partada, who had received orders to keep the bridge with d'Anlon and others, so as to

provide for the retreat of the army if required. As they were taking up their post, a noble knight of their party passed on before them. D'Anlon called on him to stop, but, as he refused, the Spaniard became furious, and exclaimed: "You might surely remain here with the rest; there are some amongst us, who are not second to you in valor, and who yet remain." Thereupon, they bandied harsh words, until they agreed to march together to the attack, to prove which of the two had the most courage; so when they had joined hands, they both rushed towards the Bastille, and it was now who should get first within the palisades. But on the rampart stood a sturdy Englishman, who went to work so lustily with point and edge, that no one was able to approach him. Then d'Anlon, who had seen what passed from a distance, ordered Master Jean the Gunner, to use the culverin, and the Englishman fell dead at the first fire. Therewith the two knights forced their way through the palisades, and a great number of men after them.

And thus, at the moment when the church bells of Orleans rang for Vespers, the Bastille des Augustins, the strongest intrenchment of the English on that side of the river, was carried by assault. They found there many French prisoners, and a great quantity of warlike stores. Only a few of the enemy succeeded in effecting their escape to the fortress at the bridge; the rest were cut to pieces. As for the spoil, the Maid set fire to it, in order to avoid the disorder consequent on plunder.

That very evening, the French took up a position opposite the bridge, and the fortress which defended its approaches. Joan returned with regret to the

town to pass the night; but she had been wounded in the combat, and the leaders earnestly entreated her to withdraw. She was so strict in the observance of fasting, that she was with difficulty persuaded, after this trying day, to take a little nourishment before the appointed time. Whilst she was at her frugal repast, one of the chief knights came to tell her, that the leaders and captains were unanimously agreed, that the victory gained by such inferior force was indeed a great mercy of God; but that they were not inclined to renew the combat to-morrow, nor did they deem it necessary, as the town was well provisioned, and they expected reinforcements. Filled with the strength of her divine mission, Joan answered the knight:—"You have had your counsel, and I mine; but believe me, that the counsel of the Lord will hold good and be accomplished, when that of man shall come to nought." Then she turned to her confessor, and told him to be ready still earlier on the morrow; "for," she added, "I shall have much to do, and more than I have done hitherto. Blood will flow to-morrow from my body, above the breast. I shall be wounded before the Bastille at the end of the bridge.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE FRENCH TOOK THE BASTILLE OF THE BRIDGE.

The night was no less agitated than the day had been. The English set fire to another of their forts beyond the river, and, under cover of the darkness, they effected a junction between the garrison and the main body of their army. The fear that her people

might be surprised by the enemy, allowed Joan no repose the whole night, for she could not tell what these secret manœuvres of the English might mean.

Long before the dawn, she took part in divine service, and arrayed herself in armor. At the moment of her leaving the house, a man presented himself before her, with a fish that he had just caught. The Maid having as yet eaten nothing, her hostess said to her:—

"Joan, let us eat this fish before you set out."

"Keep it till this evening," answered the Maid, "and I will bring you a *Godon*,* who shall have his share of it," for I will recross the bridge when I have taken the fort."

"All who heard this answer were astonished at it, knowing well that none could cross the bridge, many of its arches being destroyed.

The Maid, accompanied by a multitude of people, and by many men-at-arms, proceeded on horseback to the gate, called de Bourgoyne. The Sire de Gaucourt, steward of the King, a firm and inflexible man, kept guard at this post, and declared that he would let no one pass, as had been decided the evening before in council. The exasperated crowd assailed him with outcries and threats, but Joan advanced straight towards Gaucourt, and, imposing silence on the people, said to the King's steward:—

"You are an evil man; but, whether you will or no, the men-at-arms will have their way, and prevail as they have prevailed before."

Then the crowd wished to break open the gate, but

* A name given to the English from their popular imprecation: GOD DAMN.

at the Maid's command, it was opened by Gaucourt's own men, and he afterwards related that he had been that day in great danger of his life.

The sun rose at the instant when Joan passed the river. The leaders met and agreed to unite all their forces to aid the assault. For the fortress of the bridge was surrounded with ramparts and deep ditches, and was so well guarded that they deemed it almost impregnable. Besides, it was furnished with a terrible show of ordnance, and defended by the flower of the English chivalry.

It was now about ten o'clock. The trumpets sounded the attack, and the fearful roar of artillery burst forth on both sides. The French advanced from all points, headed by the noble Dunois, the pride of France, by d'Anlon, La Hire, the two celebrated knights, Xaintrailles and Florentin d'Illiers, and all the other heroes and experienced captains of King Charles VII. But the English opposed to them a noble and firm resistance. "And there were many marvellous assaults, during which were done many gallant feats of arms, both in the attack and the defence, because the English were in great number, bold combatants, and well provided with all that was needful. And so they showed themselves; for, though the French many times scaled their walls in divers places, and assailed them in front at the top of their fortifications, so valiantly and hardily, that one would have thought, by their bold countenance, that they believed themselves immortal—yet as often were they repulsed and thrown down from the top to the bottom, not only with cannon shot and other missiles, but with axes, halberds, leaden maces, and even the hands of men."†

† History and Discourse of the Siege, by a citizen of Orleans.

Joan, who was in particular the mark aimed at by the enemy's artillery, guided her followers with wondrous intrepidity and skill, encouraging those who faltered, and inspiring every heart with the enthusiasm and confidence in God that animated her own.

"Let every one," she said, "be of good heart and hope, for the hour approaches when the English shall be discomfited, and all things come to a good end."

But, in spite of her generous words and courageous example, she saw that the ardor of her people was on the decline. It was now one o'clock in the afternoon, and already a great number lay heaped about the ditch, whilst the rest were worn out with fatigue, and despairing of success; then Joan rushed into the ditch, seized a ladder, and planted it against the ramparts. But, at this moment, the arrow, which she had herself foreseen, struck her between the neck and shoulder, and she fell almost insensible. The English rushed upon her, and it was with great difficulty that she still defended herself with her sword. But immediately Jean de Gamache—the same with whom Joan had, a short time previously, disputed in the council—made his way through the enemy with his battle-axe, striking right and left. Having rescued Joan, he offered her his horse, saying:—

"Accept this gift, fair knight; let there be no grudge between us, for I acknowledge my fault in having judged you so ill."

"I should be very wrong," answered she, "to retain the least grudge towards you, for I have never seen so accomplished a knight."

Notwithstanding, she persisted in remaining in the

ditch. They were obliged almost to carry her off by force. They laid her on the grass, at some distance from the scene of combat, and began to remove her armor. Near the spot stood her confessor, with Dunois and the other chiefs. The arrow protruded behind her neck, about half a foot. At first she wept; but, strengthened by her celestial visions, she said that she felt comforted, and with her own hand pulled out the dart. Many men-at-arms having drawn near, to pronounce all sorts of magic spells over the wound, from which the blood was flowing violently. Joan grew angry, and said to them:—"I prefer to die than to act contrary to the will of God." When they asked her if she were to die of this wound: "I know," answered she, "that I shall die one day, but I know not where, when, how, and at what season. If you can give me a lawful remedy for my wound I would fain be cured."

Then they applied a bandage, and, when she had begged the spectators to withdraw a little, she confessed herself to Brother Pasquerel with abundant tears.

This accident had deprived the dispirited warriors of their last hope. In vain, the young, wounded girl sought, with high and generous words, drawn from the depths of a heart inaccessible to fear, to re-animate the failing courage of men; she heard Dunois give orders to sound the retreat, and she saw the troops retiring from the attack.

At this moment, when no one, doubtless, believed any more in the promises of victory, which she had made in the morning with so much confidence on quitting the town—at this moment, when all despaired of

success—Joan, inspired with new strength, said to Dunois and the other leaders:—"In God's name, you will carry it yet, do not doubt. When you see my standard waving towards the Bastille, resume your arms, and it shall be yours. Therefore, take a little rest—eat and drink, to recover your strength." Having spoken these words, she ordered one of her people to hold her banner, mounted her horse as lightly as if she were neither fatigued nor wounded, and rode, accompanied by a knight, to a vine at a little distance from the scene of tumult. Then she dismounted, ordering the gentleman to watch the banner attentively, and to inform her the moment it waved in the direction of the fort. Meanwhile she retired a few steps to pray. In a short time, the knight called out to her that the banner was waving in the desired direction. Immediately, Joan was again on horseback, and, seizing the banner in her grasp, she rushed towards the Bastille, crying in a loud and firm voice:—"Forward! forward! and all will be your own!"

At the same instant, whilst the English were struck with terror, the assault recommenced. The principal French knights and captains afterwards related that when the Maid had pronounced those words, they scaled the ramparts as easily as they would have mounted a staircase, and they could only explain the matter by regarding it as a miraculous work of the Almighty.

Nevertheless, there was still much hard fighting. And, when the townspeople saw this new struggle, the infirm, the women, and the children rushed to the churches to aid the combatants with their prayers; but the young and able men flew to the bridge, on that

side where still lowered the intrenchment of Belle-Croix. By the help of large beams, which they dragged along with them, they established a communication between the besieged fort of Tournelles and this same redoubt of Belle-Croix. Nicholas de Giresme, commander of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, dressed in his knightly habit, holding his battle-axe in his right hand, and his glittering buckler on his left arm, was the first to pass over this tottering bridge, amid the darts of the enemy, and he sprang towards the ramparts, followed by a great number of his friends. At the same moment, Joan had scaled the fortifications on the other side and planted her victorious banner on the walls.

The English prisoners afterwards reported that it had seemed to them at that instant, as if they were surrounded by a multitude of assailants; and as if the air swarmed with youths of dazzling beauty, mounted upon white horses; whilst the archangel Michael himself appeared to them, advancing over the bridge at the head of the French.

From the top of the intrenchment, Joan, holding in her hand her glorious banner, exclaimed: "Glacidas! Glacidas! surrender to the King of Heaven; thou hast called me a wanton, but I have great pity on thy soul, and on that of thy people." Terror had now entered the fierce bosom of the proud captain; he sought to fly with the garrison of the fortress, but the bridge, shattered by a bomb, gave way under the pressure of the crowd, and, with a loud cry of despair, Glacidas and his companions sank into the river. Thus was accomplished the prediction, which the Maid revealed to him from the first, when she told him

that the English would be forced to retire, but that he and many of his people would not witness their retreat.

Joan, who had formerly wept at the insults he had offered her, now shed tears for his unhappy fate; for she fancied how all these souls must now appear before God, and give an account of all their crimes and cruelties. Sometime after, the body of Glacidas was found in the water and given up to his own people for burial. Of five hundred knights and squires who fought under his orders at the Bastille of the Bridge—and they were amongst the best men-at-arms of the king of England, including some Frenchmen, traitors to their country—there now survived only two hundred prisoners.

Thus fell Glacidas, the dreaded hero, who had so outrageously insulted the Maid, and who threatened to put men, women, and children, to the sword, whenever he should enter the town. What Joan had announced that morning, was now accomplished. The wounded but victorious heroine entered the city by the broken bridge, followed by Dunois, her brave companion in arms, and greeted by the shouts of an immense multitude. All the bells rang out once more, and fire-works proclaimed to distant places the splendid victory of the King and of Joan the Maid. The people along with the young girl herself, returned thanks to God and the Saints in the churches, and the priests sang *Te Deum*. The French hymn of joy was a funeral chant for the pride of the English, who, struck motionless with dismay, had seen from the opposite bank, the combat on the bridge, without venturing to succor their comrades, or to attack the town. After

all the fatigues and labors of a seven months'-seige, they saw their best intrenchment taken, their bravest knights overthrown, their honor lost, and themselves compelled to think only of retreat.

From sunrise to sunset the Maid had worn her heavy armor, without taking any refreshment; she had fought almost without ceasing, and had led her followers to the battle; and yet, according to Dunois' own testimony at the close of this fatiguing day, she ate only a little bread and drank a small quantity of wine mixed with a good deal of water.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE RETREAT OF THE ENGLISH.

During that same night the dismayed English held a council of war, and resolved to raise the seige. Early in the morning—it was Sunday the 7th of May, the day on which the church celebrates the Apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargano in Sicily—the English army separated in two columns, and drew up in order of battle in front of its intrenchments, ready to effect its retreat. The French knights thinking that the town was about to be attacked, immediately issued from the walls. Joan also went to join them, and disposed them in military order. That day she wore, because of her wound, a light coat of mail. She forbade them all out of love and respect for the holy day, to begin the attack or to demand anything of the English. "It is the pleasure and will of God," said she, "that if they choose to depart we should let them

go. But should they attack you, defend yourselves stoutly and boldly, and have no fear; for you will be victorious."

She then ordered an altar to be erected in the open air, before which she knelt down with all the army and the citizens of Orleans, and two masses were celebrated in the deepest calm, right opposite to the enemy. The English themselves did not dare to disturb the religious repose of the divine service. When the second mass was finished, Joan, still kneeling, ordered those about her to ascertain if the faces of the enemy were still turned towards the French. Being assured that they were turned in the direction of Meung, she exclaimed: "In God's name! they are going; let them depart, and we will return thanks to God. We will not pursue them, because it is to-day Sunday."

Many a knight, anxious for glory and plunder, was greatly vexed at seeing the enemy retire in such good order, with banners flying. There were even some who dashed forward in pursuit, and who captured some pieces of artillery. But Joan never ceased repeating: "Let the English go, and kill them not! They are departing; that is enough for me."

This joyous day was also diversified by a comic adventure, which greatly amused the French. Amongst the prisoners, whom the English had kept in their forts over against Orleans, there was a captain of extraordinary bravery named Le Bourg de Bar. His ankles were loaded with heavy chains, so that he could not walk. Talbot, who hoped to get a large ransom for him, had left him to the charge of an Augustine monk, his confessor. When this friar perceived that the English were moving off in great

haste, he took the prisoner with his chains on his shoulders, and carried him about the distance of a bow shot. But the captain, seeing that the enemy was departing to return no more, seized the monk with an iron grasp, and told him to advance another step at his peril, and that if he did not instantly carry him to Orleans, he would play with him a game that would be by no means pleasant. The friar was compelled, therefore, to the great diversion of the French army, to bring into the town on his back the prisoner that had been placed in his custody, and was forced, besides, to give information with regard to the English, for it was well known that he was the confidant of Talbot.

It was thus that the enemy retreated, after losing from six to eight thousand men. The intrenchments, with a great quantity of warlike stores and heavy ordnance, fell into the hands of the French, and were burned and utterly demolished.

The Maid, with the knights and leaders, then reentered the town, and joined the clergy and citizens in offering their thanks to God. The priests, after addressing the people from their pulpits in pious exhortations, made a solemn procession through the streets and along the ramparts of the liberated city, and afterwards celebrated a grand funeral service for the souls of those who had fallen. The procession, the service, and the sermon, instituted the 9th May, 1429, by Joan, the most noble knight of France, and the clergy and citizens of Orleans have since taken place every year at the same period, in memory of the deliverance of the town, which, after a siege of seven months, was rescued in seven days from a state of the greatest

distress, by a young girl of eighteen, when men had begun to despair of all human aid.

The miracle of this deliverance in the moment of agony was so manifest that not only the good citizens of the town, but the greatest captains, and all the knights who had fought valiantly at the maiden's side, believed in it with a firm faith, and the brave Dunois bore public testimony to it, in the last years of his life. D'Aulon, the Maid's squire, finishes with these simple words the account he gave upon oath of this marvellous combat: "The English retreated from the spot, dismayed and vanquished; and thus, by the help of Our Lord and of Joan the Maid, the city of Orleans was delivered from its enemies."

What we have hitherto related of Joan of Arc, has been taken for the most part from French documents, from judicial proceedings and contemporary chronicles. It may now, therefore, be agreeable to some of our readers to learn, what was said at the time in Germany on the subject of the Maid of Orleans. Precisely at this period, there lived at the court of Sigismund, Eberhard von Windecken, his treasurer. Employed by the emperor on many occasions, and particularly in those frequent emergencies when his majesty wanted money, Eberhard found opportunities, in his long journeys, and during his residence at the court, to obtain information on all sorts of subjects. He has collected this mass of facts into a chronicle, in which he relates with charming simplicity, the history of his master and of the empire, his own personal adventures, and the remarkable events that took place in Christendom.—Under the year 1429, he gives an account of what he had heard of the Maid. We shall here produce an ex-

tract from his narrative, which will prove that the imperial court was informed of the marvellous deeds of Joan of Arc, and which, whilst it confirms the French documents in all essential points, will supply us, in addition, with many interesting particulars. We have ourselves copied the extract from the MS. of Eberhard von Windecken, because the text published in the collection of Menken is very incomplete, the passage relative to Joan of Arc being wanting, as well as many others. We have only retrenched from the narrative some tedious and superfluous matter.

"CCLII. *Here the King of France sends his fine message to the Maid, who performs in France many wonderful things.* Now, at this time, the King of France and the English were at war; and there rose up in Lorraine a young girl, who wrought miracles, by which the English were greatly weakened, and the King of France greatly strengthened, as you are about to hear.

"First of all, when the Maid came to the king, she obliged him to promise three things, namely: 1st, To renounce his kingdom, and to restore it to God of whom he held it; 2nd, To pardon all such of his people who had borne arms against him, or had done him any wrong; 3d, To receive well and humbly all that should ask his good favor, whether rich or poor, friends or enemies.

"Those whom Charles VII. had charged to examine Joan of Arc, to know if what she said deserved belief or not—they were masters in the sacred scriptures, and other doctors—came to the opinion, that the king, considering his own distress and that of his kingdom, and the prayers and penitence of his people, ought not to reject his servant, but to lend his ear to her, even

though her promises might turn out to be only human after all. Still, he should not give her his confidence lightly, but practice the precept of the Apostle St. Paul,* *to try the spirits whether they are of God;* and, consequently, he should examine the life and works of Joan, and pray God to give him a sign, by which he might know whether she came from Him.

"The king acted as follows with regard to the Maid. First, he made inquiries as to her birth and life, her morals, her character, and her designs, and he kept her with him for about six weeks. There, he had her examined by old men full of experience, by sages, by priests and laymen, by males and females, in public and in secret; but they could find no harm in her—on the contrary, they perceived all sorts of excellent things, humility, purity, piety, modesty, sobrie y, charity, gentleness, and they ascertained that all the good report they had received of her birth and conduct was the exact truth. The king then asked of the Maid a sign, that should prove the truth of what she promised. She answered: 'I will give the sign before Orleans, and not sooner, because such is the will of God.' After getting as much more information as was possible, finding nothing bad in her, and hearing that she would prove the truth of her promises before Orleans, and seeing, moreover, the constancy with which she entreated to go to that city, where they would soon learn that she came from God—the king, full of trust in the divine goodness, resolved to let her set out well guarded by his people. For he feared, that, in rejecting her, and sending her away without reason, he might be sinning against the Holy Ghost, and render himself unworthy of the succor of God."

*Qy: St. John?

Everhard von Windecken here gives a translation of the letter written by the Maid to the English, which agrees exactly with the French text. He then continues in these terms: "All being arranged, the servant took leave of her lord at Chinon, and proceeded to Blois, where she waited till Thursday, the 28th April, for the army and convoy that she was to lead to Orleans. Joan carried a banner of white silk, on which was painted Our Lord seated on a rainbow, pointing to his wounds, and having on either side an angel, each holding a lily in his hand.

"Thus the Maid set out with her banner, accompanied by the Marshal de Boutsac, the Sires de Gaucourt and de Fois, and by many other lords and captains, with crowds of men-at-arms on foot and on horseback, to the number of about three thousand. She took with her sixty cart-loads of provisions, and four hundred head of cattle. When the convoy arrived before Orleans, the towns-people came to take the provisions, and carried them over in boats, and otherwise as they best could, because the English were greatly superior in number.

"And when the Maid saw that they led her along the river, and not to meet the English in front of the town, she was much grieved, and began to weep. Yet she sent back the army to Blois, to fetch more provisions, and bring them to Orleans. She herself entered the town with a small company, and said to those who rode with her, that they need fear nothing, for that no harm should happen to them, which was indeed the case.

"When the army arrived before the walls of Orleans with the new convoy, the English assembled to the

number of about fourteen hundred ; but they did not venture to come to blows. The provisions being safe in the town, the Maid took her banner and attacked the intrenchment occupied by the English. She soon gained possession of it ; a hundred and seventy Englishmen were killed, and thirteen hundred were taken prisoners, with a great quantity of weapons of war, provisions, and other matters. It is thought, moreover, that the Maid only lost two of her people.

"Afterwards, on a Friday, the Maid took her banner and made a feint to attack one of the enemy's forts. When she saw that the English were prepared to resist, she retired ; but the others pursuing her, and pressing her very closely, she turned about with the knights that accompanied her, though inferior in number, and charged the enemy so vigorously, that she forced him to retreat. In this combat the English lost thirty men, besides a strong fort situated near the Augustins, abundantly provided with provisions and stores. After losing three forts in succession, they took refuge in that which was erected in front of the bridge. The Maid and her men-at-arms passed the night on the field of battle.

"The next day the Maid and her people prepared to attack the fort, in which the English had found refuge the evening before. This intrenchment was very strong and difficult to come at, and had many men to guard it, besides a numerous artillery. Resolved to defend it, they made a valiant resistance. Joan continued the assault until the afternoon. Then she was pierced with an arrow, a little above the right breast; but she was not greatly troubled thereat, and having poured a little oil on the wound, she resumed her ar-

mor, crying: 'The English can hold out no longer!' She had said before, that she should be wounded, and having retired a little on one side, she knelt down and invoked her heavenly Father. Then she rejoined her soldiers and showed them the place where they were to mount to the assault. Her men obeyed her with full confidence and good will, and in a few minutes they were masters of the fortification. They killed and took near upon five hundred men. Amongst the slain was the valiant Captain Glacidas. Late in the evening the Maid entered Orleans joyously with her troops, and returned thanks to God for the victory, which had only cost her five men killed and a few wounded. Many said that they had seen during the assault, two white birds flutter about her shoulders. The prisoners declared that the Maid's forces had appeared to them greatly superior, so that they were unable to oppose a steady resistance. About thirty of the English had fled to a bridge, where they thought themselves in safety; but, by a miracle, the bridge broke under them, and they all fell into the water and were drowned.

"On the Sunday morning the English that were on the other bank of the Loire, seeing themselves vanquished in a miraculous manner, abandoned of their own accord another entrenchment, to the number of three thousand. The townspeople wished to pursue them, and cut them in pieces, but the Maid would not allow it because it was Sunday, and the enemy retiring peaceably.

"Thus was Orleans delivered and the English works taken, along with a great quantity of stores. The enemy fell back upon Normandy, after throwing gar-

risons into the towns of Melun, Beaugency, and Jargeau."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE MAID RETURNED TO THE KING, AND EXHORTED HIM TO GO TO RHEIMS TO BE CROWNED.

After the deliverance of Orleans, the knights who had defended that noble city dispersed, and went each his own way. The citizens took leave of them with regret, for they had faithfully shared together both joy and pain. The brave Florentin d'Illiers, fearing that the English, in their retreat, would make some attempt on Chateaudun, which the King had entrusted to his keeping, set out that very Sunday with his men-at-arms. The valiant deeds achieved by this worthy knight at Orleans, had covered him with glory, and the grateful citizens gave his name to one of their streets —a name which it still bears—so as to testify to the latest posterity, that he it was who announced to them the first arrival of the Maid. Florentin d'Illiers reached his own town at a moment when he was most welcome, for the inhabitants were very uneasy at the passage of the English troops. But when they heard the news that he brought with him, they were seized with such joy that they resolved to celebrate, every year, with public festivities, the return of their good knight, and the miraculous victory of Joan. And in-

deed for more than two centuries the young girls of Chateaudun celebrated that day under the name of the *Fête de la Pucelle.*

The Maid herself quitted Orleans on the morrow, accompanied by Marshal de Rays, and many other knights and squires, to announce to the King the fortunate tidings, and to take him to be crowned at Rheims, as she had received orders from on high.—She was still haunted by the idea that the duration of her mission would be short, and that already much time had been lost in useless delays. The good citizens of Orleans thanked her very humbly at her departure, and told her, with many tears of gratitude, that she might dispose at will of them and their property. Joan, on her side, thanked them for these affectionate offers, and took the road indicated by heaven.

But already the report of her great victory had gone before her, and the joyful news was spread in every direction, that God, having so long and severely chastised France for her sins, had at length taken pity upon her, and that humiliation was to give place to triumph. Not in secret or in a corner, but before the eyes of all the people, the miracle had been accomplished. The English themselves bore witness to it, for they knew not how to explain the marvel, except by attributing it to a criminal commerce between Joan and the enemy of souls.

The looks of all christendom being just then directed to watch the issue of the old quarrel between France and England, the astonishment caused by these prodigious facts was the more general, and everywhere men were anxious to learn by what power they had been brought about.

Amongst the numerous contemporary documents that time has spared, there is one which, like the narrative of Eberhard von Windecken, deserves the more attention, from its having been written in Germany, far away from the influence of the parties that divided France. The author is that priest of Landau, of whom we have already spoken; he undertook it at the request of his master, Peter von Grumbach, Vicar-General of Raban, Bishop of Spires, and completed it on the 17th September, 1429, before he knew of the coronation of Charles VII.

Though the piece in question is full of quaint science, and all kinds of wearisome digressions on magic and the ancient sybils, it contains some valuable information, of which we shall now quote a portion:—

"In the kingdom of France there is a report," says this writer, "of a prophetess who is called to a great mission. She is of good repute, morals, and conduct. The people say that she is holy, and acquainted with warlike matters, and that she knows beforehand the issue of a combat. The common sort question the ecclesiastics as to her miracles, and ask them what they think of her, as it happened to me not four days ago, when the men-at-arms of the Sire de N. returned from the siege of the town of N., and one of them pressed me with questions on this subject."

These questions caused the good canon great embarrassment. He himself relates, how, having first done his best to close the mouths of his questioners by evasive answers, he examined and weighed attentively in his mind the whole matter; then he states the reasons, which make him believe in the divine mission of Joan of Arc. "As France," says he, "was

lost through a woman, it is just that she should be saved by a virgin. The female sex is humble in its ways and devoted to God, and full of mildness and compassion towards the afflicted, so God has bestowed upon it, in our time, wondrous graces, to turn us from evil, and bring us back to righteousness, not through fear of judgments, but by the ardor of love. France, swollen with pride, had placed herself, by her power and her arms, above all Christian kingdoms. Like a lion, she had silenced her neighbors, and, herself roaring aloud, had invaded and devastated other countries. Too confident in her skill and her treasures, she had raised her head to the stars; and now she is laid low upon her own soil; she can neither rise by her courage nor by the power of her arms. But that she may fear the Lord with all her soul, as becomes a reasonable creature, and acknowledge the name of Him who alone holds the seeds of peace, God has determined to stretch out his hand to her, and to raise her up, when she can do nothing for herself, and has fallen to the depths of the abyss. It may be, that the Maid does not find among the people all the respect and credence due to a messenger of heaven, though she be really inspired from above, as her life and acts prove. For oftentimes she washes and purifies her conscience in the blessed laver of confession, and strengthens herself in the spirit of wisdom by receiving the sacred body of Our Lord Jesus Christ; she is humble and modest in her conduct, she lives on good terms with honest people, hating the plunder of the poor, and the oppression of widows and orphans. The French nation is more skilful, and the German nation more steadfast. And I much fear that the

French, in their fiery ardor, will reject the yoke of God when the prophetess shall have fulfilled her predictions and promises, and, not choosing to listen to her, will perhaps send her into exile. She is a child of God; she seeks only what is agreeable to the Lord, that she may remain pure in spirit, and keep herself unsullied in body and soul."

In the second part of his dissertation, the priest of Landau tells us, "that a man lately arrived from England informed him, as they sat by the fireside in a certain castle, that in his country the Maid was held accursed, because she performed her deeds, not by the spirits of God, but by the inspiration of the demon, and by magic." Then he proceeds to refute all the objections raised against her, subject always, however, to the superior judgment of the Church. "She uses," he says, "no kind of magical enchantment, and no one has ever been able to fix on her the proof, or even the suspicion of this crime. Every body in France regards her as professing the Catholic faith, and as firmly attached to the duties and practices of religion. She has the most profound respect for the sacraments of the Church; she leads a life worthy of the highest praise, and submits herself entirely to God both in her words and deeds. Whatever she undertakes, she performs it in the name of the ever blessed Trinity; she strives to maintain peace, comforts the poor and miserable, loves to do justice, and, insensible to the vanities of the world, she seeks for herself neither fame nor riches."

We possess yet another treatise of the same time, on the same subject. It bears the following superscription:—

"Herein is what was written by the Chancellor of Lyons, on the fourteenth day of May, being Whitsun-eve, after the miracle which took place at Orleans, in raising the siege by the English."

If these words are authentic, we should be justified in believing that the author was the celebrated theologian John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris. It was he, who, after the murder of the duke of Orleans, pronounced in his church a discourse against the murderer; and, although honored by the favor of the duke of Burgundy, protested against the justification of this crime, almost as shameful as the act itself. His house was pillaged by the hostile faction, and, obliged to conceal himself for a time, he fled into Germany in the garb of a pilgrim, to escape the fury of *Jean sans Peur* and his adherents. Retired amongst the mountains of Bavaria, he wrote his book on the "Consolation of Divine Wisdom." Afterwards, the duke of Austria granted him hospitality. and they still preserve in the convent of Moelk, on the Danube, many works which he composed at this period. Returning to France, some years after, he buried himself in the solitude of the convent of the Celestines at Lyons, of which his brother was prior There, the illustrious Chancellor of the University of Paris, the ambassador of kings and popes, an orator admired in council, and one of the most learned men of his age, full of humility, and inspired by the love of God, undertook the office of a schoolmaster, and set himself to teach the Scriptures to little children. Every day he made them say in the church of St. Paul: "Lord, have mercy on thy poor servant, Gerson!"—and they continued to repeat this prayer till

just before his death. It was the only payment that he asked of them on earth; and, soon after the deliverance of Orleans, and the victory achieved by the arms of his king, he went to receive the eternal recompense reserved for him on high. He had ordered this inscription to be engraved on his tomb: "Do penance, and believe in the Gospel."

Now, if the treatise in question was really written by this eminent man, his testimony is most honorable in favor of the Maid. This is what it amounts to:

1st. He says that facts are *probable*, when they rest upon a known and well established foundation. 2nd. That they ought not to be termed false (at least by a positive assertion) as beyond the reach of probability, unless the thing is altogether *improbable*. 3rd. That they ought to be deemed true (without, however, proceeding to absolute assertion) when they are supported by apparent reasons, and obvious conjectures.

He then affirms, that the exploits of the Maid Joan may be piously and sanely believed, because of the circumstances of the case; the results that have ensued, and above all the justice of the cause she defends, since she is engaged in restoring a kingdom to her lawful sovereign, and in driving out the enemy from her native land.

He next brings forward in her favor the wisdom and piety of her conduct from her earliest infancy, of which he has procured the proofs. "She seeks not," says he, "either honors, or worldly companions; she hates all strife, sedition, revenge, and vanity; she lives in the spirit of meekness and prayer, and in acts of grace, holiness, and justice; she employs, to obtain success, none of the means forbidden by the Church, neither

surprise, nor treachery, nor has she any hope of gain; she is known, on the contrary, to be very faithful to her word, and she exposes her body to wounds, without taking any extraordinary precaution to protect herself.

"The king's council only decided to send her to the work, after they had made all sorts of preliminary enquiries and proper investigations. The men-at-arms follow her without reluctance, obey her willingly, and expose themselves at her command to all the dangers of war, without fearing the shame that would befall them, were they to be vanquished, having a woman for their leader. Yet these same warriors do not act with temerity; they still follow the rules of prudence and of the military art—which proves, that Joan is not obstinate in her opinions, though she believes herself guided and directed by God himself. The enemy, on the other hand, flies at her approach, running to hide from view, and crying out with terror, like women in the [redacted].

"Finally, she cannot justly be reproached for wearing the garb of the other sex. If the old law forbade such vestments to women without distinction, the new law is not so severe. It is true, the prohibition still exists, but only in virtue of the moral grounds on which it rests, and may therefore be dispensed with in case of necessity or utility. Now such is the position in which she at present finds herself. She assumes the dress of a warrior, to fight against the enemies of justice, to defend France, and to prove, that when God pleases, he can confound the great and powerful by the hand of a woman."

This summary of the work in question gives us a

pretty clear notion of the state of opinion, at the period of the siege of Orleans, and at the moment of that courageous city's deliverance. Disentangled from the web of scholastic philosophy, it supplies us with a collection of very interesting principles and facts. It proves also, that Charles VII. had still some loyal subjects in the University of Paris.

It appeared, as if Victory had left the walls of Orleans along with Joan. After her departure, the knights, who remained behind, having undertaken an expedition against Jargeau, returned without success. Dunois, who had shared in the enterprise, hastened to rejoin the triumphant Maid, and arrived the same day at Loches, to attend the king.

Charles received the Maid with great honors, and all the lords of the court did the same, from respect for her piety, and the wonderful deeds of arms by which she had justified her promises. Still, when she urged the king to set out to be crowned at Rheims without delay, doubt, hesitation, and all the precautions of human wisdom, again occupied the minds of the prince and his council. Instead of advancing with firm and rapid step on the road of victory, they lost time in long conferences, though Joan often said to the king with a sigh: "I shall not last much above a year; we should try to employ it well." To this, the grave counsellors answered: "That it was too perilous to attempt a campaign through the midst of the enemy; that there were three great rivers to pass, to reach the distant city of Rheims; that it would be better to begin at the beginning, and first to recover the neighboring provinces." But Joan persisted; for it was not by the light of human wisdom that she had quitted the

poor cottage of her parents, and planted her banner at Orleans in front of the English lines. Therefore, she still answered, that this expedition was ordained of God; and that, when once Charles had been anointed and crowned at Rheims, the power of the enemy would decline more and more, whilst none would be able to injure either him or her in the attempt.

Still, the opinions remained divided, and came to no result. Now, one day, when the king was in his private chamber, with only his confessor, the Bishop of Castres and his ex-chancellor, Joan knocked suddenly at the door. Charles bade her enter, and she advanced very humbly towards him, and, throwing herself on the ground, embraced his knees, saying: "Noble Dauphin, hold no more such long councils, but come straight to Rheims, and take your honorable crown." The Bishop of Castres having asked her, if she spoke thus by inspiration, she answered *yes*, and that she had been often incited to do it. "Will you not, then," resumed the prelate, "tell us here, in presence of the king, the mode in which your counsellor speaks to you?" "I understand well what you would know," replied Joan of Arc, "and I will tell you willingly." Here Charles VII. interrupted her, doubting if it would please her to speak out before the persons present, but she continued in these terms: "When I am any way grieved, that men will not readily believe the things I speak on behalf of God, I withdraw into a corner, and pray to the Almighty, making my complaint to him, and asking why they will not trust my words. Then, having finished my prayer, I hear a voice which says to me:— "*Daughter of God! go! go! go! I will be thy aid!*"— and when I hear that voice, I feel a great joy, and I wish to continue always in that state."

The Maid spoke with so much conviction, and when she repeated the words: *Go! go! go!*—a divine enthusiasm beamed so vividly from her face, that, in their old age, the three persons present could recall her image to their memory, such as they saw her in that moment, with her inspired look, and eyes upraised to heaven.

At length, the king consented to set out for Rheims, but on condition that the fortresses of the Loire, above and below Orleans, should be first retaken. For this purpose, he ordered a levy of men; many a cuirass was buckled on, and many a horse harnessed; the faithful knights came from all sides, with their people, to support their king, and to fight once more under the Maid's banner, against the ancient enemies of France. And such was the veneration of the people for Joan, that the humble young girl could not free herself from their impetuous eagerness. Old and respectable women threw themselves on their knees before her; many begged her to show them her hands and feet, that they might be sure she was really flesh and blood; they kissed her garments, and even her horse's feet. Joan was much displeased at all this, for she thought she saw in it a condemnable idolatry. She often grew angry at it, but she feared to hurt the poor people's feelings by harsh words, so that Master Pierre de Versailles one day reproached her on this account, telling her she was wrong to permit such honors, which were not her due, and that she must take care not to make these people idolators. "Really," answered she, "I know not how to prevent these things, unless God himself will prevent them." Alas! she knew not yet what a bitter cup God had prepared for her, and how the

lips of the changing multitude, which now kissed her horse's feet, should one day help to blow the flames of her funeral-pile!

Whilst she was at Loches, another of her brothers came from their peaceful village to visit her, and told her, amongst other things, how the people down there said, that she had devised her marvellous powers from the Fairies' Tree. She answered him, that the people were in great error, and that she detested magic and sorcery with all her heart.

The preparations being finished, the king wished to give the command of the army to the duke d'Alenzon, under the guidance of the Maid. Joan was satisfied with this arrangement; but the duchess could not bear to part with her husband, who had remained a long time prisoner in England; only lately his enormous ransom had been paid, and his father had never returned from the field of Agincourt. But Joan exhorted the Duchess to be of good courage. "Fear nothing, noble lady," said she to her, "I will bring him back to you safe and well, and in a better condition than he is now." The duchess had confidence in the Maid's words, and Joan herself, as we shall see, did not forget her promise in the hour of danger. She begged the king, moreover to allow her this time to make prisoners, for she predicted that the duke d'Orleans, in spite of the directions left by Henry V. to his brothers on his death-bed, never to release him, would one day be restored to liberty, and she wished the English prisoners to serve as his ransom.

Before we accompany the Maid on her new expedition, we shall here insert a letter, written precisely at this period, by a brave knight who had come to the

court, to make the proffer of his fortune and his blood for the king's service. This letter, in its primitive simplicity, is like a living voice from those distant times. He, to whom we are indebted for it, was one of the most powerful nobles of France; he was called Guy de Laval, and had seen the Maid on the very day before that on which he wrote. It is to his mother and his grandmother, that he addresses himself as follows:—

"My much-honored ladies and mothers, since I wrote to you from St. Catherine de Fierbois last Friday, I arrived on Saturday at Loches, and went to see Monsieur le Dauphin at the castle, as he came from Vespers at the collegiate church: who is a very fine and gracious lord, and very comely in form, and very agile and skilful, for a child of about seven years old as he must be; and there I saw my cousin, the lady de la Tremouille, who made me very good cheer. On Sunday, I reached St. Agnan, where was the king, and I sent to look for the Sieur de Treves at his lodging, and my uncle went with him to the castle, to announce to the king that I was come, and to know when it would please him that I should wait on him; and I had for answer, that I might come as soon as I pleased, and he gave me a very good reception, and said to me many a kind word. And when he walked about the room, or spoke with others, he turned round every time that he passed before me, to put me in mind of divers matters, and told me that I had come in the time of need without being sent for, and that he was the more obliged to me. And when I told him, that I had not brought such a company as I could have wished, he answered, that I had brought sufficient, and that I had power to

gain greater number; and the Sieur de Treves said at his house to the Sieur de la Chapelle, that the king and all about him had been well content with the persons of my brother and myself, and that we pleased them greatly; and he swore roundly, that the king had not given such a good reception te any one of his friends or kinsmen, though he is not used to stint his courtesy.

"And on Monday I set out with the King to come to Selles in Berry, at four leagues from St. Agnan.—And the Maid, who was already at Selles, came forth to meet the king at his desire. Some said it was for my sake that I might see her; and the Maid received me and my brother very well, being completely armed, except the head, and holding her lance in her hand.—And when we came to Selles, I went to her lodging to see her; and she called for wine, and told me I should drink good wine at Paris; and it seemed to me excellent to hear and see, and a thing quite divine. And she set out from Selles the same Monday at vespers, to go to Romorantin, three leagues in advance, the Marshal de Boussac, and a great number of armed men, and of the burgesses with her; and I saw her mount on horseback, armed, all in white, except the head, with a little axe in her hand; and her great black courser pranced about very much in coming out of the stable, and would not let her mount him; but she said:—'Take him to the cross which is before the Church on the road-side.' And, once there, she got up without his moving, as if he had been fast bound. Then she turned towards the Church door, which was near at hand, saying in a not unwomanly voice:—'You are priests and churchmen; make a procession

and prayers to God.' And then she turned again towards the road, saying:—'Forward! forward!'—her folded standard being borne by a comely page, and she carried her little axe in her hand; and one of her brothers, who came hither this week, went along with her, all armed, in white. And this Monday the Duke d'Alençon arrived at Selles with a very great company, and I have this day won of him at tennis, and my brother de Vendosme is not yet come. I found here one of the gentlemen of my brother de Chauvigny, for that he had already heard I was arrived at St. Catherine, and told me he had written to the nobles on his estates, and that he thinks soon to come over; and says that my sister is his darling; and stouter withal than she was wont. And they say here that the Constable comes with six hundred men-at-arms, and four hundred archers; and that Jean de la Roche is coming also; and that the King has never had such a company as we hope to get together, and that never people went about their work with a better will. And today my cousin de Rays is to arrive, and will increase our force; and, happen what may, those that are here already, are right loyal, and in good condition. And the Seigneur d'Argenton is here, one of the principal governors, who gives me a good reception and good cheer; but money there is none at the Court, or so little, that for the present I can look for no aid or sustenance. For you, then, madam, my mother, who have my seal, do not spare my lands either to sell or mortgage; or consult what is best to be done, in a case which concerns our persons, either to be rescued, or else degraded for want of means, or, peradventure, destroyed. For if we do not thus, we shall be left

alone, for lack of money; and hitherto our enterprise has been held in great honor, and our coming has been very agreeable to the King, and to his followers, and to the lords who flock hither from all parts; and they all make us better cheer than we can describe.

"The Maid told me at her lodging, when I went to see her, that, three days before my arrival, she had sent to you, my grandmother, a little ring of gold; but that it was a very trifling gift, and that she would fain have sent you something better, considering your recommendation.

"To-day, Monsieur d'Alençon, the Bastard of Orleans, and Gaucourt, are to set out from this place of Selles, and to join the Maid; and you have written I know not what to my cousin de la Trimoule and the Sieur de Treves, by reason of which the king tries to keep me with him, till the Maid has taken the English fortresses round Orleans, for which the artillery is already provided; and the Maid does not doubt, that she shall be soon with the king, saying that when he sets out for Rheims, I shall go with him. But God forbid, that I should do so, and not set forward now; and my brother says as much; and, as Monsieur d'Alençon will go, who shall be he that remains? And I think the king will set out this Thursday, to advance nearer to the army; and people are coming from all parts every day. I will let you know as soon as any thing is done; and hope before ten days our matters will have made great progress, one way or the other; but we all have such good hope in God, that I think he will aid us.

"My much-honored ladies and mothers, I and my brother recommend ourselves to you as humbly as we

can,and I send you blank papers signed with my name, that if you choose to write any of the contents of the present, under this date, to the duke, you are free to do so; for I have never written to him since. And you will please also to write us briefly of your news, and you, madam, my mother, how you find yourself after the medicine you have taken; for I am very uneasy about it, and I send you herewith the minutes of my testament, that you, my mothers, may write and let me know by the next comer, what you would like me to add to it; and I myself think of adding something to it, but have yet very little leisure. My much-honored ladies and mothers, I pray the blessed Son of God to give you happy and long life; and remember us also to our brother Louis; and to the reader of these presents, whom we salute, the Sieur de Boschet, and our cousin his daughter, my cousin de la Chapelle, and all your company. And for the rest, we must seek provision as we best can, and have no more left than about three hundred French crowns. Written at Selles, this Wednesday the 8th June.

"And, this vespers, arrived here Monsieur de Vendosme, Monsieur de Boussac, and others; and La Hire draws near the army, and there will soon be work done. God grant, it may be as you desire!

"Your humble sons,

"GUY AND ANDRIE DE LAVAL."*

*This curious document may be found in La Roque, Chapter XLIII, de la Noblesse, and in Godefroy, Recuil des historiens de Charles VII. The details given by the Sieur de Laval are all the more interesting, from the circumstance of his having seen and conversed with the Maid herself, only two days before he wrote.—(Note of M. Leon Bore, the Translator of this history into French.)

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE TAKING OF JARGEAU, AND THE GREAT VICTORY OF PATAY.

When the Maid had rejoined the army, a new discussion arose amongst the leaders. Some were for waiting, and urged that they were not yet in sufficient number to attack the strong town of Jargeau, garrisoned by the Earl of Suffolk, one of the best captains of his time, with a body of chosen men. But, full of confidence in her mission, Joan replied: "Fear not the number of the enemy, and do not scruple to attack these English; for God directs your work. Were I not sure that God himself is the leader of this great enterprise, believe me, I had much rather keep sheep, than expose myself to all these crosses and perils." Once more, the confidence of Joan prevailed over their hesitation, and the little army of four or five thousand men advanced on Jargeau.

When they came near the town, and thought to take quiet possession of the suburbs, they found the brave and experienced Suffolk, with his troops drawn up beneath the ramparts, and ready to receive them in array of battle. The first charge of the English was so violent that the French recoiled; and it was once more Joan, the young, inspired heroine, who, snatching the banner from the hands of the standard-bearer, threw herself foremost into the midst of the enemy's ranks. The knights, inflamed by her example, rushed after her, and the English were driven back into the town.

From the dawn of the next morning, the ordnance,

under the Maid's command, began to play, and, in a few hours, the towers and walls were so battered, that every one wondered at the effect of Joan's artillery. But the most remarkable circumstance was that which befell the Duke d'Alençon, and to which he himself afterwards bore witness. Whilst the people in the town were answering the Maid's fire with their mortars and cannons, the duke stood still a moment, to observe the outworks of the place. Then Joan suddenly cried out to him: "Step on one side, or they will fire from there above, and you will be slain.' Hardly had the duke followed her advice, when a bullet carried off the head of a gentleman, on the very spot he had just quitted. Many years after, the Duke d'Alençon said, that a great terror seized him at that instant, and that he much marvelled at the Maid's prediction.

In the midst of the cannonades, some of the leading officers still wished to retreat, and the report was moreover spread, that Falstof, the formidable conqueror of Rouvray, was advancing to raise the siege. But Joan kept up the courage of the knights, and represented to them the disgrace of flying. Through the rest of that day, the night, and the day following, the town was battered incessantly, and there were many desperate assaults and sallies. On the morning of the third day, Suffolk proposed a fortnight's suspension of arms, but the Maid answered: "Let the English save their lives, and depart, if they will, in their cloaks and doublets; if not, they shall be taken by assault."

Immediately, the trumpets sounded, and Joan, putting on her helmet, cried out to the Duke d'Alençon: "To the assault, gentle duke!"—and when he hesi-

tated, she added: "Doubt not, the hour is come when it pleases God. It is time to act, when God wills it, and when he begins to act himself." Seeing that he was still in doubt: "Ah! gentle duke! art thou afraid?" she asked him. "Dost thou not know that I promised thy wife to bring thee home safe and well?" As she spoke these words, she rushed to the attack, and, during four hours and upwards, there was a hot engagement, the English fighting like furious lions. Her banner in her hand, the Maid leaped into the ditch of the fortress, and ascended a ladder at the spot where the combat was most obstinate. One of the enemy hurled at her an enormous stone, which struck against her banner, and was broken to pieces on her helmet. Joan rolled from the ladder, and fell with her knees on the ground. Immediately, a shout of joy rose from the ramparts, and a cry of terror from the ditch; but the messenger of God sprang to her feet again, crying: "Friends! friends! upon them! upon them! be of good courage; our Sire hath condemned the English; in this hour, they are all given to us."

Thus cried the Maid, and the French rushed again to the assault, and the town of Jargeau, so strong and so well-defended, was carried on the thirty-seventh day after the deliverance of Orleans. Seeing that all was lost, and that from every side the French were closing upon him, because each man desired the honor of taking so illustrious a prisoner, the brave Suffolk at length resolved to surrender. But not choosing to fall into unworthy hands, he asked of a young man near him: "Tell me—art thou a gentleman?" The youth answered *no* with noble sincerity. Then Suffolk asked of another: "Art thou a knight?" But this latter

also replying, that he was not, Suffolk bade him draw near, and, striking him with the flat of his sword—"Now art thou a knight!" said he, and therewith yielded himself to him.

Eleven hundred Englishmen perished in this fight. Moreover, the French massacred a number of prisoners, by reason of a shameful cupidity, for as they disputed who should have them, to get their ransom, they often slew them for very jealousy; so that Joan and the duke d'Alençon, to save Suffolk and many other noble English, had them conveyed to Orleans by water. And, in that faithful city, the Maid and the duke were themselves received with great joy, after this new victory.

Meanwhile the duke of Bedford disquieted himself more and more at Paris, concerning the issue of the war. He wrote letter after letter to England, where the nobles were then much divided. In one of these letters, which is still preserved in London, occurs, amongst others, the following passage:—

"All things prospered for you, till the time of the seige of Orleans, taken in hand God knoweth by what advice. At the which time, after the adventure fallen to the person of my cousin of Salisbury, whom God assail, there fell, by the hand of God, as it seemeth, a great stroke upon your people that was assembled there in great number, caused in great part, as ye trow, of lack of sad belief, and of unlawful doubt that they had of a disciple and limb of the Fiend, called the *Pucelle*, that used false enchantments and sorcery. The which stroke and discomfiture not only lessened in great part the number of your people there, but as well withdrew the courage of the remnant in marvel-

ous wise, and encouraged your adverse party and enemies to assemble them forthwith in great number." *

The duke was right. For the king's army at Orleans increased day by day, and soon amounted to six or seven thousand men. Advancing, it took by assault the bridge of Meung, and entered Beaugency, from which Talbot had retired to join Falstof near Jenville. Still, the citadel of Beaugency, held out, defended by its English garrison. Whilst they were cannonading it, Arthur, the duke de Richemont, ex-constable of France, appeared at the head of his counts and nobles, with twelve hundred men-at-arms, and eight hundred knights. He sent messengers to the duke d'Alençon, to ask leave to join the royal army with his forces. This request greatly perplexed both the Maid and the captains of the host. The arrival of such a reinforcement was no doubt very opportune, but Arthur was on bad terms with the most powerful favorite of Charles VII. His inordinate pride had provoked the royal displeasure, and the king had ordered him to retire to his domain, threatening to subdue him by force, if he ventured to leave them. But the duke had answered proudly, that what he did was for the good of the king and kingdom, and that he should be curious to see who would dare attack him. Under these circumstances, he had continued to advance, and now he appeared before Beaugency, offering to fight under the king's banners against the English.

Thereupon a dispute arose, as usual, amongst the chiefs. Some wished to obey the royal commands; others, rejoicing at Arthur's arrival, were of opinion

* See Rymer's Fœderca.

that they should not refuse such succor. Things had come to this point, that the duke d'Alençon threatened to quit the army, if they received the duke de Richemont; and the Maid shared in this opinion. Those on the other side answered that, if she wished to engage in a contest with Arthur, she would find a man quite capable of contending against her, and would soon learn that this valiant leader, backed by his men-at-arms, was more acceptable to many than all the Maids in the kingdom.

During these discussions, the news arrived that an English army was approaching under the command of Talbot. War cries already re-echoed on every side, and the duke de Richemont came nearer and nearer. Then the Maid, yielding to necessity, told the duke d'Alençon, that they must consent to aid each other, and she granted Arthur what he demanded, on condition that he would swear before her and the other captains, to serve the king as a faithful subject, and to do or say nothing against him. She made also the other nobles swear to maintain this oath, in case Arthur should break it.

When the duke de Richemont came into her presence he said to her: "Joan, they tell me that you desired to fight against me. I know not, whether you be from God, or no. But if you are from God, I do not fear you, for He knows my good intentions; and if you are from the devil, I fear you still less."

On the morrow, the garrison surrendered, on condition of being allowed to retire unmolested. But hardly were the English gone when a messenger arrived with the news that fresh enemies were approaching in great numbers, and that their vanguard alone

was many thousand strong. "Dear constable," then said the Maid to the duke de Richemont, "you certainly came not hither at my request; but, since you are come, you shall be right welcome." When the army was drawn up in order of battle, the duke d'Alençon asked of the Maid what was next to do. "Have you good spurs?" replied she, in a loud voice, so as to be heard by all those about them. "What!" exclaimed they; "is it then to fly from the enemy?" "No," answered Joan; "it is the English who will fly without resisting. They will yield you the victory, and you will need good spurs to pursue them." She announced moreover, that this victory would cost the king, so to speak, hardly a drop of blood: a remarkable prophecy, to which the Chevalier Thibaut d'Armagnac, who was present, afterwards bore solemn testimony.

As, at this moment, the English leaders, Talbot, Scales, and Falstof, advanced in good order along the plain, the Maid cried out to her followers:—"Strike boldly! they will not be long before they take flight!" But, ere the French could begin the attack, the enemy went off in great haste towards Jenville, passing under the walls of Meung, and being joined by the garrison of that place. The French were at first not very desirous to pursue and attack them in the open country, the remembrance of the bloody defeats they had sustained being still too fresh in their minds. But the Maid still urged them in the name of God to advance, assuring them of a certain victory. "Let us go boldly against the English," said she, "and without fail they will be conquered." And as it was represented to her, that it would be very dangerous to intercept them in their retreat: "Ride on fearlessly," she replied, "you will

have good guidance." And she added a moment afterwards:—"In God's name you must fight them. Were they hanging in the clouds, we would have them down; for God has sent us to punish them. Our gentle king shall have this day the greatest victory that ever he had, and my council has told me that they should be ours."

After these words, they resolved to follow close upon the track of the English. But, in spite of her confidence, the Maid was prudent enough to insist, that the main body should march with serried ranks. The best horsemen were sent forward to harrass the enemy, to keep them in check, and to prevent their forming intrenchments. For that purpose fifteen hundred were chosen amongst the bravest knights, at the head of whom was placed the intrepid La Hire. Joan wished herself to command this flying cavalry, and, when she was not allowed to do so, she was greatly grieved, for, with God's help, she always desired to be in the foremost ranks and to lead the way to victory.

The knights set forward instantly. Sixty or eighty of the best-horsed and the most daring, advanced first to reconnoitre the enemy, who, by this time, had gained considerably upon them. They had already gone five leagues over a woody plain, without seeing any trace of the fugitives. They began to feel discouraged and to fear they had taken the wrong road, when suddenly a stag darted from a thicket, and fled in the direction of the north-east. In a few moments they heard a great shout in that quarter, from which they concluded that they were not far from the rear guard of the English, who had doubtless raised that cry in pursuit of the flying stag. They warned the rest of

their comrades to prepare for battle, and the latter immediately advancing in good order, the English, who found themselves closely pressed, continued to retire till they reached a place called Patay, where they took up a position on the skirts of a wood, under cover of a fortified monastery. But the fiery La Hire would not leave them time to plant their palisades, and rushed so impetuously on them with his knights, that they were broken on all sides. When the main body, under the command of the Maid, arrived at the field of battle, the English were already routed, and a dreadful carnage had commenced. Falstof and many of his companions effected their escape, thanks to the swiftness of their horses, and they learned that day to regard their spurs as their best weapons. The infantry, and those who had dismounted before the battle, dispersed themselves amongst the woods. From two to three thousand dead were left upon the spot. Talbot, abandoned by his soldiers, fought like a hero, till at last, seeing that all was lost, he surrendered to an archer of Xaintrailles. The lord Scales, and a number of other brave knights and barons were taken with him. This great victory, as the Maid had predicted, only cost the French a single gentleman. Many were made knights, for their prowess on that glorious day. The English fugitives sought to take shelter in Jenville, but the townsmen shut the gates against them, and received the victors with transports of joy.

"Tell me, Messire Talbot," said the duke d'Alençon to his illustrious prisoner, "You did not expect this morning such a result?" "It is the fortune of war," answered Talbot, coldly. Then they showed to him and Suffolk the ancient prophecies, which passed un-

der the name of Merlin, and foretold that France should be delivered by the hand of a virgin.

That afternoon, at two o'clock, the chieftains assembled on the field of battle, and, as the chronicle informs us, returned thanks to God with humility and devotion, and were in great joy together, for the magnificent victory that heaven had granted to them.

Such was the bloody chase of Patay, of which the Maid had given the English warning in her letter. Those, who had proudly scorned the young girl's pious message, or had answered it with insulting words—Suffolk, Scales, Talbot, Glacidas—were now either in her power, or lay stretched on the scene of her victory. Far and near, through all the countries round, no warrior was so famed and feared as the humble shepherdess.

And she, the illustrious and victorious heroine, once more shed tears upon the field of battle, burning tears for the death of so many brother-men, and she was touched also with tender pity for the poor prisoners, often ill-treated by the conquerors in their pride and avarice, when they could not promise them a sufficient ransom. A savage soldier struck his prisoner on the head, and the later sank, dying to the earth. Joan dismounted from her horse, and took him in her arms, like a sister of mercy; then, seeing that no human remedy could heal his mortal hurt, she exhorted him, with tears in her eyes, to repent of his sins, consoled him affectionately, and held his head, whilst he confessed to the priest, and made his peace with God, so that his soul might ascend in purity to that place where there is neither battle, nor wounds, nor tears, and where reigneth everlasting peace.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE KING SET OUT FOR RHEIMS WITH THE MAID, AND HOW SHE OPENED FOR HIM THE GATES OF TROYES.

The victory of Patay filled the English and their partisans in France with fear and trouble. The lamentable death of a great number of their best knights, and the disgrace of their arms, hitherto uniformly victorious, were things so bitter and unexpected, that when the first news of these events was brought to the royal council at Paris, its members could not refrain from tears. In the first moment of rage, Bedford tore the Garter with his own hand from the person of the fugitive Falstof, regardless of his former services and the bravery he had displayed at the battle of Rouvray.—Afterwards, however, this badge of his order was returned to him. The citizens of Paris, who were then wholly devoted to the English, believed at first that the Armagnacs were already at their gates, and made every preparation to defend their city. New magistrates were appointed, and double watches patrolled the streets night and day. The Duke of Bedford did everything in his power to put himself in a condition to resist the marvellously revived strength of his adversary, *the little king of Bourges*, as he had been hitherto called in derision. He sent a solemn embassy to the Duke of Burgundy, to invite him to return to Paris; he paid him all sorts of honors, and asked for his advice and aid in the perilous situation of the kingdom. To stir up in the hearts of Parisian and Burgundian their ancient hatred of their lawful sovereign, and

to keep alive the old spirit of hereditary vengeance, which had given the English so many advantages in that distracted country, Bedford assembled the principal citizens in the court of the palace. There he appeared in the midst of them, surrounded by the parliament and the nobles, and accompanied by Philip of Burgundy. The story of the perfidious murder of Jean Sans-Peur on the bridge of Montereau was retraced in the most vivid colors, and the son of the slaughtered Duke came forward to ask revenge for broken faith and for his father's death. Then the whole assembly, raising their hands to heaven, swore fidelity to the English governor, and to Duke Philip of Burgundy.—The nobles on their side made oath to defend the good city of Paris against all its enemies. The Duke wrote immediately the most pressing letters to England, to ask assistance of the King's council. But the council could hit upon no better device at the time than to conclude an ignominious treaty with the Cardinal of Winchester, the King's great uncle, in virtue of which that prelate undertook, for a sum of money, to send over to France the army of crusaders, assembled in England to act against the Hussites.

Whilst the English thus made every preparation in their power, Joan did not remain idle. She went, with the principal leaders of the army, to wait upon the King at Sully. That prince, indolent and undecided, had hitherto kept far away from the field of battle; after the deliverance of Orleans, he had not even visited the faithful city. As, however, in most respects, he was mild and benevolent, he allowed the noble Xaintrailles to dismiss the brave Talbot without a ransom; and, at a later period, when Xaintrailles was him-

self taken prisoner, Talbot acknowledged his chivalrous generosity by rendering him a similar service.—But the Maid could not succeed in reconciling Charles with Arthur, though she represented to the King the friendly intentions of the Duke. Charles consented indeed to pardon him, out of love for the Maid, but obstinately refused his assistance, saying he would rather not be crowned at all than in his presence. So the constable was obliged to retire with his valiant troops, that might have been so well employed in this perilous war; the Count de la Marche was also compelled to withdraw his forces, and the feeble King remained, as before, in the power of his favorites, who would suffer none to approach him but themselves.

It was marvellous to see with what zeal both at Orleans, and with the king at Sully, the Maid urged on the preparations for the advance to Rheims. She went to meet the warriors as they arrived, hastened their assembling, provided for their entertainment and spared herself no kind of pains. The careless Charles VII, who gave himself much less trouble about his crown, often related afterwards, that one day he saw her so exhausted with fatigue, that he felt pity for her, and ordered her to take some rest. Thereupon, Joan began to weep, and said to him (for it seems that Charles was not yet quite convinced of the truth of her divine mission) that "he need be in no doubt, for that he would obtain all his kingdom, and soon be crowned." And she added, "that great throngs of people would follow him, and that he had only to be of good courage;" and, turning to those present, she said: "Fight bravely! you will be under good guidance."

About this time, a gentleman of distinction having, on the market-place of Orleans, made use of an oath, by which, in the fashion of the day, he renounced the name of God. Joan advanced towards him, and said with vivacity: "Ah! sir! do you dare renounce our Lord and Master? By that same God, you shall withdraw your words, before I leave you!"—and the gentleman, struck with the earnestness of her remonstrance, retracted the words which he had spoken.

To the great displeasure of the Maid, another council of war was held at Gien, the headquarters of the army, to decide whether, before proceeding to Rheims, they should not try to take some more towns, and it was with great difficulty she succeeded in causing this project to be deferred until after the coronation.

Meanwhile, gentlemen arrived from all parts to range themselves beneath the banner of the wondrous maiden. Some, too poor to present themselves with a proper retinue, came as simple archers, or lightly armed, and riding upon small horses. They arrived in such numbers, that at last the king's favorites became uneasy. According to an old chronicle, "they could have reconquered the whole kingdom, if they had received all those who offered their services, but, at that time, no one dared say aught in opposition to the Sire de la Tremoulle." It is certain that they had not money enough to pay and maintain so numerous a host. Joan continued to urge an immediate advance: "Fear nothing," she said, "for you will find no one to do you hurt, and will scarcely meet with any resistance."

At length, on Wednesday the 23d of July, the Maid preceding the rest of the army, began her march, with her two brothers and her own company. About

eighty leagues lay between them and Rheims, and all the strong places, all the roads and bridges, were occupied by the enemy. The army was in want of provisions; a single town might detain their whole force beneath its walls; a single check might cut off their retreat, and cause their destruction. But the Maid went ever onward, trusting in the help of Him who had already guided her in safety through the midst of her enemies, and who, since then, had never abandoned her in the moment of danger. The next day, the king followed with the heroes of Orleans, a great number of dukes, marshals, counts, and nobles, and an army of about twelve thousand fighting men, all full of courage, as they had already shown, and were ready again to prove.

Auxerre was the first strong and important town, before which they arrived. It had declared for the English and Burgundians, and closed its gates against the French. Joan and many others advised an assault, promising that the attempt would succeed. But Charles and his favorites preferred negotiating with the revolted town, and agreed to pass under its walls without entering therein, on condition that it would furnish provisions for the army, and promise the same obedience to the king, that might be rendered by the cities of Troyes, Chalons, and Rheims. Joan and others of the chiefs expressed their dissatisfaction at so dishonorable an arrangement. It is said that La Tremoulle received two thousand crowns for managing this affair, instead of insisting on the submission of the town, or effecting an entrance by force of arms.

So the army proceeded on its way, gathering strength as it went, for, wherever the heroine of Orleans dis-

played her banner, all who could bear weapons hastened to join her. The town of Saint Florentin surrendered of its own accord. Troyes, on the contrary, refused to open its gates, and sent back the king's herald. Immediately after, the citizens made a sally, attacked the vanguard, and only retired to the protection of their strong ramparts, after an obstinate engagement. Thus the same town, in which, eight years before, the English conqueror had celebrated his marriage with Katharine of France, King Charles' sister, and where had been signed that shameful treaty, which destroyed the liberties of the kingdom, and deprived the lawful heir of his rights, now appeared destined to prove the ruin of the expedition, which had been designed to restore to the Dauphin the crown of his ancestors. Strongly fortified, and well provisioned, the city turned a deaf ear to every summons. The army was in want of artillery to carry on a siege, and soon fell into such a state of distress, that, for eight days, five or six thousand men were left without bread to eat. Only the rich barons could obtain a few supplies at enormous prices, and the poor had no other resource than to grind the ears of corn, gathered green in the fields. Luckily, they discovered by chance an immense field of beans, which the citizens had sown for the following strange reason:—

Brother Richard, whose sermons had so greatly moved the Parisians, that they had thrown into the fire their dice, their cards, and their vain articles of dress, being driven from Paris by the English, had come to preach at Troyes. There also, the people listened to him with great devotion. Now, one day, Brother Richard having said in a metaphorical sense

in one of his sermons: "Sow, my good people, sow your beans in plenty, for he, that is to come, will come quickly." The worthy citizens of Troyes had interpreted the passage literally, and issued from their town to sow their beans in abundance, which, as it happened, proved of essential service to the army.

But this supply of beans being soon exhausted, discontent and dejection began to spread amongst the French, along with the famine. The garrison and the citizens still refused to obey the king's summons, and the besiegers wanted cannon to address them in the language of war. Then Charles, according to his custom, assembled the dukes, counts, lords, and captains, to ask their advice. But good counsel was in that moment as scarce as bread, although there was no lack of fine words. First, the archbishop of Rheims, in his quality of chancellor of the kingdom, began a long discourse, in which he advanced many reasons, why the king and his army should not continue the siege of Troyes any longer. The principal was the great dearth of provisions, and the want of money. "This siege," added the archbishop, "must be a very difficult enterprise, because the town and fortress are furnished with broad ditches and good walls, and well supplied with munitions and men-at-arms, and because the inhabitants, far from appearing disposed to submit, show themselves resolved to offer an obstinate resistance. We have neither mortars, nor cannons, nor other artillery, nor any means of battering the walls and making a breach, and the nearest French town, from which we can hope for aid and support, is Gien-sur-Loire, a distance of more than thirty leagues."

For these reasons, and many others which he brought

forward, the chancellor came to the conclusion, that a longer stay before the walls of Troyes might be attended with fatal consequences. Then the king bade him consult all those present as to what was best to be done, and the chancellor, collecting their several opinions, exhorted every one to give a sincere and honest vote.

Almost all were of the same mind, saying, "that, for the reasons already stated, and considering that the town of Auxerre, which was not nearly so strong as Troyes, had refused to open its gates to them—and on other grounds, which each man urged according to his knowledge or ignorance—the wisest plan would be to turn back, as they could only expect total ruin in remaining where they were, or in continuing their march to Rheims, the city of the coronation."

Thus, in spite of the miracles wrought by the Maid, her great work had well nigh failed, through the want of faith, and cowardice of men reputed the most sagacious. There were but very few that had even as much courage left as before Auxerre, and that still advised the continuance of the march to Rheims; yet the country was rich in that direction, and provisions must have been found in plenty. They thought no more of God's aid, and the Maid's promise; for men will readily acknowledge a miracle, when they have only to drink the water changed into wine; but when they must themselves contribute to its success, by their faith, and by thrusting their own hands into the fire, they are for the most part afraid of burning, and so hang back.

But God had decreed that matters should take a different turn, than had been decided by the wise coun-

sellors in their great assembly before the walls of Troyes. In fact, when the archbishop of Rheims, collecting the votes, addressed himself to Robert le Masson, Sire of Treves, an old, experienced man, who had himself been formerly chancellor of the kingdom, and who had long served his king as a faithful and prudent counsellor, this person gave it as his opinion, that they should call in the Maid.

"When the king commenced his expedition," said he, "it was not trusting in his army, which was then very small, or in his treasure, which was next to nothing; neither was it, because the enterprise itself appeared to him feasible; but only because he trusted in the Maid, who had always bid him go and be crowned at Rheims, according to God's will, and had promised that he should meet with small resistance. It was therefore the Maid, whose advice should now be asked; she alone could extricate them from their present difficulties. If she knew not what was to be done, and agreed in opinion with the rest of the council, then he also would concur in it, and give his vote for the retreat."

Whilst they were thus debating, some one knocked loudly at the door of the hall, and, when it was opened, it was Joan herself that entered.

When she had respectfully saluted the king, the chancellor turned towards her and said: "Joan, the king and his council are in great perplexity, and know not what to decide." Then he explained to her the discussion which had taken place, and requested her to say what she thought of it. But the Maid turned towards Charles, and asked him if he would believe her words.

"I know not," replied the king, "if you speak what is reasonable and profitable, I will believe you willingly."

"But shall I be believed?" she repeated.

"Yes," said the King, "according to the sense of what you speak."

"Noble Dauphin," she continued, "order your people to come and lay siege to Troyes, and hold no more long councils. For, in the name of God, I will bring you into the city of Troyes, either by love or force, and that within three days; and the false citizens shall be much astonished."

"Joan," replied the chancellor, "if we could be certain of it within six days, we would abide gladly; but I know not if what you say will come to pass."

Irritated, it would seem, by the doubt expressed by the Archbishop, the heroine of Orleans addressed the King:—

"Fear nothing!" she said; "*to-morrow* you shall be master of the town."

This prophecy, uttered in a moment of such distress, was of a kind either to be confirmed or disproved so speedily, that Joan could not be accused of a prudent selection of her time, so as to leave the accomplishment of her prediction to the course of nature. As for the fact itself we have not only the evidence of contemporary chronicles, but sworn, judicial testimony, that the prophecy was really made in the presence of the assembled nobles.

When the council broke up, Joan mounted her horse, took her banner, and led the army towards the ramparts of the rebellious city. Knights, squires, and archers, gentle and simple, all were obliged to bring

fascines, beams, doors, window-frames, every thing in fact they could find in the camp or in the neighborhood, to fill up the ditches, and make ready for the assault. These labors, under the direction of the Maid, continued uninterruptedly throughout the night, and were managed with so much skill, that Dunois himself, an experienced general, afterwards declared, that few veteran soldiers could have done as much. Thus, in the course of a single night, all was prepared for the assault.

The promised morning being come, Joan bade them sound to the attack, and, herself leading the troops to the ditch, ordered it to be filled up. Then the disloyal citizens, seeing beneath their ramparts the heaven-inspired virgin, with her banner in her hand, and arrayed with power from on high, felt in their hearts the whole weight of their rebellion against their lawful king; they remembered, with alarm, how the Maid had miraculously delivered the faithful city of Orleans, and what rude blows her sword had already dealt to English enemies and French traitors. Their courage entirely failed them, they could not bear Joan's reproachful glance, and they cried out aloud for peace. They afterwards confessed that, from the moment in which the heroic virgin had urged the King in his council to command the assault, they had been seized with indescribable terror, and that throughout the night the people had rushed in crowds to the Churches, to implore upon their knees the mercy of God. In the morning, when the assault was about to commence, they had seen a multitude of white butterflies fluttering about the banner of the Maid, and this, in their terror, they had assumed to be a new miracle.

The Bishop of the town, several captains, and the chief citizens, now proceeded therefore, in great uneasiness, to the camp of the Prince, whom they had so deeply offended. "For," says an old chronicle, "it was as if God had suddenly touched their hearts, and given them good will."

Charles received the penitents with the greatest kindness, and concluded with them a treaty, in virtue of which the city of Troyes submitted with all humility and respect to its lawful King, and the citizens promised for the future to be good and faithful subjects. The King, on his side, granted oblivion and pardon for all that had happened, and allowed the English and Burgundians to retire with what belonged to them.

In acknowledgement of this favor, which they were far from anticipating, the citizens prepared a sumptuous feast for the king's reception. Their joy was very great, and they sent an ample supply of provisions to the famishing men-at-arms. But when the enemy evacuated the town, a dispute arose as to the prisoners. Nothing having been stipulated with regard to them, the English wished to carry them away in their train, as part of their baggage, which was allowed to pass freely. But Joan opposed this claim, and placing herself near the city-gate at the moment of their departure, she cried out to them: "Before God, you shall not take them along with you!" and she straightway commanded them to halt. The poor prisoners threw themselves at her feet, and overwhelmed her with supplications. The English and the Burgundians, on the contrary, maintained that it was a scandalous breach of the treaty, and clamored for justice. In con-

sequence, the two parties appeared before the king, who was much amused with this discussion; the surrender of the town having put him into a good humor. He made a generous end of the dispute, by himself paying the ransom of each prisoner. The enemy was very well satisfied, and praised him as a just prince, who kept his word; but some of the French murmured, saying, "that those English robbers had got more than their due; that they had permission to retire with their lives and their baggage, but as this did not suffice them, the king should have hanged or drowned them all."

After this incident, Joan was the first to go into the town, that she might range the archers along the streets from the gate to the church, for the king's solemn entry. The citizens sent Brother Richard to meet her, and he, not being yet quite sure if she came from God or the Devil, prudently made the sign of the Cross over her, and sprinkled her with holy water. "Draw near to me without fear," said Joan, smiling; "I shall not fly away like a witch." The friar drew near accordingly, and, from that moment, he followed her with much devotion in all her expeditions, exhorting the people to submit to the king. When the Parisians heard this news, they were so enraged with the friar that, to annoy him, they resumed their dice, their cards, their vain apparel, and, in a word, all that life of dissipation, from which he had roused them by his edifying sermons.

Everything being prepared for the king's reception, Joan went to meet him. Charles mounted his horse, and advanced towards the church. The Maid rode beside him, holding her banner in her hand; then came

the princes, the marshals, and the captains, all richly dressed, mounted upon proud steeds, and magnificent to behold. When mass was finished, the king received in the church the city's oath of homage and allegiance; after which, it was published in the streets by sound of trumpet, "that no one, great or small, should henceforth insult the loyal citizens of Troyes, by any word of blame or contumely for what had taken place before."

Thus was accomplished the promise which Joan had made to Charles on the previous day, when she said to him in the assembly of discouraged captains:—

"To-morrow you shall be master of the town."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CORONATION OF KING CHARLES AT RHEIMS.

On the morrow, the army, in fine order, set out for Rheims, to the sound of trumpets, and amid the acclamations of the people. For the Maid ceased not to urge the king, in God's name, to hasten his journey. She herself, armed *cap-a-pie*, rode at the head of the troops; and yet, in spite of her impatience, she had stood sponsor to a child at Troyes, for she always found time enough for the service of God.

Chalons-sur-Marne was the next town. The bishop came forth respectfully to meet the king, with a great concourse of people, and, having delivered to him the keys of the gates, conducted him into the city. There Joan, who had now come nearer to her native country, found four men from Domremy, who had made the journey for the express purpose of seeing, in the splendor

of her triumph, the marvellous child, that grew up amid the love of all in their solitary valley. One of them having asked her, amongst other things, if she had not been afraid in battles and moments of great danger: "I feared nothing," she answered, "except treachery." She made a present of a red coat to another of these good people, whom she was never to see again.

The army resumed its march, and approached nearer and nearer to Rheims, the antique place of the coronation of the kings of France. But king Charles advanced unwillingly, fearing to experience before its walls the same resistance and distress as before those of Troyes. Once more the Maid revived his courage with her prophetic words: "Fear nothing!" she said; "the citizens of Rheims will come forth to meet you. They will offer you their submission, before you arrive at the gates of their town. March on without fear, for, if you do but act like a man, you will recover your whole kingdom." This wonderful prophecy of the voluntary surrender of Rheims, was also afterwards attested on oath in a judicial enquiry.

The king was about four leagues from the town, when the English and Burgundian captains assembled the citizens, and asked them if they were prepared to stand firm, and to defend the city against the approaching army. The citizens asked the captains in their turn: "Are you strong enough to sustain and protect us?" The captains replied, that they were not just then in a condition to do so, but that if the citizens would hold out for six weeks, they could promise them succors from the dukes of Bedford and Burgundy. The citizens would not agree to this arrange-

ment, and harsh words were spoken on both sides, until the captains determined to evacuate the place. As soon as they were gone with the garrison, the partisans of the king and the archbishop raised their voices and counselled submission. The people adopted this view, and, just as the Maid had predicted, a deputation composed of the principal persons of the town, both lay and clerical, was sent to meet Charles VII., and to lay at his feet the city keys, in return for which he promised pardon and oblivion for all the past. That same day, the chancellor, preceding the king, took possession, for the first time, of his episcopal residence, thanks to Joan, in whom he had put so little trust, even after the deliverance of Orleans and the victory of Patay.

Towards evening, Charles, accompanied by the Maid, entered the town in solemn procession, with his chivalry and all his forces. But, in the midst of the mighty lords and illustrious warriors riding around him, the eyes of all sought anxiously the glorious heroine, who had led him to the place of coronation, even as she had predicted in her native village, when she was but an obscure and lowly shepherdess. Up to the barbarous days of the French Revolution, there was preserved in that noble cathedral an ancient tapestry, representing the solemn entry of king Charles VII., and Joan of Arc into the city of Rheims.

The coronation and unction were then performed according to the ancient rites. These were as follows:

On the eve of the day, the king, accompanied by the great nobles, ascended a platform in the church, from which the latter showed him to the people, repeating the traditionary formula: "This is your king, that we,

peers of France, have come to crown as our sovereign and liege lord. If any one have aught to say against it, we are here to do him right. To-morrow, he will be anointed by the grace of the Holy Ghost, no man opposing." And the people answered "Noël! Noël!" —thereby expressing there joy at this great festival!

During the night, whilst all were occupied with preparations, and seeking new insignia for the ceremony the old ones were at St. Denis, in the hands of the English—Joan did not remain idle. She wrote a second letter to the revolted Burgundian, to finish her great work by appeasing the old quarrel that had rent the kingdom. This letter, written early on the morning of the coronation-day, is preserved in the archives of Lille. Here is its tenor:

Letter of Joan the Maid to the Duke of Burgundy.

†

JESUS—MARIA.

"High and mighty prince, Duke of Burgundy! Joan the Maid requires you on the part of the king of heaven, my rightful sovereign lord, that the king of France and you should make a good peace, firm and lasting; that you should pardon each other entirely, and from the heart, as becomes loyal Christians; and that, if you choose to war, it should be against the Saracens. Prince of Burgundy! I beg, supplicate, and require you, as humbly as I can, that you wage no more war against the blessed kingdom of France, but withdraw speedily and briefly your people that are in any places and fortresses of the said blessed kingdom; and on the part of the gentle king of France, he is ready to make peace with you, saving his honor, and it rests with yourself; and I give you notice, on the part of the king of heav-

en, my rightful lord, for your own good, and for your honor, and, as you value your life, that you will not gain the battle against the loyal French; and that all, who fight against the blessed kingdom of France, fight against King Jesus, king of heaven and all the world, my rightful sovereign lord. And I beg and require you, with clasped hands, that you will not offer us battle, or wage war against us, you, your people and subjects; and, believe surely, whatever number of people you bring against us, they will achieve nothing, and it will be a great pity such a battle, and the blood that must be shed of those who come against us. And three weeks ago I sent you a rescript and friendly letters by a herald, that you should attend at the king's coronation, which takes place this seventeenth day of this present month of July, in the city of Rheims, and have had no answer, nor yet any news of the said herald. And God command you, and take you in his keeping, if it be his will, and I pray God that he will establish a good peace.

"Written in the same city of Rheims, the seventeenth day of July." And on the other side: "To the Duke of Burgundy."*

The morning of the same day, four peers proceeded, according to ancient usage, to the Abbey of St. Remi, to demand the vial containing the sacred chrism, and called the Ampulla. When they had promised, with the

* The original of this letter was printed for the first time in the year 1817. It is written on parchment in Gothic characters, with many abbreviations; it is folded much in the fashion of our ordinary letters; in size, it is about six inches high, and a foot wide. In the manner of the time, the letter was closed with bands of parchment, to which was attached the seal. The apertures are still visible, through which these bands were passed, together with traces of the impression of the red wax seal. It resembles the letters de cachet of the old times in France.—(Note of the French Translator.)

accustomed oath, to keep it carefully, the abbot took it in his hand with great respect, and, accompanied by his monks, carried it under a magnificent canopy to the church of St. Remi. The archbishop, who was waiting at the head of his clergy, received the sacred oil from the hands of the abbot, and carried it himself with great ceremony to the cathedral, where he placed it on the altar in presence of the prelates, princes, counts, and knights that the king had brought in his train. The Maid stood close beside the altar, with her banner in her hand. Then the herald-at-arms, having called each of the peers by name, and published the names of those who acted for the absent, the king advanced to the altar and knelt down. And the archbishop, approaching him with his clergy, addressed to him the sacramental words:—

"We require thee to grant to us, and to the churches committed to our care, the canonical privileges, the law and justice due, and that thou wilt guard and defend us as a king is bound to do in his kingdom, both for every bishop, and for the church committed to him."

The king answered, according to custom: "I, by the grace of God, about to be ordained king of France, promise this day of my coronation, before God and his saints, that I will preserve the canonical privileges, law and justice, to every one of you, prelates, and that I will defend you to the utmost of my power, God helping, as a king ought to do in his kingdom, both for every bishop, and the church committed to him."

Then he added, still according to the formulary: "I promise, in the name of Jesus Christ, to the Christian people subject to me, these things. First, I will keep true peace towards the Christian people, at all times,

by your advice. Item—I will defend them from all rapine and iniquity of every degree. Item—In all judgments, I will command justice and mercy, so that the good God may show mercy to you and me. Item—With good faith, and to the utmost of my power, I will labor to remove from my lands, and from the jurisdiction to me committed, all heretics declared such by the Church. All which things I confirm by oath."

When Charles had thus sworn before God to fulfil all his duties, the duke de Alençon conferred on him the order of knighthood, for, at this period, the knightly dignity was still held in such esteem, that a king could not fail to have himself invested therewith. Then two of the peers placed the crown upon his head, and lifted up the seat, on which he was sitting, to show him to the people.

Charles having thus received from the great nobles the insignia of temporal power, the archbishop approached to confirm it by the divine benediction of the Church, and to anoint him with holy oil, which gave him, in the eyes of his Christian subjects, the dignity of a prince instituted and consecrated by God himself, and henceforth bound to govern them, not for his own profit and glory, but in the name, and for the glory of God.

These goodly ceremonies being finished, according to ancient and worthy custom, there now advanced towards the king, the poor girl who had led him by the hand even to this altar, and whom neither danger, nor fatigue, nor outrage, had been able to keep back from accomplishing her celestial mission. She knelt down before Charles, and, weeping hot tears, she said to him: "Gentle king, now is performed the good pleas-

ure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and bring you to this city of Rheims to receive the sacred oil, showing that you are the true king, to whom belongs the kingdom of France."

Thus spoke the humble maiden amidst her tears and all those who saw her, and heard these simple words, were unable to refrain from weeping also, and praised God for his marvellous bounty. The father and the eldest brother of Joan were present at this festival, and the city of Rheims entertained them at the public cost.

This glorious day closed with the creation of new knights, with royal largesses, and various amusements and rejoicings. The Maid, admired by all, retained her natural humility. "What I did," she often repeated, "was only as a minister;" and when they told her that they had never read of anything like it in any book: "My master," she answered, "has a book in which scarcely any clerk can read, be his clerkship never so perfect."

To conclude worthily all these ceremonies, the king, on the third day, made the traditional pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy hermit Marculf, in the castle of Corbeny. St. Marculf, it was said, was descended from the blood royal of France, and it was he who gave to the kings of that country the power of curing the *evil*, in the name of God, and by the imposition of their consecrated hands. It was before the tomb of this saint, that the keys of the town of Laon were delivered to Charles VII.

During the time, wherein the French celebrated the coronation of their king, the duke of Bedford, in despair, wrote to the States of England, that he owed it

only to the fidelity of the duke of Burgundy, that he had not lost Paris and the whole of France. "They will tell you," says he, "how the Dauphin has taken the field in person with a mighty army; how many towns, forts, and castles, have surrendered to him without fighting. To-day, the 16th of July, he is to reach Rheims; to-morrow the gates will be opened to him, on Monday he will be crowned, and immediately after he means to march on Paris and enter the city."

Such was now the language of the English!

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW THE MAID WAS FORCED TO PROCEED FURTHER WITH THE KING, AND HOW SHE BROKE HER SWORD.

The mission of Joan of Arc had finished with the coronation of Charles VII. Henceforth, no more miracles were needed; the wisdom and courage of men were to do the rest. She felt that the time was come to suspend her sword and banner before the altar of the cathedral at Rheims, and to lay aside her armor. Therefore she entreated the king to let her return to her parents, that she might continue her life, as she had commenced it, in quiet and obscurity. But neither the king, nor his council, would listen to this request. That same human wisdom, which had at first insultingly rejected her inspired word, when she gave the summons to arms, and had only followed her with hesitation, now refused to let her depart, when she herself declared her mission at an end. Cunning men resolved to make the most of the great reputation, which

she derived from the marvellous deeds she had accomplished. For this reason they left her no repose, till, yielding to the commands of the king, and the entreaties of the nobles, she consented to remain. But, from that moment, the position of the poor girl was entirely changed. The power of the Divinity had withdrawn itself from her. She could, it is true, still fight with fidelity and courage, and shed her blood for her king in battle; she could still attest, even at the stake, the truth of her mission until now divine; but she was no longer sure of victory. Now, that the secrets of futurity are no longer laid open to her, she no longer opposes, as heretofore, to the erring counsels of men, the infallible will of God—she no longer expects or demands a blind obedience. It is a painful spectacle to see the Maid following unwillingly in the track of the army, and shedding her blood in a struggle to which she is no longer called, whilst she only aspires to get free of this warlike tumult, and to return to the peaceful solitude of her village; but this very difference of position is a proof of the reality of her first mission, and in this respect, the change which takes place within her is not less worthy of remark.

From Rheims the King advanced upon Paris with all his forces, and, as he proceeded on his way, the towns and fortresses opened their gates to him, or sent deputies to offer submission. Whilst Chateau-Thierry was negotiating the terms of its surrender (which was not a little hastened by the report, that here, as at Troyes, butterflies had been seen hovering about the Maid's banner) it was rumored suddenly that the English were at hand. Alarm and disorder spread through the army; but Joan, with her usual intrepidi-

ty, revived their courage by declaring it to be a false invention, as indeed it turned out. Then the city surrendered, the strong English garrison having first abandoned it.

The Maid showed, in the days of her prosperity, how much she was attached to her native place. It was at Chateau-Thierry that, asking nothing for herself, she begged the King to exempt the poor villagers of Greux and Domremy from all dues and taxes. They still preserve at Greux the royal ordinance granting her request; its tenor is as follows:—

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of France, to the bailiff of Chaumont, to the officers of the excise, taxes, and aids, and to all our agents and servants, greeting! We would have you to know that, in favor and at the request of our well-beloved Joan, the Maid, and, because of the great, eminent, distinguished, and useful services that she has rendered us, and still continues to render, in helping us to resume our right, we have granted, and do hereby grant, to the inhabitants and peasants of the villages of Greux and Domremy, in the bailwick of Chaumount in Bassigny, where the said Joan was born, a complete discharge and exemption from all imposts, taxes, and aids, now and for ever. To which end we command and require, that you leave the said inhabitants and peasants in the free and complete enjoyment of this exemption, neither imposing any charge, nor allowing any to be imposed upon them, whether at present or in future; and should any tax be laid upon them, you will have the right to hold them free and exempt from the same, for such is our will, and we desire that it may be so executed, without regard to any contrary regulation or restriction.

"Given at Chateau-Thierry, the thirty-first day of July, in the year of grace one thousand four hundred and twenty-nine, and of our reign the seventh."

It must be said, to the honor of the Kings of France, that this charter, which the gratitude of Charles VII. granted at Chateau-Thierry on the last day of July, 1429, was confirmed by all his successors up to 1600. In that year, Louis XIII. granted it anew on the 28th of June, and this antique and noble custom was kept up till the French Revolution, which destroyed, along with so much else, this sacred memorial of one of the most marvellous episodes of the national history.—Until that period of vandalism, you might have seen, in the public registers of the taxes, the pages relative to Greux and Domremy left blank; and, instead of the entry of any payments, these two words written as a memorandum—"*Nothing—the Maid.*" And, in truth, Joan had already paid them with her blood. But it is worthy of praise, and may serve as an example to others than Kings, that this mark of gratitude should have lasted through four centuries thereby rendering an essential service to the poor countrymen of Joan of Arc.

Meanwhile, the nearer Charles VII. drew to his faithless capital, the greater was the consternation. The inhabitants of the neighboring country, gathering in the harvest of fear before it ripened, hastened, with what they could save of their goods and chattels, to take refuge behind the ramparts of Paris. The duke of Bedford united his army with that of the cardinal of Winchester, and advanced to meet the king at the head of twelve thousand men. From Montereau he sent to Charles a letter of defiance, in which, with an

affectation of sovereign pride, he demanded either peace or instant battle, and indulged himself in scurrilous abuse of the Maid. Charles answered the herald-at-arms, jeeringly: "Thy master will have no trouble to find me, for I am going in search of him." The king waited for the duke and his army, a whole day in the field; but Bedford did not make his appearance, and thought it more prudent to fall back to succor Paris. Then a dispute arose in the royal council. Some were for advancing rapidly on Paris, following the victorious course which seemed open before them; the king was of an opposite opinion, and decided to commence a retreat. But, to the joy of every brave knight, the English suddenly cut down the only bridge over the Seine that remained open, and Charles VII. was thus obliged, in spite of himself, to march towards his capital.

On every side, town and country now submitted to the king. All along the road, he was received with cries of "*Noel! Noel!*" by a people transported with joy. Everywhere he and his heralds were met by multitudes with cross and banner, shouting: "Long live Charles, king of France!" Loud thanks were paid to God, for having restored to the country its lawful ruler, and they chanted the *Te Deum* in the churches. But all eyes were especially directed towards the Maid; it was indeed an admirable sight, to see her riding along so gently and humbly, and yet with so courageous a mien, like the guardian angel of the kingdom. When she beheld the great joy of the people, burning tears flowed from her eyes, and she said to the archbishop of Rheims, who was close beside her:—

"This is a good people! I have yet seen no people so joyful as they at the coming of their noble king. Please God, I may have the good fortune, when my life is finished, to be buried in this land!"

"Ah, Joan!" asked the archbishop, with emotion, "where then do you hope to die?"

"Where it shall please God," answered she; "for I am no more sure than you are of the time and place. And would it were God's will that I might now depart and put away my armor, and go and serve my father and mother, keeping their sheep along with my sisters and brothers, who would be right joyful to see me again!"

As she spoke these words, she raised her eyes to heaven. Never before had the noble company, which heard and saw her in that moment, felt so convinced that she came from God, and that she had nothing in common with the evil spirit, as it was maliciously rumored by the English.

Already had the country on three sides of Paris submitted to Charles VII., who now directed his course towards the fourth side, that is to say, towards Normandy and Picardy, when the duke of Bedford, with his army, prepared to dispute his passage near Senlis. The French army advanced to meet the English in order of battle. But Bedford, seeing that the terror inspired by the Maid had shaken the courage of his troops, intrenched himself, during the night, with ditches and palisadoes. The next morning, when the king led forth his army to give battle, he found the formidable archers of the enemy waiting for his attack in an impregnable position, and the united forces of the English, Burgundians, and revolted French, forming

behind their entrenchments, as it were a wall of iron bristling with lances. Then Charles, riding close by this ridge of spears, and drawing up his army at two bow-shots from it, sent his heralds to challenge the duke of Bedford to the combat. As the latter did not stir from the impregnable post he had taken up, the best and most valiant of the French knights began to pass and repass, offering defiance to the English knights, in a long and narrow space left open between the armies. The gentlemen of Bedford's camp waited not for a second challenge; they rushed furiously, and in great numbers from their post, and the struggle began. It lasted from morning till evening, sometimes man to man, sometimes troop against troop, as in a tournament, and with the utmost violence. No quarter was given on either side, and the day of Mount Piloy (for that was the name of the field of battle) was long remembered by the two nations. Though each party brought succor to his friends, and the knights were thus hurled together in all directions, the prudent Bedford would not allow himself to be drawn into a general engagement, and, at sun-set, the trumpets of both armies called home the combatants. That day, Joan again distinguished herself by her intrepidity; she ceased not to encourage her countrymen, when they wavered, and to repulse the assailants with her lance. The king also exposed himself to danger, and rode several times along the narrow arena.

Meanwhile, in all parts of the country, the French gentlemen flew to arms, and with the aid of their people, drove the English from many a town and castle. The fortress of Estrepagny was thus carried by La Hire, and he restored to freedom the famous knight De

Barbazan, who had been confined there for nine years. The rapid progress of these French bands now menaced, on two sides, the ancient patrimony of the English conquerors, Normandy itself. Therefore, on the morrow, Bedford quitted the camp of Mount Piloy, with the greater part of his army, to hasten to the assistance of this province. On his side, Charles marched upon Paris. Following the advice of the Maid, he sent deputies to the duke of Burgundy to propose a reconciliation, but could obtain nothing but promises.

The English chancellor in Paris, alarmed at the advance of the king, exacted from the citizens a new oath of fidelity to England, and, to keep them from all thoughts of agreement with their lawful sovereign, he proclaimed that Charles de Valois (as the English called him) had promised to abandon the city to his troops, with all its inhabitants, old and young, male and female.

At Saint Denis, the ancient sepulchre of the kings of France, Charles returned thanks to God and the patron saint of the kingdom, for the favors vouchsafed to him, and according to the immemorial usage of his house, he offered up rich presents on the tombs of his fathers. Joan here stood sponsor for two children, and the people crowded round her to kiss her ring and her garments. But here also a singular event occurred, which showed that her mission was at an end.

Gentle, and full of charity and compassion for all who approached her, Joan had yet an invincible aversion for those desolute women, who follow and corrupt an army. The virtuous Maid sometimes employed mildness, and sometimes severity, to withdraw them from their vicious course of life; and she had often forbidden them

to accompany the men-at-arms, unless they were actually married to any of the latter. Now it happened, at this time, that she saw one of these women amongst the soldiers. Transported with indignation, she struck her with the flat of her sword, and instantly that excellent blade, which had done such good service at Orleans, at Jargeau, and at Patay, flew into fragments; and there was not, says the chronicle, any workman skilful enough to repair it. The king was grieved at it, and told the Maid she might as well have taken a stick. But if he and the nobles had allowed her to leave them at Rheims, her sword would not have been broken. She herself was so much afflicted by this loss, and by the manner, in which the weapon given to her by her saints had been destroyed through her excessive anger, that she would never tell her judges what had become of the sword of St. Catherine de Fierbois.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ASSAULT ON PARIS.

The leaders now resolved to advance from St. Denis upon Paris. They wished to see, whether, when they marched towards the capital at the head of considerable forces, the people would not rise in favor of their legitimate sovereign, and shake off the yoke of England. With this view, they first sent friendly letters to the principal chiefs, in order to sow suspicion and discord in their ranks. But the men of Paris sent word to those who had written to them, that they need not trouble them with any more such messages. Now,

without the aid of the people, success was altogether impossible.

At Paris, all was prepared for an obstinate defence. The money deposited in the hands of justice was devoted in the king's name, to the maintenance of the soldiery, and the fortification of the town, not to mention the extraordinary taxes imposed both upon ecclesiastics and laymen. Yet, the people kept up a good understanding with the English and Burgundian captains, and made ready for a determined resistance, the king's enemies having spread the report, that Charles, in his anger, had resolved to plough up the very foundations of the captured city. The people believed this rumor, and consequently kept watch night and day with redoubled vigilance. Paris was, moreover, well supplied with provisions and artillery; the ramparts were loaded with stones, ready to be poured down on the heads of the assailants; the barriers and *boulevards* had been fortified anew, the ditches cleared, and the town barricaded both within and without the walls.

Even as erewhile the faithful inhabitants of Orleans, had made every sacrifice to defend their city against the enemies of France, till Joan of Arc came to deliver them in the midst of their distress, so now did revolted Paris prepare to receive her king at the point of the sword, and to repulse the Maid who advanced with the sacred banner in her hand. But if, on former occasions, Joan had often and in the most solemn manner predicted to the king that Orleans would be rescued, and that he himself would be crowned at Rheims, she could no longer give him any such assurances. When, at a later period, she was asked by her judges, whether this attack took place in obedience to her voices, she

answered: "No—but by the desire of the nobles, who wished to make an attempt upon the town." Yet, what others decided to be done, she still undertook to accomplish with undaunted courage.

On Thursday, the 8th of September, at eleven in the morning, whilst they were celebrating the solemn sacrifice of the mass in the churches of Paris—it was the festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin—the king's army, more than twelve thousand strong, appeared suddenly in order of battle on the heights of Montmartre. They had brought with them, in a great number of wagons, scaling-ladders, fascines, and huge fagots, bound together with a triple cord, to fill up the ditches. In the ranks appeared the Maid, the Duke of d'Alençon, the counts of Clermont, de Vendome, and de Laval, the marshals de Saint Severe and de Rays, the chevaliers La Hire and Xaintrailles, and many other heroes of Orleans. Foreign banners, such as the red cross of Burgundy, or of St. George of England, were displayed exultingly on the ramparts. Then the artillery of the French army began to play with vigor; and, under favor of a well-sustained cannonade, a terrible assault commenced on the western side of the town, between the gates of St. Denis and St. Honore. Charles VII., whose presence might perhaps have produced more effect than his scaling-ladders, his artillery, or his captains, was not there. He had remained, we know not why, with the rear guard at St. Denis.

But the town with its heavy cannon, and long culverins, answered thunder for thunder. A part of the population had rushed in arms to the ramparts, to aid the Burgundians and English; another part filled the

churches, and were excited to enthusiasm by their preachers. On either side, they fought with equal fury, inspired with rage against traitors, or dreading the projects of destruction ascribed to the king.

Suddenly, the Sire de Saint-Vallier in Dauphiny, advancing courageously at the head of his followers, set fire to the bulwark and barrier, which protected the gate of St. Glonore. In spite of their stout resistance, the Parisians were driven back into the town. In the course of this struggle, Joan had wrested a costly sword from the hands of an English knight.

The duke d'Alengon, and Charles de Bourbon, count de Clermont, lay in ambush behind the neighboring heights, in case the besieged should make a sally.—But as the latter remained behind their ramparts, the Maid endeavored to reach the foot of the wall. She advanced with her followers in good order, accompanied by the marshal de Rays, and a great number of knights and men-at-arms. All sprang from their horses, and, filling up the first ditch with beams and hurdles, they passed over it about two in the afternoon. But none had told Joan, though some there were who knew it well, that the second ditch was deep and full of water. Long did she walk to and fro upon the bank, doubtful what course to take, and sounding the depth of the water with her lance, if haply she might find a ford; whilst her followers were throwing down beams and fascines, beneath the fire of the enemy's artillery.

At this moment, a great tumult arose in the streets of Paris. The partizans of Charles cried out that all was lost, that the enemy had entered the town, and that it only remained for the citizens to seek safety in

flight. The towns people, seized with terror, rushed in haste from the churches, and took refuge in their own houses, where they shut themselves in.—But the trick failed of its intended effect. None rose in arms against the English; and, whilst some remained quietly at home, the rest fought valiantly on the ramparts in defence of the city.

The Maid was still hard by the ditch, with her courageous standard-bearer displaying her banner. Beneath a storm of bullets, stones, and arrows, she cried out to the besieged: "Surrender the town to the king of France!" Then it was, that an archer, whilst he assailed her with gross insults, shot an arrow, which struck her in the thigh. Another dart pierced the foot of the standard-bearer. The latter raised his visor, to withdraw the arrow from the wound, but, at the same moment, was struck in the forehead, and stretched dead upon the spot. Joan would rather have lost forty of her best men-at-arms; but, in spite of her wound, she refused to retire from the assault, and continued to superintend the filling up of the ditch.

The fight lasted in this way, doubtful and undecided, till four o'clock in the afternoon; but the huge cannon and long culverins of the Parisians had not ceased to thunder on the assailants, and the besieged felt their courage constantly on the increase. At length, the besiegers were forced to think of retreating. The bullets continued to shower on the retiring French army, though none dared quit the town, for fear of falling into an ambush. La Tremouille had the direction of this retreat. On their way, the French set fire to the farm of the mathurins, and cast into it some of their dead, whom they were carrying away on horses.

Exhausted by the loss of blood from her wound, and agitated by the issue of the combat, the Maid lay down behind the mound of the second ditch. She could not make up her mind so easily as the others to abandon the capital of the kingdom, and leave it in the hands of the English, or of Frenchmen traitors to their mother country. Therefore she remained on that spot till evening. Richard de Thiebronne and other nobles went in search of her; but Joan would not leave the place, and, though all the others were already in full retreat, she lingered about it till near midnight. Neither prayer nor exhortations could move her, and it was at last necessary that the Duke d'Alençon should have her, as it were, carried off by force.

Thus the army returned to St. Denis, with a considerable loss of men. The next day the King's herald counted, it is said, fifteen hundred killed and wounded. Besides, the baggage had fallen into the power of the enemy. Since the doubtful affair at Mount Piloy, and since Joan had announced to Charles VII., in the Cathedral of Rheims, that her mission was fulfilled, the attack on Paris was the first great battle in which the royal army was engaged, and we have seen with how unfortunate a result. Though the Maid never advised this attempt, and though, with dauntless courage, she had done all that depended on herself to insure its success, she was yet regarded as the cause of this disaster by the fickle multitude, who had fancied her invincible. Moreover, she had received a wound.

In the Church of St. Denis she knelt down before the shrine of the Patron Saint of France, to thank God and the Blessed Virgin, and the holy martyrs, for

the grace accorded her to escape death; then she suspended from one of the columns of the tomb a complete suit of armor, and the sword she had captured before Paris, "with the rings, furniture, and ornaments of the belt, all in solid gold."

When, at a later period, her judges asked her why she had done this, she answered: —

"I did it from devotion, as it is the custom of soldiers when they are wounded, and because I had been wounded before Paris; and I made the offering to St. Denis, because that is the war-cry of France."

Henceforth it was clear to all the world that Joan was no longer invested with the invincible power of God. She wished to follow the army no further, but to remain at St. Denis, and thence to return to her native valley, where she had spent her childhood in keeping sheep. She herself declared this to her judges in the following terms:—

"My voices told me that I ought to remain at St. Denis. I wished to do so, but the lords would not let me, because of my wound. They would not have let me, even if I had not been wounded. In five days I was cured of my hurt."

The nobles endeavored to console her; they praised her courage, and many said, that, if the affair had been well managed, or even if they had waited till the morrow, the town would have been taken. Conquered by their importunities, Joan consented to remain with them, and, as she afterwards confessed in her examination, her voices allowed her to do so.

As the winter approached, Charles VII. garrisoned, with a portion of his army, the towns and castles he had recaptured; then, with the greater part of his

troops composed chiefly of unpaid volunteers, who now wished to return home, he went back by way of Lagny, Provins, and Montargis, to Gien, whence he had set out three months before, to go and be crowned at Rheims.

We shall quote the whole of a letter, preserved in the archives of Kœnigsberg, and at the convent of Moelk, and which we have already mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of this work. It is a contemporary testimony to the Maid's achievements. Written three days after the great victory of Patay, by a knight, who was chamberlain to Charles VII., and addressed to the duke of Milan, it contains a brief account of the life of Joan, up to that memorable day. Now, when we compare this narrative with what we already know on the faith of eye-witnesses, with regard to the first years of the Maid, we shall see how popular tradition delighted, as is its wont, to poetize and embellish the biography of its favorite heroine, and to entwine with it a number of things unknown to history. For example, we are here told for the first time, that the very crowing of the cocks announced the birth of the wondrous maiden, that was to deliver France—a circumstance, which those may believe who like. But, if the story of the childhood of Joan of Arc comprises many other equally fabulous details, we have strong reason to confide in what the good knight tells us of her subsequent feats, and particularly of the battle of Patay, the letter having been written only a few days after that great event, and the narrator, who was at this period with Charles VII., agreeing entirely with the other authentic records.

The document itself, such as it appears in the library

at Kœnigsberg, is a translation of the fifteenth century.* The translator, not being well versed in the German tongue, has rendered the text, in several places, in a not very intelligible manner; besides which, some words have been destroyed in the margin, and most of the proper names are evidently curtailed. The manuscript in the convent of Moelk, on the contrary, is without doubt a transcript of the original Latin; it is complete, clear, and easy to decipher, with the exception of some slight alterations in the names.

We subjoin the exact translation :—

"*To the most illustrious and most powerful prince, John, Angelo Maria, Duke of Milan, my much-honored master.*

"Most illustrious, most powerful prince, my much-honored master :—As the care of mortals, and the desire of noble spirits, greedy for knowledge, turn willingly towards new and unheard-of things, because the old are worn out and distasteful to them, I have undertaken, in consideration of the zeal and love of your highness for all marvellous events, to inform you of the great prodigies which have recently befallen our king of France and his kingdom. Believing that the fame has already reached you of a certain Maid, who, as it is piously thought, has been sent us by divine mercy, I will relate you the whole matter in a few words, from her birth upwards, so that you may know something of her life, her actions, her state and habits.

"She was born in a little village called Domremy, in the bailiwick of Bassigny, on the frontiers of the kingdom of France, near the river Meuse in Lorraine. Her

* Professor Voight, curator of the archives at Kœnigsberg, published his piece in 1820, in the Leipzig Literary Gazette, Nos. 135 and 136.

father and mother are known as simple, honest people. She was born on that blessed night, wherein the people celebrate with great joy the nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ. But the joy of the inhabitants of the village was on that day more than usual; without knowing anything of the Maid's birth, they ran up and down asking each other: What has happened? Some of them felt strange happiness at the bottom of their soul. But why enlarge on this matter? The very cocks, like heralds of this new festival, chanted a novel song. For about two hours they crowed and flapped their wings, to announce the marvellous destiny of her that was just born.

"The child grew, and, when she had reached the age of seven years was employed as is the custom with country people, to take care of the flocks. Despite her tender age, it is known that she never lost the smallest sheep, and that the wolves never carried off the least little lamb of her fold. So long as she dwelt in her father's house, she protected it so well, that neither the craft of enemies, nor the wickedness of cruel men, prevailed to take anything away from it.

"Afterwards, when she was in her sixteenth year, she received in the following manner the first revelation from above. As she was employed in keeping her sheep with the young girls of the village, some of them began to play together in the meadow. They called to her, and asked her to run with them for a bunch of flowers, or some such trifle. She accepted their challenge, and, two or three different times, she ran with so much agility, that she hardly seemed to touch the grass, and one of her companions cried out to her: Joan, (for that is the Maid's name), I can see thee fly-

ing above the earth! When she had thus run, she stopped at one end of the meadow, as exhausted, and seeking to recover breath, when she saw beside her a young lad, who said to her: Joan, go home, for thy mother wants thee. She thought it had been her brother, or some youth of the neighborhood, and immediately returned to the house.

"On her way thither, she met her mother, who asked her why she had left her sheep, and began to upbraid her for it. The innocent young girl answered:

"'Did you not send for me?'

"'No,' replied the mother."

"Then Joan, supposing that the youth had deceived her, set out to return to her companions, when suddenly a bright cloud descended before her, and a voice from the cloud said to her: 'Joan! thou hast yet to walk in another way, and perform marvellous things, for thou art she whom the King of Heaven has chosen, to re-establish the kingdom of France, and to defend and support King Charles, now deprived of the best part of his states. Thou shalt don the garments of a man, and cover thyself with armor, and be a leader in war. All shall be done by thy counsel.' When the voice had thus spoken, the cloud disappeared, and the Maid, in the trouble caused by this marvellous language, could not at first believe her ears. She was so much disquieted, that she could say nothing, and knew not if she was to put faith in what had happened. But similar revelations, both by night and day, were now often sent to this same Maid. Nevertheless, she kept silence, only opening her heart to the curate of the parish; and remained in her ignorance and simplicity nearly five years.

"But when the earl of Salisbury had landed in France with fresh troops, the revelations and visions became more frequent. Her soul was agitated and full of uneasiness, till one day, being plunged in her customary thoughts in the midst of the fields, she was surprised by a larger and more distinct apparition, and she heard a voice saying to her: 'Why dost thou tarry, Joan? Why not advance, with swift steps and firm, towards the goal that the King of Heaven has pointed out to thee? While thou tarriest, France is torn to pieces, the towns are destroyed, just men perish, the nobles fall beneath the sword, and the best blood flows in torrents.'

"Inspired by this exhortation, she said to her curate: 'What shall I do, and how shall I begin? Must I set out? I know not the way; I know not the people, nor the king. They will not believe me; I shall be mocked by all, and with good reason. For is it not a folly to tell the most mighty of the kingdom, that a young girl seeks to command the army, that she may save France, and that her arm may give them the victory? What can be more ridiculous than a maid dressed in the garments of a man?' When she had said this, and many other things, the curate answered her; 'The King of Heaven has shown thee his will, and orders thee to do it; ask not *how* it can come to pass, for the will of God is done in earth as in heaven. Go to the neigboring town of Vaucouleurs; it is the only one in Champagne, that has remained faithful to the king. The captain of the place will lead thee whither thou wouldst go.' She followed the advice of the curate, and, when she had predicted to the captain many marvellous things, he had her conducted

to the king by a company of gentlemen. They came to where he was through a multitude of enemies, without meeting with any hindrance.

"When they were at the castle of Chinon, in the country of Touraine, where Charles the seventh of that name then resided, the king's council resolved, that Joan should not be presented to him till the third day. But the hearts of men were soon turned. They called to the Maid, and she descended from her horse. She was closely questioned as to her faith and morals, by the archbishops, the bishops, the abbots, and the doctors of both faculties. Then the king took her before his parliament, and she was examined still more strictly. All found her orthodox, well-disposed, steadfast in the faith, believing in the sacraments and the laws of the church. Finally, she was submitted to the careful examination of virgins, wives, and experienced matrons, who found in her nothing opposed to the most complete purity. Moreover, they watched and observed her for six weeks together, to see if she showed any lightness, or if she paused in her enterprise, but they saw nothing of the kind. She served God constantly, going to Mass, receiving the Holy Communion, pursuing her first plan without rest, and every day she entreated the king with sighs and tears, to let her march against the enemy, or else return to her father's house. When she had obtained leave with much trouble, she went to Orleans to convey thither munitions and food, took the bastilles of the besiegers, and, though these latter appeared invincible, vanquished them in three days. Many of them were killed, a still greater number made prisoners, and the rest took to flight, so that the town is now completely delivered.

"All this being accomplished, the Maid returned to the king, who went forth to meet her, and received her with congratulations. She remained some time with him, but soon begged him to proclaim another campaign, and to assemble an army to conquer the rest of his enemies. As soon as the army was gathered together, Joan besieged the fortress of Jargeau. The next morning, she gave battle, and gained a complete victory. Six hundred noble warriors had the worst of that affair, amongst whom the earl of Suffolk and his brother were made prisoners. Three days after, she attacked the strong places of Meung-sur-Loire and Beaugency, and carried them by assault. Without taking rest, on the following Saturday, which was the eighteenth day of the month of June, she advanced to meet the troops which were coming to the aid of the English army. The enemy being attacked, our people gained the day; fifteen hundred English were left on the field, and we took a thousand prisoners. Amongst the latter was the earl Talbot, and Falstof, and the son of the Sieur d'Hendeford, and many others. We, on the contrary, did not lose more than three men, which we all ascribe to a divine miracle.

"The Maid has accomplished these marvellous things, and, if God please, she will yet do greater deeds. She is of a comely beauty, assumes a martial air, speaks little, and shows wondrous wisdom in all she says; her voice, moreover, is sweet and womanly. She is very temperate, drinks but little wine, takes pleasure in horses and fine armor, loves the converse of nobles and men-at-arms, avoids large companies, has great store of tears, and yet a cheerful countenance, and bears the utmost extremity of fatigue; such indeed

is the strength of her mind and body, that she has been known to remain six days and nights in armor. She says, that the English have no rights in France. Therefore she presents herself as the messenger of God, to drive them out, and vanquish them, after first exhorting them to retire. She pays great homage to the king, saying that he is specially loved and protected by the Lord, and that therein will be his sure defence. As for the duke d'Orleans, your nephew, she declares that he will be delivered in a marvellous manner, after the English have been called on to restore him to liberty.*

"Illustrious prince: I tell you in conclusion, that more miracles have been worked, and are even now accomplishing, than I can either write or relate to you. Whilst I write this letter, the Maid is advancing through Champagne towards the city of Rheims, whither the king is going along with her in great haste, to receive, if so God will, the crown and the sacred unction.

"Most illustrious and mighty Prince, my much-honored lord and master! I recommend myself humbly to your grace, and I pray the Almighty to have you in his holy keeping, and to grant all your wishes. Written this twenty-first day of the month of June.

Your very humble servant,

PARNALIO,

Lord of Bonlavillar, Counsellor, Chamberlain, and Knight in the King's service, and seneschal to the Duke de Berry.†

* This passage proves, that the letter was addressed to Philip Maria, who reigned as duke of Milan from 1412 to 1447. His sister Valentine married Louis d'Orleans, the father of Charles, the captive of the English. Charles was therefore the nephew of the duke of Milan, and it was in this capacity that he laid claim to the duchy, after the death of that prince. Francis Sforza only obtained it in 1450, and this letter could not have been addressed to him as some have imagined.

† In the Kœnigsburg MSS. it stands: To the Duke of Orleans.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OF THE MAID'S FAME AND PIETY.

The fame of Joan of Arc, her holy life, and marvellous victories, continued to spread more and more through every country of Christendom, and even amongst her enemies, the name of the heroine of Orleans was now pronounced with respect. We still possess a treatise written at this period by one of the Duke of Burgundy's subjects, the Dutch theologian, Henry de Gorckheim, a man well known by his contemporaries. He there states with a great deal of circumspection, and in the scholastic form then in use, the reasons which weigh for and against the truth of the Maid's divine mission; and though the doctor concludes by leaving the question undecided, and says that his only wish was to enlighten the judgment of posterity, yet the high testimony he brings forward in favor of Joan, both on the authority of public rumor, and on that of the unanimous report of many persons worthy of belief, is so much the more honorable to the Maid, as it comes from a country subject to the dominion of her enemies. This writer says, amongst other things:—

"That Joan of Arc proves the divinity of her mission by supernatural signs, such as the revelation of secrets hidden in the depths of the heart, and the prediction of things to come. When she is on horseback, with her banner in her hand, she is marvellously active, and skillful as a leader of armies; thus her followers are filled with courage, and her enemies struck with terror, as though deprived of all strength.—When she is not in the stirrups, and as soon as she

puts on her woman's weeds, she is simple and inexperienced as an innocent lamb in the things of the world. It is said, also, that she leads a pure life, consecrated to God in chastity, and that she forbids all her people to commit any act of murder, robbery, or violence.—For this and other similar reasons, country, town, and castle, submit themselves to the King's son, and promise him allegiance. She exhorts the people to virtue, and to works of justice, by which God is glorified.—She seeks no advantage for herself, and strives with all her might to restore to her country the jewel of peace. For that she has no need of the Evil Spirit, who is the father of discord."

Such are the words of Henry de Gorckheim.

By the concurrent testimony of more than fifty eye-witnesses, the Maid fully deserved this praise. For, on the field of battle, in the King's Court, with the poor and the afflicted, in the day of success, and in the time of sorrow, she remained always the humble and pious shepherdess. The graces showered upon her only made her, according to the same testimony, more ardent in the service of God, more constant in her attendance on the sacraments. She asked nothing for herself, save that God would have pity on her poor soul. And although her life was so pious and holy, and no one could find in her the least fault, she never went to confession without weeping over her sins.

She never killed a single enemy in battle, for she shrank from the shedding of blood; it was enough to advance with her banner in front of the others.—Therefore she made little use of her sword, but for the most part defended herself with her lance, or with a little axe that she carried at her girdle.

While she was engaged in war, she went every morning, at dawn of day, to the nearest Church; and, for half an hour, she summoned by sound of bell all the Priests that followed the army, to come and celebrate divine service. She knelt down in the midst of them, whilst they chanted a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Her confessor was charged to point out to her all the convents of his Order near which they passed, and one day she had the pleasure of communicating, in one of these houses, along with a number of poor children.

Her judges afterwards asked her if she had not received any treasure from the King. She answered:—

"I never asked him for aught save good weapons, good horses, and money to pay the men of my company. I may have had ten or twelve thousand crowns from his treasury, and certainly that is no such great matter in war,—it is a trifle."

Whatever she had over of this money she gave with a liberal hand to the poor; and when they advised her to be sparing in her bounty, she replied:—

"I was sent to aid the unfortunate."

She was strict in forbidding all pillage, and preferred suffering from hunger to eating anything that she suspected had been taken by force. A Scotchman, who could not speak French, having one day invited her by signs to banquet on a calf that he had stolen, she was so angry that she was about to strike him with the flat of her sword. She was so chaste in all her conversation, and so impressed with the love of God, and with abhorrence of what is evil, that all who approached her were filled with sacred terror.

"I have only prayed God for three things," said she

to her judges: "first, that He would deliver the French; next, that He would watch over the towns subject to them; lastly, that He would save my soul."

There is still preserved in the Royal Library of Paris a Latin prayer, which, judging by the title, must have been used in the Churches during the wars of the Maid, to invoke for France the merciful assistance of heaven. It runs as follows:—

"*Antiphon.* Our enemies are gathered together, and glory in their strength. Humble their courage and scatter them, O, Lord! that they may know that none fighteth for us but only Thou, O, God!

"*Response.* Inspire them with fear, and make them pale, and let their ruin overwhelm them.

"Grant, O, Lord! &c.

"The Lord be with you. Let us pray.

"O, God, who art the Author of peace, and who, without the aid of bows and arrows, reducest to nothing the enemies of those who put their trust in Thee, grant us Thy assistance! We implore Thee, O, Lord, to look mercifully upon our wretchedness; and, *since Thou hast delivered Thy people by the hand of a woman*, give strength and victory to the arm of Charles our King, that he may now triumph over his enemies, who trust in their numbers, their lances, and their arrows, and that one day, with the people of whom he is the head, he may dwell in glory with Thee, who art the way, the truth, and the life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

From respect for her divine mission, Joan took every precaution to avoid the possibility of being suspected. After sunset, she held no converse with men.

She slept surrounded by women, or preferably by young girls. When this was impossible, and she had to pass the night in the open air, she lay down to sleep in complete armor. During her stay at Bourges she much wished to attend at matins; but, not choosing to go alone into the streets at so early an hour, she begged her hostess to accompany her. Jean d'Aulon, who was much with her in virtue of his office, often said that he thought there was not in the world a chaster woman. Often, in the middle of the night, when she supposed every one was asleep, she would rise quietly from her couch, and kneel down to pray for the prosperity of the King and kingdom. Well might the courage of the army kindle into flame when they saw this calm and holy virgin mounted on a huge war-steed, dashing forward at the head of the most valiant knights, and leading the attack with sustained and sublime enthusiasm!

Impressed with a foreboding of her approaching end, she often said to her confessor:—

"If I should soon die, beg in my name of the King, our master, that he may be pleased to erect chapels where they shall entreat the Lord for the salvation of the souls of those who have fallen in the defence of the kingdom."

On his side, Charles VII., considering it a duty of gratitude to adorn with all sorts of honors the hand which had bestowed upon him so many favors, surrounded the Maid with regal splendor, and gave her an establishment, such as befitted the highest rank. She wore, by the King's command, a military garment of costly stuff, edged with fur, a golden cap upon her head, and a mantle of cloth of gold above her cuirass,

besides a slashed tunic reaching to her knees, and hose of a crimson color.* On her fingers were two rings, one a present from her brother, the other in memory of her parents. The latter was engraved with the names of Jesus and Mary, and three crosses; she had once had it touched by St. Catherine, and she looked at it every time that she rushed into battle. But she knew not of what material it was composed, and she said herself that, if it were gold, it was certainly not fine gold. She had five war-steeds, and a greater number of horses for travelling. Young ladies of noble birth, an esquire, a steward, several pages, and a valet, were attached to her service.

But the King wished to honor her with a dignity which should not die with her, and which, as long as a descendant of her house remained, should bear witness to the whole world of what she had done for the kingdom. Such is the origin of the title of nobility granted to the *male and female line* of the family of Joan of Arc, as it is expressed in the act of institution. The original of this precious document has been preserved to our own day, and we give it here entire, as an instance of human grandeur, rendering homage to the divine majesty. Alas! history abounds far more with instances of pride and injustice!

"*Letters-Patent of Nobility, granted by Charles VII. to Joan of Arc and her Family.*

"Charles, by the grace of God, king of France, in perpetual remembrance of a great event, and to render homage to the glory and wisdom of the Most High, for

* "Habited in the fashion of a man, she wore her hair cut round, a slashed hood, tunic, and scarlet hose, fastened with many points."—EDMOND RICHER, MSS. HISTORY OF THE MAID.

the many and signal favors, which he has been pleased to bestow upon us, by the famous ministry of our dear and well-beloved Maid, Joan d'Arc of Domremy, in the bailiwick of Chaumont, and which, by help of the divine mercy, we hope to see still increase.

"We deem it expedient and seasonable, to exult in a signal manner, worthy of the greatness of our royal majesty, this same Maid and all her family, not only in acknowledgment of her services, but, also to proclaim the praises of the Divinity, that, being thus ennobled by the gift of the divine grace, she may transmit to posterity the monument of a recompense derived from our royal bounty, which shall augment and perpetuate, through all ages, the glory of God, and the fame of so many mercies.

"Therefore, be it known to all present and to come, that, in consideration of these premises, and for the laudable, useful, and pleasant services that have been rendered to us and to our kingdom by this same Maid, Joan, as well as for those that we may yet hope to receive hereafter, and for sundry other reasons inclining us the same way, we have ennobled by these presents, of our special favor, sure knowledge and full power, and do hereby ennoble and dignify the Maid aforementioned, and Jacques d'Arc (or d'Ay) of the said village of Domremy, his wife Isabella, Jacquemin and Jean d'Arc (or d'Ag), and Pierre Prerelo, father, mother, and brothers of the same, and all her family and lineage; and in favor and consideration of her, their male and female posterity, born or to be born hereafter in lawful wedlock.

"Desiring expressly, therefore, that the said Joan, and the said Jacques, Isabella, Jacquemin, Jean, and

Pierre, and all the posterity and lineage, born or to be born of her or them, should, in all their acts, and in all judicial and other proceedings, be received and reputed as nobles; and that they use, peaceably enjoy, and profit by the privileges, liberties, prerogatives, and other rights, which usually belong to the other nobles of our kingdom, born of noble race, and that they should participate, they and their posterity, in the condition of the nobles of our said kingdom, nobly born, though they be not, as it is said, of noble extraction, and perhaps not even free by condition; we will, that the aforesaid family and lineage of the Maid, as well as their posterity, male and female, should, whenever, and as often as they choose, be armed or decorated by any leader in war; granting them moreover, and to their posterity male and female, born or to be born in lawful wedlock, the right to acquire from any noble persons, or others, fiefs, manors, and other noble possessions; and to hold and retain in perpetuity whatever is or may be thus acquired, without being compelled to deliver up the said fiefs or possessions, now and forever, on plea of nobility, or to pay any fine to us or to our successors by reason of being thus ennobled, notwithstanding any claim that may be made to the contrary; of which fines, in consideration of and from regard for their progenitors, we hereby, of our own grace and favor, give them a full discharge, and hold them quit by these presents, both the above-named, and all the family and lineage of the aforesaid Joan, notwithstanding all ordinances, statutes, edicts, usages, revocations, customs, prohibitions, and mandates existing either now or hereafter to the contrary.

"To which end, and in consequence of the above

premises, we give notice to our loving and faithful officers of exchequer, treasurers and commissioners of finance, whether principals or deputies, and to our bailiff of the said bailiwick of Chaumont, and to all other our justices and their deputies present and to come, and to each one of them in as far as it may concern him, that they allow the full and peaceable use and enjoyment of the grace, nobility and privilege granted by these presents, now and forever, to the Maid, Joan, and to the aforesaid Jacques, Isabella, Jacquemin, Jean and Pierre, all of the Maid's family and lineage, and to their posterity, born or to be born, as already stated, in lawful wedlock; and that they at no time impede or molest them, or suffer them to be impeded or molested by any person whatever, contrary to the tenor of these presents.

"And that this may be a thing firm and stable forever, we have sealed these presents with our seal, in the absence of the customary great seal, reserving always, and in all things, the rights of third parties.

"Given at Mehun-sur-Zevres, this month of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-nine, and of our reign the eighth."

And on the fold is written: "By the King, in presence of the bishop of Seez, of the lords de la Tremouille and de Termes, and others." *Signed:* "Mallieres."

Also on the same fold is written: "Published in the King's chamber of accounts, the sixteenth of the month of January, in the year of our Lord 1429,† and registered in the said chamber, in the book of the charters of that time, folio 121." *Signed:* "Agrelle;

†That is 1430, the year then commencing at Easter.

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and sealed with the great seal in green wax, on a double band of red and green silken thread."‡

Moreover, the King granted to the Maid's brothers the honor of bearing, as their arms, two golden lilies in an azure field, with a naked sword in pale, the point sustaining a crown. She herself did not enjoy this distinction;—but it was granted as a perpetual memorial to her family, that from their house had gone forth the young maiden, whose sword had recovered from the ancient enemies of the kingdom, the crown encircled with *fleur-de-lis*. And, indeed, the descendants of the house of Arc long bore that blazonry, and under the name of Dulys or Dalys (*deux lys*), were long held in high esteem in France. It was only in 1633, that a decree of the parliament confined exclusively to males the benefits conferred by the letters patent of Charles VII., to avoid too great an extension of the privileges conceded by that royal act.

King Charles likewise caused a medal to be struck in honor of the Maid. On one side was her image, and on the other a hand holding a sword, with these words for the motto: "*Consiliis confirmata Deis*;"—"Strengthened by the counsels of God."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW THE MAID TOOK THE FORTRESS OF SAINT PIERRE LE MOUTIERS, AND HOW HER SAINTS FORETOLD HER APPROACHING CAPTIVITY.

Now the duke of Burgundy still postponed his reconciliation with the king: he parleyed and negotiated

‡The letters patent, granted at Mehun-sur-Zevres, were registered in the chamber of accounts at Bourges.

with both parties, seeking to turn their differences to his own advantage.

Charles had offered him the most honorable conditions. He was willing to declare the murder of Jean sans Peur an execrable act, perpetrated through the influence of evil counsel, which he abhorred from the bottom of his heart, and would have done all in his power to prevent, had he not been at the time too young and inexperienced. He was ready to banish or bring to justice the authors of this crime, and to erect at Montereau, on the spot where the murder had been committed, a convent of monks, who should be employed in praying for the repose of the soul of the murdered duke, and for all those who had fallen in these sad wars. The duke, on his side, was to abandon all rancor, and to forget and pardon the past, so that peace and amity might reign between the two princes. Besides, Charles consented to declare Philip an independent sovereign-lord for the rest of his life, provided always, that his successors were to return to the condition of vassals of the crown of France. Pope Martin V., in his quality of father and supreme pastor of the Christian world, had used all his efforts to appease this fatal quarrel, and already, some years previously, he had written to the Duke of Burgundy the following letter, which we quote entire, because it is conceived in the true spirit of one who held the place of the common parent of Christendom.

"Since the day of our elevation, we have applied ourselves with unremitting zeal, by means of divers legates and ambassadors of the Holy See, to re-establish peace between England and France, according to the duty of our supreme apostleship, and the anxious

desire of our heart. And if, until now, we have found none who would receive the words of peace, or listen to our prayers, or let their compassion be roused by our compassion, yet nothing has been able to weaken our desire to bring about this inestimable peace, neither the small portion of hope that remained to us, nor the numerous obstacles that we encountered. On the contrary, the more we heard, from day to day, of the increasing misfortunes of the faithful, and how the two countries were plunged in the depths of misery, and how Christian blood flowed in torrents in this disastrous war—the more we felt burn within us the desire to bring it to a termination. We cannot think, without tears, of the dreadful sufferings which have afflicted the two nations, and which will continue to afflict them, if, by God's mercy, no dyke is opposed to the inundation.

"Penetrated by this ardent wish, to see the prompt revival of a salutary peace, we have written again to thee, our beloved son, whom we have already many times entreated to the same effect, and whose power in this conjuncture we well know.

"We have learned lately, from the mouth of men worthy of belief, that thy adversaries are inclined, by inspiration of God, to a just and honorable peace, which cannot be rejected without a crime. But, as it is feared, thy allies will perhaps refuse to accept it. Therefore, we appeal to thy generosity, with all the strength of our paternal love, and, in the name of Jesus Christ, who said to his disciples when about to return to his Father, '*My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave unto you*'—we conjure thee to incline thy heart to that desirable peace, and to induce thy allies

to adopt the same sentiments and the same resolution, for the peace will be all the more precious, the more persons participate in it.

"But should they be obstinate enough to persist in a war, which must necessarily produce the most horrible devastation of many countries, the extreme despair of the people, an offence to God worthy of chastisement, and irreparable loss for Christendom, think what it were best for thee to do, in order to preserve the peace of thy conscience, and not to appear in the eyes of God and man as the sole cause of all these evils. For ourselves, we know of nothing to be preferred to so great and general a good, and we bid thee take heed to the salvation of thy soul, which runs the risk of eternal perdition, if, having the power to bestow peace, thou refusest to grant it to so vast a number of Christians.

"Some may object, perhaps, that thou art bound to fulfil thy promises, and to keep faith with thine allies. We say and believe the same, provided it be not criminal before God, whom thou shouldst rather fear to offend than to displease men. For though the love of country, the restoration of hereditary rights, and the ties of kindred, should have their full weight in this matter, the fear of God should weigh much more heavily, and his judgments are more to be dreaded than the vain discourses of men, whose censure derives its source less often from the truth itself, than from the passions and prejudices of the speakers. But the utility of this peace is so great and general for Christendom, that, in succeeding to procure it, thou wilt incur no blot upon thy name, but receive, on the contrary, the just praises of all the princes."

Duke Philip did not at the time give ear to this exhortation, and, even now, he could not resolve to conclude a lasting peace; so deep were the resentments occasioned by the murder of Montereau, and so terrible the consequences which flowed from it! Well might a Carthusian of Dizon say to Francis I., some hundred years later, as he showed him the coffin of the murdered duke, and the deep wound he had received in the skull: "There was the hole by which the English entered France."—But this murder was not the sole cause of these great calamities; for it was itself only a revenge for a previous assassination, and one link in a long, dark chain of crimes, perpetrated on either side.

But whilst he negotiated with the King a truce till Easter, Philip procured a safe-conduct to pass through all the country subject to the royal authority. He proceeded unmolested to Paris, and received from Bedford the command of the capital, and the regency of the kingdom. They both agreed, moreover, to unite their efforts, at the expiration of the truce, to reconquer the provinces which Charles VII. had wrested from them.

After this arrangement, Bedford left Paris to go and defend Normandy. Autumn and winter were passed in petty warfare between single knights, and small bodies of partisans. Many a bloody combat took place, many a town or castle was won and lost by force or cunning. But in these the French had generally the advantage, for the Maid had everywhere revived their courage. Triumphant in attack, and firm in defence, they maintained possession of all the country and towns, which had surrendered to them during the ad-

vance of the army on Rheims, and they conquered in addition several goodly fortresses. Thus they took Laval by surprise, being aided by a miller, who concealed the assailants in his mill. Ambrose de Lore defended Lagny and St. Celerin against repeated attacks, and Chateau-Gaillard bade defiance, for seven months, to all the forces of the Duke of Bedford. But they lost Saint Denis, which was situated too near Paris. The English made themselves masters of it, and laid a heavy fine on the citizens, for having opened their gates to Charles VII. without striking a blow. The town was in part pillaged, and the ancient royal tombs, on which the long line of the Kings of France had, each in succession, prayed and deposited their offerings, and where they now slept the sleep of death, were despoiled and violated. Even the golden coffin of St. Louis could not escape these sacrilegious hands. In the course of this same winter the unfortunate town was retaken during the night by the French, who pillaged it in their turn.

Four centuries later the revolutionists of 1793, in their blind hatred of all that was ancient and holy, not only violated once more the tombs of Saint Denis, but also laid their sacrilegious hands on those in the Cathedral of Spires, and scattered to the wind the ashes of the old Emperors of Germany.

The Chancellor Louis de Luxemberg caused the arms which the Maid had suspended at Saint Denis to be removed. Her sword alone appears to have been preserved; at least, in the following century, they still showed, amongst the treasures of the royal Abbey, a sword which was said to have been Joan of Arc's. As for the city of Amiens, and the provinces of Piccardy,

the Duke of Burgundy sent them an honorable embassy, and managed so well, by promising to obtain from Bedford a suppression of taxes in their favor, that he received from them considerable reinforcements.

In spite of the truce, the unfortunate country continued to be ravaged in a lamentable manner. What the foreigners left behind them was seized by the partisans of Charles VII. as an equivalent for their pay. The towns were almost depopulated. Often the King's soldiers advanced to the very walls of Paris.—None of the inhabitants dared venture beyond the gates, because they were sure either to be put to death, or to have to pay a ransom far above their means. The winter augmented the distress to a frightful degree. The city being almost defenceless, and unprovided with a garrison, a great number of the citizens withdrew from it. The Duke of Burgundy himself abandoned it in this extremity that he might go into Flanders, to celebrate his marriage with Isabella, daughter of the King of Portugal.

This Princess, who had embarked on board a richly-decorated vessel, was already in sight of the port of Sluys, where the people were awaiting her arrival, when a violent tempest suddenly arose, and the ship disappeared as if by magic amid the dark waste of waters.

For forty days, they knew not what had become of it. But, at the end of that time, the bride again made her appearance, and the nuptials, which lasted eight days, were celebrated at Bruges with unrivalled magnificence. The splendor of these festivities was heightened, by the arrival of Ambrose de Lore and four French knights, who came to Arras to take part in a

tournament. The duke chose five adversaries for them, and during five successive days, each pair of combatants exhibited, one after the other, their courage and skill, in presence of Philip as judge of the lists, and of all the Burgundian chivalry. Two of the French were severely wounded in these recounters; the rest returned home, loaded with honors and presents by the duke. At this epoch, was founded the celebrated order of the Golden Fleece, which dignity the crowns of Austria and Spain, in their quality of heirs of Burgundy, still continue to grant, on rare occasions, as a mark of the highest distinction.

To cover the check they had received in France, through the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, the English thought fit at first to crown the young king Henry VI. in London, and then to send him to France, to receive the crown with the *fleurs-de-lis*. To judge rightly of the extent, to which the courage and the pride of England was now depressed, we have only to read the proclamation, published on the 30th day of May, 1430, by the duke of Gloucester, lord-lieutenant for the young king. In this manifesto, he threatens with imprisonment, and the loss of horse and armor, all captains and soldiers, who shall refuse to follow the king to France, as in duty bound, and shall remain at home for fear of the Maid's sorceries.

About this time, a circumstance happened, which proves that Joan of Arc, in spite of her great piety and marvellous visions, did not believe blindly in supernatural transactions. She was, as she herself related, at Montfaucon in the duchy of Berry, when a woman named Catherine de la Rochelle came to see her. This woman's spiritual director was Brother Richard; she

led a life of apparent holiness, and she and the friar spread the report of all sorts of revelations which she received from above. Now this pretended prophetess told Joan, that a white lady, dressed in a golden robe, had appeared to her by night, and ordered her to ask of the king, heralds, and trumpeters, with whom she was to perambulate the towns of the kingdom, and to proclaim, "that those who had gold or silver, or any hidden treasure, were to bring it without delay, to pay the Maid's men-at-arms; and that these, who wished to conceal their riches, would not succeed in doing so, as she knew well how to discover them."

In the great dearth of money, which then prevailed, this offer was very inviting. Many would have accepted it at once, without inquiring into the truth of the story of the white lady clothed in gold.

The Maid, on the contrary, took care to ask of the pretended prophetess, if the white lady appeared to her every night; and the woman having answered in the affirmative, Joan slept with her in the same room, to assure herself of the fact. But we will let her relate what happened in her own words. This is what we find on the subject, in the report of her examination of the 3d March, 1430:

Interrogated, if she knew Catherine de la Rochelle, or if she had seen her. *Answers:* Yes, at Gergeau, and at Montfaucon, in Berry. *Interrogated*, if she showed her a woman dressed in white, who she said had appeared to her at sundry times. *Answers:* No. *Interrogated*, what she said to her. *Answers:* That this Catherine told her that there came to her a lady dressed in cloth of gold, who bade her go through all the good towns, and get from the king, heralds, and

trumpeters to proclaim that whoever had gold, or silver, or hidden treasures, should bring it forthwith; that those who did not do so, but kept it hidden, would be well known to her, and that she would know how to find the said treasures; and that it was to pay the men-at-arms of the said Joan. To which Catherine replied, that she must return to her husband to take care of the house, and feed her children. She (Joan) also asked this Catherine if the lady came to her every night, and she offered to sleep with her; and she went to bed with her, and watched till midnight, and saw nothing, and then fell asleep; and when the morning came, she asked if the white lady had been there; and Catherine answered yes. For which reason, Joan slept in the daytime, so that she might watch by night: and went to bed the following night with the said Catherine, and watched all night long, but saw nothing, though she often asked her: Will she not come?—And the said Catherine answered her: Yes, soon.—And to know all the truth, she (Joan) spoke of this St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who told her that the story of this Catherine was all folly and lies. And she (Joan) wrote to her king, that she would tell him what he was to do in it. And when she came to him, she told him that it was all folly and lies on the part of the said Catherine. Notwithstanding, Brother Richard wished that they should act upon it, which she (Joan) would by no means suffer; whereat, the said Brother Richard and the said Catherine were not content with her.

But this was not the only occasion on which Joan of Arc showed how superior she was to all superstition, vanity, and impurity. She rejected the exaggerated

homage with which the people surrounded her. When they told her that she was invulnerable, she answered that she was no more so than any one else. Several women of Bourges had come with rosaries and tapers, to touch her with them, as though she were a saint; but she turned towards her hostess, laughing, and said to her:—"Touch them yourself, for your touch will do them as much good as mine."

She staid three weeks at Bourges, in the house of one of the Queen's ladies of honor, whose husband was a counsellor of the Crown. During all that time she lived with this lady in the closest intimacy, sharing the same bed with her. Afterwards, the lady in question gave, like every one else, the strongest evidence in her favor; she attested her great compassion for the poor, her liberality towards the unfortunate, her mild benevolence, her chastity, her exemplary piety, her marvellous skill in the management of horses and arms, her simplicity, and her innocence in all things. The Maid was wont to speak with the greatest respect of the Queen, that excellent Marie d'Anjou, who bore with such admirable patience the levity and coldness of Charles VII. Joan herself went forward to meet her, at Selles in Berry, where she was waiting for the King.

During the winter, the Maid, in imitation of the other knights, took the field with her followers, and the King's council entrusted her with the siege of St. Pierre le Moutiers, in the valley of the Loire. We may regard this expedition as the last brilliant ray of her military career; it seems like the last moment in which the Divine aid, about to abandon her, gave her yet some remnant of strength. Therefore, do we the

rather regret that we have not, so to speak, any details of the events of this period, except those contained in the deposition of the Chevalier d'Aulon. He himself shared in the enterprise, and he relates it in the following terms:—

" . . . And says, that after said Pucelle, and her said followers, had laid siege to the aforesaid town for some time, it was ordered to give the assault, and so it was done, and those who were there present did their duty to take the place. But, because of the great number of men-at-arms that were in the said town, and its great strength, and the marvellous resistance of those that were within, the said French were constrained and forced to retreat. And, in that hour, he, who now speaks, was wounded with an arrow in the heel, so that he could not stand or go without crutches, and saw the said Pucelle left with very few attendants; and doubting, that mischief would ensue, he, who speaks this, mounted a horse, and made towards her, and asked what she did there alone, and why she withdrew not with the others? Who, taking her helmet from her head, answered him, that she was not alone, and that she had still with her fifty thousand of her people, and that she would not leave the spot, until she had taken the said town. And he, who speaks this, can testify, that, whatever she said, she had not at this time, more than four or five men with her; and this he knew certainly, and many others, who saw it in like manner. For which cause, he again told her, that she should withdraw from that place, and retire along with the others. Then the Pucelle bade him bring her fagots and hurdles, to make a bridge over the ditches of the said town, so that they might get the nearer to

it. And, saying these words, she cried out in a loud voice:—All hands to the fagots and hurdles! Let us make a bridge! The which was soon done and made ready. And this deponent was astonished at what he then saw; for the town was soon taken by assault, without much resistance; and he says, that all the deeds of the said Pucelle appeared to him rather divine and miraculous than otherwise, and that it was impossible for so young a maid to perform such actions, unless by the will and guidance of Our Lord."

On this occasion also, Joan strictly forbade her followers, who were eager for pillage, to remove anything from the Church, where the citizens had taken refuge with whatever they could carry away.

After this victory, she went unwillingly, but in compliance with the decision of the captains, to besiege La Charité. It was now in the depth of winter.—Catherine de la Rochelle advised Joan not to go, saying, "it was so cold, that, in her place, she would not venture." The Pucelle remained about a month before this town, vainly trying to carry it with her little army; but, after more than one valiant knight had lost his life in a sanguinary struggle, the French were forced to raise the siege in haste, and to abandon their artillery. They had allowed themselves to be deceived and terrified, by the commander of the enemy, who made them believe that succours were approaching to the relief of the place.

Afterwards, her judges asked Joan, "why she had not entered the town, God having commanded her to do so? Who told you, that God commanded me to do this? answered she; I had no revelation about it; this siege was undertaken like that of Paris, by the

desire of the captains, and without any notice from my voices one way or the other."

She now hastened to the fortress of Melun, which the English were besieging in great force, and succeeded in delivering it from their hands. It was on the ramparts of this town, according to the subsequent declarations of Joan herself, that she had an apparition, in which her saints announced her approaching captivity. They told her, "that, before St. John's Day, she would fall into the hands of the enemy; that this was altogether inevitable; that she ought not however to be alarmed at it, but, on the contrary, to accept with gratitude this cross from the hand of God, who would, at the same time give her the strength to bear it." Joan prayed her beloved saints, to ask of God that he would spare her the pain of a long imprisonment, and that he would let her die on the spot, and take her to his blessed Paradise. But the saints gave her no revelation on that score; they told her neither the place, nor the hour, in which she was to fall into the power of the enemy, and they only recommended her to be patient and resigned.

In allusion to this subject, Joan afterwards said, that, if she had known the place where she was to be taken, she should not willingly have gone thither; but that she should have finished by submitting whatever pain it might have cost her.

From that time (it was at Easter) the saints renewed almost every day the prediction of her coming misfortune; but Joan would not make any mention of it to the captains, and henceforth she followed their orders in all things. For she had now fallen under the hand of God, and she would not by her advice, lead others

to be partakers of the doom, towards which she was herself advancing with tranquil resignation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE MAID FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY, BEFORE COMPIEGNE.

Accompanied by her two brothers, and a small body of troops, the Maid arrived before Lagny. After the festival of Easter, the Duke of Burgundy, according to the promise he had made to the Duke of Bedford, again took the field, and laid siege to the French towns. Therefore did Catherine de la Rochelle give counsel to Joan, to go herself to Philip, and urge him to make peace. But Joan answered, that she now deemed she could only obtain peace from the Duke at the spear's point, and once more she prepared to encounter the enemy sword in hand. It was again the fair month of May, when the flowers revive, and all nature rejoices in a renewed life; but, this time, Joan no longer advanced with bounding heart, to seize the crown of victory, glittering before her; the white hawthorn, pale emblem of a bitter grief, was the only flower that the month of May, 1430, was to bring to her.

Whilst she waited at Lagny for the advancing enemy, a woman was brought to bed of a child, which showed no signs of life, and which they were about to bury without bestowing upon it the rite of baptism. The parents were much afflicted, to see their child deprived of the benefit of their Saviour's redeeming grace. To console them, the young girls of the place went in a body to the Church of Notre-Dame, to implore God's

mercy for the dead child. They ask Joan to take part in their prayers, which she did very willingly. Three days had elapsed, without the child giving any sign of life, and it was already quite black, as the Maid herself afterwards affirmed; but hardly had she prostrated herself before the altar of the Virgin, when it resumed the look of a living creature, and yawned thrice. It was baptized on the instant, and immediately reclosed its eyes forever. They afterwards asked the Maid, in her examination, if it was not reported in the town that she had wrought this miracle, and that the child had revived by her intercession. She answered with her usual simplicity: "I never made any enquiry about it."

And now the news came to Lagny, that a captain of the enemy, named Franquet of Arras, a fierce and cruel man, was passing near the town with a band of three or four hundred partisans, all laden with booty. The Maid immediately set out in pursuit of the plunderers, at the head of the chief men of the garrison, and four hundred soldiers. Franquet dismounted his archers, and placed them behind a hedge in a strong position. The combat was fierce and bloody. Twice, the intrepid Joan was repulsed with loss; but she always brought back her men to the charge, until, reinforced from the neighboring garrisons, and aided by some good artillery, she defeated this furious band, after an obstinate resistance. The captain himself was taken with the rest of the troop. The first wish of the Maid, as she afterwards declared before her judges, was to exchange him against a French nobleman, then a prisoner; but, having learned the death of the latter, she delivered up Franquet to the bailiff of Lagny, who de-

manded him on account of the horrible cruelties he had committed in the country, not like a knight in lawful war, but like a robber and an assassin. The bailiff having told Joan, that it would be a great injury to justice to let this man escape, she answered, that he should look to the matter, and take measures for the due administration of the law. Accordingly, Franquet was brought to trial, which lasted a fortnight; and, as he acknowledged himself a murderer, robber, and traitor, the council of knights condemned him to be hanged, and the sentence was executed upon him. Now this judicial proceeding, in which the Maid took no part, was afterwards laid to her charge by her unjust judges, as an act of violence and cruelty, and a capital crime.

From Lagny the Maid marched upon Compiegne. There she joined the chancellor of the kingdom, and the count de Clermont, with whom she took the road to Choisy, which the duke of Burgundy, Suffolk, and Arundel were besieging with great vigor. But she was obliged to return to Compiegne, before even seeing the enemy; and this was the reason. The captain, who commanded at Soissons in the king's name, was a traitor sold to the English, to whom he afterwards delivered up the place. Meanwhile, he closed its gates against the French army, so that the chancellor and the count de Clermont, being discouraged, because they were without money or provisions, gave up their enterprise, and retired into the interior of the country, towards the Loire. Joan, on the contrary, remained firm, and summoned to Compiegne, in the king's name, the knights and men-at-arms from all quarters. A great number answer to her call, and, amongst them, many of those who had fought by her side at Orleans, such as

the valiant Poton Xaintrailles. She was soon surrounded by an army of two thousand men, but she left the whole direction of affairs to the captains, to whose orders she now submitted in all things, without either approving or blaming them.

Thus they took the field, and on one morning, before sunrise, they surprised a portion of the Burgundian army, which had stopped at Noyon to protect the baggage. The French knights fought courageously, and forced their way into the suburbs of the town. They only returned to Compiegne, with plenty of booty, when the enemy, who had received reinforcements, began to oppose them with too superior numbers.

Meanwhile Choisy suffered much damage from the duke of Burgundy's artillery, and was obliged to surrender after a vigorous resistance, but on condition that the garrison should have full liberty to retire. Philip destroyed the fortifications, and then, advancing in order of battle upon Compiegne, he quartered his troops in the villages and castles round about. Every day, new reinforcements arrived from different parts of his domains. Besides, fifteen hundred Englishmen, commanded by Huntingdon, Arundel, and Suffolk, came to assist him in taking the town, in the name of Henry VI., King of England.

Whilst the garrison of Compiegne made valiant sallies every day, the indefatigable Joan was busied in assembling fresh troops from the neighboring country, whom she brought by night into the town, to the great joy of the besieged, and without the besiegers knowing anything about it.

The captains, wishing to turn to advantage the enthusiasm excited in every heart by the return of the

heroic Maid, ordered her, on the same day, to attack with some other leaders, and six hundred men, horse and foot, the intrenchments, which Baudon de Noicille had erected on the further bank of the Aisne, and by means of which he intersected the road near Marigny. It was on the eve of the Ascension of our Lord, at five o'clock in the afternoon, that Joan led her troops towards the outwork, which covered the entrance to the bridge, and passed into the meadow situated in front of it. Now it happened, by God's permission, that, just at this time, Jean de Luxembourg, captain of the Burgundian army, and several other gentlemen, were out reconnoitering in this direction, and perceived the movement of the French; they fell back immediately, and alarmed the neighboring post at the Barriere de Marigny. Had it not so chanced, there is little doubt that the post would have been carried by the assailants, for its defenders were by no means prepared for such an attack.

In an instant, all flew to arms: but the Maid showed no less resolution in the assault. Never, say the chroniclers, had she displayed so much ardor and heroism. She had already driven Luxembourg and his followers behind the Barriere de Marigny, when, as the alarm spread from post to post along the whole line, the English and Burgundians came flocking from all sides to his aid. The enemy's forces increased every minute. They rushed to the attack, and were twice repulsed; but becoming more and more numerous, they made a third attempt, in which Joan only succeeded in opposing them half-way. Then her people in turn began to give ground, and it was impossible to rally them. They retired towards the bridge of

Compiegne, whilst the Maid, now fighting in the rear, covered their retreat. The French knights, on this occasion, showed by their flight how inferior they were in courage to the dauntless young girl, who had now no hope of victory, but only a dungeon in prospect. The disorder increased in the French ranks, as they drew near the bridge. As the enemy pressed upon them, in masses that grew denser from one moment to the other, the fugitives, fearing to be cut off, rushed tumultuously towards the intrenchments. The rear-guard, unable to sustain the shock of the assailants, broke in all directions. Some were precipitated into the river, others surrendered to the foe; the Maid alone, mounted on a noble charger, a purple mantle floating above her armor, still raised high her banner, and flourished her bright sword that she had wrested from the hand of an enemy. All the efforts of the Burgundians were now directed to capture a woman, who had been the terror of England, and who had brought victory to France. Fighting incessantly, and surrounded by enemies, she had reached the ditch of the fortification, placed in front of the bridge. All the bells in Compiegne sounded the alarm, but none advanced to save her. The hour, which her saints had predicted at Melun, was come; she found the entrance to the intrenchments blocked up by the crowd of pursuers, mingled in confusion with the fugitives. Yet she continued to fight with the same intrepidity, and endeavored, by the help of her rapid courser, to gain the road to Picardy. But an archer seized her by the skirt of her coat of mail, and plucked her from her steed; and as she would not surrender, they were obliged to secure her by main force. Lionel,

surnamed the Bastard of Vendome, carried her as a prisoner to Marigny, and sold her to Jean de Luxembourg, who placed her under a strong guard.

It was thus, on the 23d of May, in the year 1430, before the bridge of Compiegne, that Joan of Arc fell into the hands of her cruel enemies. This misfortune happened fifteen months after the arrival at Chinon, a year after the deliverance of Orleans, and ten months from the time when she had crowned Charles VII. in the Cathedral at Rheims; and thus was accomplished the prediction which she then made, and which was attested by the Duke d'Alençon:—

"I shall only last a year, or a little more; therefore I must see to employ it well."

Some say that Joan was sold to the enemy by Guillaume de Flavy, Captain of Compiegne. Bouchet, who lived a little after the Maid's time, and knew many eye-witnesses of her deeds, relates in his history of Aquitaine, that "the morning of the day she was taken, she caused Mass to be said in the Church of St. Jacques, where she confessed and communicated.—When she left the Church many Chiefs and Captains came round her, to whom she said:—'Gentlemen and friends, I tell you that I am betrayed and sold, and that I shall soon die. Pray God for me!'"

Bouchet next relates how Flavy betrayed her. But this is very inaccurate, for the Maid herself, in her examination of the 10th of March, when they asked her if she had foreseen her captivity, answered:—

"Last Easter week, being on the ramparts at Melun, my voices told me (that is to say, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret) that I should be taken before St. John's day, and that so it must be, and that I should not

be amazed, but receive all things patiently, and that God would help me. And I required of my voices that, when I was taken, I might die forthwith, without long pain in prison; and they told me to take all patiently, for thus it must be; but they told me not the hour; and I have often asked to know the appointed hour, and they would not tell it to me."

All this story of the Maid's betrayal is a mere report, resting on no ground of probability, though Flavy was a man capable of every crime. He was, in fact, one of those monsters, such as we only see arise in the disastrous periods of civil war. A chronicle relates of him, that he had indeed always fought valiantly and faithfully for his King, but that, in other respects, his soul was stained with the blackest cruelty. He massacred men, dishonored women, and committed all kinds of atrocities. He was at length murdered by his own wife, whose father he had assassinated, and with whom he lived on the worst terms, often threatening her with his sword. She induced his barber to cut his throat, and then smothered him with the pillows of his bed. Thus did Guillaume de Flavy fall as much below humanity by his crimes, as Joan of Arc had raised herself above it by her virtues. May God have mercy on his soul!

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAID IN HER CAPTIVITY, AND OF THE UNJUST JUDGES APPOINTED TO TRY HER CAUSE.

The joy of the English was as sweet as the grief and rage of the French were bitter, at the news of the capture of Joan of Arc. The Duke of Burgundy came im-

mediately to the scene of the combat, with all his forces from the neighboring villages. The united army uttered prolonged shouts of joy, as if they had gained a great battle, instead of capturing a feeble girl. The Duke himself visited and conversed with his prisoner. According to Monstrelet, who was in the camp of the victors, the Burgundians and the English were better pleased than if they had taken five hundred men. The news spread rapidly through all the towns of France and England; the traitorous Parisians, transported with delight, kindled great bonfires in sign of rejoicing; they chanted a solemn *Te Deum* to thank God that the tutelary heroine of France had fallen into the hands of the enemies of their common country, and the preachers, in their sermons, treated the pious Joan as a wicked and profane sorceress.

No doubt the Parisians hoped they had reached the term of their privations. These had been so much augmented by the dearness of provisions during the winter that the poor people, in great numbers, had quitted their wives and children, and gone out into the country to plunder as fiercely as the enemy. The townsmen set forth in pursuit of them, and took ninety-eight. Twelve were hanged; eleven others were conducted to the market, and ten out of these were decapitated. The eleventh was a young man of extraordinary beauty, about twenty-four years of age. They had already stripped him of his garments, and were about to bandage his eyes, when a young girl stepped forward from the market-stands, and boldly demanded him for a husband. She spoke so well in his favor that they led him back to prison, and soon after these two were married. A vast conspiracy next

arose in the unfortunate town, and in this some of the principal citizens bore a part. Their object was to admit the Armagnacs, and to put to death all except those who should wear the sign agreed on by the conspirators. They were, however, betrayed, and a hundred and fifty of them arrested. A great many were beheaded, and the rest drowned, quartered, or otherwise tortured to death. All this happened on the eve of Palm Sunday.

A fortnight after, to console the people, and revive their fallen courage, which was much depressed by the growing fortune of the French, the captains had bonfires lighted, and spread the report that Henry of England had just landed at Boulogne with a numerous army, to fight the Armagnacs. But this hope also failed; and when, after the Maid's capture, a troop of English really came to Paris, they delivered indeed the venerable Abbey and town of St. Maur, "but," says an ancient author, "they so completely pillaged both town and Abbey, that they did not even leave the spoons in the plates; and those who had been before them had carried off good store of plunder; and those who came after them, left nothing at all. What a hard fate was this!"

And thus, in the disgrace of submission to a foreign rule, and in all the misery of civil war did Paris taste of the bitter fruit of her disloyalty.

Meanwhile, by order of Jean de Luxembourg, the Maid was removed from Marigny to the castle of Beaulieu. She could not at first reconcile herself to her captivity; and, though her saints exhorted her to patience, and told her that she was to see the King of England, she secretly effected an opening between two

of the beams of her new prison, and crept through it, resolved to leave her keepers shut up in the tower.—But just as she was making her escape she was discovered and brought back by the gaoler. Then she submitted to the will of heaven, saying, "that it had not pleased God that she should escape this time, and that she was to see the King of England, as her voices had commanded her."

Thereupon, Jean de Luxembourg sent Joan under strict custody to his castle of Beaurevoir, where she was received with kindness and compassion by the wife and aunt of the Count. They begged her to resume the garments of her sex, because her enemies accused her of wearing men's clothes, as of a capital crime; and their entreaties were so cordial, that Joan afterwards said: "that if she might have done it, she would rather have done it at the request of those two ladies, than of any other ladies in France, except the Queen." But she told them at the time, "that she would not change her garments without our Lord's leave." She remained four months in this castle, and it was the best period of her captivity; for already the hate of her mortal enemies, the English, was raging against her.

For herself, the Maid seemed less uneasy on her own account than on that of her countrymen. The daily increasing distress of the besieged citizens of Compiegne, caused her the most poignant grief; she prayed continually for them, and her saints prayed with her. The news having reached her, that every one in Compiegne, down to the children of seven years old, was to perish by fire or by the sword, death seemed a thousand times preferable to her, after such a misfortune;

and she cried out to her saints, in the bitterness of her soul:—"How should God let those brave people of Compiegne perish, who have been and are so loyal to their Lord?"

When she afterwards learned, that she had been sold to the English, she was seized with such anguish, that her captivity became quite insupportable to her. Vainly did St. Catherine exhort her, not to throw herself down from the tower, telling her that God would come to the aid of the men of Compiegne. Joan replied, "that, if God would aid the men of Compiegne, she wished to be there also." And St. Catherine said to her: "Nathless, you must bear willingly with all that may happen; and you may not be delivered, before you have seen the king of England." But Joan answered: "Truly, I would fain not see him; I would rather die than be given into the hands of the English." All that the saint could urge was of no avail; Joan could not conquer the apprehension she felt; she made the sign of the cross, recommended herself to God and to the Blessed Virgin, and threw herself down from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir.

The saints had pity upon her, and saved her from death, as Joan afterwards related before her judges. The warders found her in a ditch, seriously hurt, and senseless. She knew not where she was, and they were obliged to tell her, that she had leaped down from the tower. Suddenly, she heard beside her the voice of St. Catherine which gave her new courage, telling her that she should recover, and that the men of Compiegne should be succored. For two or three days, she neither would nor could take any nourishment, because of her great pain, and the despondency into which she

had fallen, until at length the mild and grave words of her saints brought her to herself. St. Catherine ordered her to confess the heavy sin she had committed, in throwing herself down from the tower, and to ask pardon for it of God; and she told her that the town of Compiegne would certainly be succored before Martinmas. Joan obeyed this command; she prayed to God with a sincere repentance, that he would pardon her fault, and the saint assured her, that she had obtained forgiveness.

At a subsequent period, Joan openly confessed to her enemies, how much she repented of this fault, "the most heinous," she said, "wherewith she had ever afflicted her saints; but she had not committed it from despair, or from weariness of life; but only to escape from durance, and bring succor to her countrymen. It was not the less a great sin (she added) as her saints had forbidden it."

The prophecy of St. Catherine, "that God would certainly succor the town of Compiegne before Martinmas," is for three reasons, one of the most remarkable predictions in the whole history of the Maid. 1st.—Because we have it from the mouth of her enemies themselves, in the course of judicial proceedings, which took place *before* its accomplishment. 2d.—Because it was really accomplished *after* the death of Joan. 3d.—Because the event fell out exactly as predicted just within the specified delay. For it was in the examination of the 14th March, 1431, that Joan communicated to her judges this promise of her saints. Now the Maid was put to death on the 30th May of the same year, and the Tuesday before All saints day (Martinmas falling on the 11th November) the French knights came flocking

from all parts, and achieved the deliverance of Compiegne, which had been blockaded for six months. Thus, a few days before the term prescribed, the Burgundians were forced to raise the siege, with disgrace and considerable loss.

The English experienced many other checks in the course of the same autumn. But, with their reverses, their rage increased against her, whom they regarded as the first cause of all these disasters. Long after the person of Joan of Arc was laden with heavy chains, they were still so afraid of her, that, on the 12th December 1430, the duke of Gloucester sent letters to several English leaders, in which he ordered them to arrest and report to the council all the men-at-arms, who, within a given time, had deserted their banners for fear of the Maid.

They dreaded that Joan might be restored to freedom, by ransom or other means. Therefore, they made every effort to remove her from the custody of Luxembourg, that they might be able to satiate, in the blood of an abhorred *sorceress*, the vengeance provoked by so many disappointments, and to repair the disgrace which had fallen upon their arms; for they expected no success in France, so long as the Maid, the terror of their best knights, should remain alive.

Already, on the third day after Joan had been taken prisoner, Brother Martin Billon, Vicar-General of the Grand-Inquisitor, laid claim (doubtless, at the instigation of the English) to the custody of the pious and heroic captive, that he might subject her to an examination, as violently suspected of heresy. The council of the King of England wrote several letters to that effect, to the Duke of Burgundy, and to Jean de Lux-

embourg. But the latter, influenced by the entreaties of his aunt and wife, positively refused his consent to it.

The English leaders, much displeased at this answer, deliberated on what was best to be done. It was then, that the Bishop of Beauvais, named Pierre Cauchon, appeared to them a fit instrument for the work in hand. Joan had been taken in his diocese, and he was consequently her ecclesiastical judge. Now this man was devoted to the English, body and soul. As far back as 1413, he had been driven from Paris, as an accomplice in the insurrection raised by the Burgundians, and, at the Council of Constance, he had defended the murder of the Duke of Orleans, in opposition to Gerson. In 1430, the Burgundian party had obtained his elevation to the See of Beauvais, and the Duke himself had assisted at his consecration. But, since the appearance of Joan of Arc on the scene, victory having returned to the French arms, the town of Beauvais, like many others, had resumed its obedience to its legitimate sovereign, and the citizens had banished Pierre Cauchon, as an avowed partisan of his country's enemies. For this very reason, he was held in high regard by his own party; and having been to England, to fetch young Henry VI., then eight years of age, he had accompanied him as far as Rouen. He was thus bound to the English by the tie of their common hatred of the Maid, whom he looked upon as the first cause of his disgrace. Perhaps, also, he may have shared in this respect the general opinion of his party, and regarded her as an instrument of the devil.

Yet he hesitated at first to accept the office of a judge, in a cause in which justice could have no free

voice. He felt indeed, that, if he once accepted this charge, he should have no alternative but to sacrifice Joan to the vengeance of her enemies, or himself to become a victim of their fury. Now such was their rage, that they had burned a poor woman at Paris, for having said, "that God had appeared to her, in a white tunic, with a red mantle, and had told her that the Maid was a good Christian, who had received a mission from on high." Moreover, this unfortunate creature had confessed that she had taken the Holy Communion twice in the same day. So Pierre Cauchon delayed giving an answer till he could have leisure to consult the University of Paris; for, however unjust he showed himself in the subsequent trial, it was nevertheless apparent, up to the time of the Maid's death, that he felt a certain remorse of conscience, which induced him, as much as possible, to throw upon others the responsibility of this monstrous procedure.

But he found, in the University of Paris, zealous instigators to the work of blood. That body was, like the city, entirely devoted to the English. Those doctors, who had remained faithful to their lawful sovereign, had long ago fled from Paris, and pronounced at Poictiers their opinion in favor of the divine mission of the Maid. The others, on the contrary, who had trembled at the approach of her victorious arms, when she came to besiege Paris, would not for a moment doubt that she had made a compact with the devil, and that all her acts were at his suggestion. Consequently, on the 14th July, they sent two letters to Pierre Cauchon, one for the Duke of Burgundy, the other for Jean de Luxembourg, praying those two noblemen, and even summoning them with threats, to deliver the

prisoner to the Bishop of Beauvais, so that he might commence proceedings against her. "For," says these learned doctors, "she has offended beyond measure the honor of God, injured the faith in a manner not to be expressed, and extraordinarily defiled the Church. By her idolatry, false doctrine, and other innumerable crimes, have invaded the soil of France; never, in the memory of man, would so great a hurt have been given to our holy religion, and such great damage to the kingdom, as if they were to let her escape without satisfying the ends of justice. But were they to deliver up this Pucelle, they would obtain the grace and love of God, and at the same time augment the glory of the faith, and the splendor of their noble and illustrious names."

Furnished with these letters, Pierre Cauchon went from Paris to the camp of the Burgundian army before Compiegne, and on the 16th July, in a solemn assembly, in presence of a multitude of knights and nobles, he presented their respective missives to the Duke of Burgundy and Jean de Luxembourg. He handed to them at the same time a summons, which he had himself prepared by order of the English. By this document he demanded, in the name of the king of England, and in his own name, "that they should deliver to him the Pucelle, so that he might undeceive those who had hitherto been deluded by her." He added, that "although Joan could not be considered as a prisoner of war, yet the liberality of Henry VI. offered them an indemnity of six thousand *livres*, and to the Bastard of Vendome a revenue of two or three hundred *livres;* that if, in spite of these motives and offers, they refused to deliver up the prisoner, England would

give security to the amount of ten thousand *livres* (about 60,000 francs of the modern French money), and by virtue of this, according to the custom of France, would have the right, as chief commander in the war, to lay claim to any prisoner, were he king, dauphin, or other; and then, if they still continued to refuse, he threatened them with the penalties denounced by law."

Jean de Luxembourg having at length yielded to this summons, the Maid had the melancholy honor of being purchased by her enemies, at the price fixed for a King of France. However, some time still elapsed before she was delivered up; and the only cause for this delay seems to have been that the Duke of Bedford wanted money. To procure it, he assembled, on the 4th of August, the States of Normandy and other provinces, that they might agree to an extraordinary impost; and, on the 20th of October, the sum was paid. Thus the deliverer of France was bought with French money, to be afterwards condemned to death by the lips of French judges. And so, in our day, when France had become the mistress of Germany, and steeped the hearts of our people in the venom of jealousy and discord, on more than one occasion we gave to our enemies our money and our blood, to enslave one another, and to aid in forging the common chain.

But matters proceeded too slowly for the furious zeal of the University of Paris, which issued two more epistles on the 21st November. In the one, it upbraided Pierre Cauchon for his tardiness in commencing the proceedings; in the other, it entreated the King of England to allow the cause to be tried at Paris, where so many wise and learned doctors were to be found;

but this last request was not even taken into consideration.

After Joan had been dragged, for six months, from one prison to the other, and had shown herself everywhere equally pure and pious, she was confined in the tower of the castle of Rouen. The King of England, and the lords of his council, were then assembled in that city. The University of Paris afterwards sent six of its members thither, to take part in the trial. On the 3d of January, the Bishop of Beauvais was empowered, in the name of Henry VI., to commence the examination of the charges brought against the Maid. These charges were: That she had, in an impious manner, and contrary to the Divine Law, dressed herself in men's clothes, and committed murders with weapons of war; that she had represented herself to the simple people as a messenger of God, initiated in the secrets of Providence; finally, that she was suspected of many other dangerous errors, and culpable acts against the Divine majesty. Should she not be convicted of these crimes, the King reserved to himself the right of taking her back to his custody.

It was no love for God or his holy Church that induced the English to act thus, though they falsely declared it to be so. Urged on by an infernal hatred, they wished to sacrifice an innocent person with all the forms of justice, that they might justify themselves before the world; they wished also, by this condemnation, to degrade for ever, in the eyes of their people and of all Christendom, the honor of the lawful King of France and his partisans, who would thus appear to have made use of the services of an odious witch and criminal; and they hoped thereby to obliterate the

disgrace which the English arms had incurred. The old, pernicious spirit of rivalry, which had led them to pursue the conquest of France through such oceans of blood and misery, was now changed into frightful rage; and their fury was chiefly directed against the heroine, who, in fair fight, had wrested the garland of victory from the hands of the English. To satisfy this fury, they spared neither pains nor treasure, though for more than two years the counsellors of the Parliament had not received any salaries, and the chief court of the kingdom had been obliged to suspend its labors for want of funds to purchase the necessary parchment.

That the most bitter hatred, and no feeling of equity, influenced the whole conduct of this affair, is clearly proved, not only by the general opinion of the people of that period, but by the judicial acts themselves, and by the evidence of many of the witnesses. Thus, for example, one of them says expressly:—

"It is not for love of the faith or of justice that this trial was undertaken, but for the hate and fear with which the Pucelle had inspired the English; for they thought that she was dangerous to them, and that she had caused them many a disaster."

"They desired her death," says Thomas Nerie, prior of Rouen, "because she had done marvellous things in war, and being in general very superstitious (so that they have become a proverb in that respect) they believed that she had performed these wonders by help of sorcery."

According to another witness, they so much feared the Maid at this time, that, until her death, they would not have ventured to undertake the siege of Louviers.

Night and day, her feet were fastened with heavy chains to an enormous block of wood. She had even first been placed in an iron cage, as attested by the smith, who was employed to furnish this odious machine. But she had still worse things to suffer from her keepers, who were English soldiers of the lowest class.

These wretches took pleasure in outraging and tormenting her in every way; they would not even leave her at peace during the night, but would wake her up, from time to time, telling her that she was to be removed, and that the hour of her death was come. They often attempted to offer her violence. Once, being driven to despair, she cried out so loud, that the earl of Warwick heard her, and changed her guards; on another occasion, she gave a box on the ear to a tailor, who had insulted her in a brutal manner. It was on this account, that she would not consent to lay aside her masculine attire, notwithstanding all the exhortations and threats of her judges; and yet this was afterwards alleged against her, as a proof of culpable obstinacy, and a great crime. Still, in the midst of all this bad treatment, she did not lose her patience, and, according to the report of a witness, her language was full of wisdom and moderation.

On the 9th of January, Pierre Cauchon convoked a meeting of nine doctors and licentiates. They agreed to institute a new inquiry into the life and misdeeds of the Maid, the information supplied by the bishop appearing to them insufficient. Moreover, they chose for advisers several persons well skilled in civil and canon law, and they appointed Joseph d'Estivet, a coarse, bad man, wholly devoted to the English, to

be the *promoter* or accuser. The charge of inquisitor, in the absence of the bishop, was confided to Jean de Lafontaine, a just and learned person; Guillaume Manchon and Guillaume Colles were named clerks of the court, and Massieu was appointed apparitor; this last had a sound understanding, and a heart inclined to compassion. Finally, the assembled doctors represented to the bishop of Beauvais, that, as the Maid was to be tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal, it was meet that she should be transferred to ecclesiastical custody. Pierre Cauchon answered, that he could not consent to this, for fear of displeasing the English. At this declaration on the part of a judge, who was bound to be guided only by the rules of justice, without caring for the pleasure or displeasure of men, a great murmur arose amongst the doctors. Joan repeatedly urged her right on this point; but the bishop took no heed either of her remonstrances, or those of the doctors, and left the unfortunate girl exposed to the most cruel treatment in an illegal prison. She found no consolation save from the saints, who assisted and comforted her more and more, as men seemed to abandon her to her fate.

After these matters had been arranged, Nicholas Bailly was employed to collect, in the Maid's native country, information as to her conduct. He afterwards related, how, accompanied by a citizen of Rouen named Jean Moreau, he interrogated the inhabitants of Domremy, and of five or six neighboring villages, and substantiated their reports by the sworn testimony of twelve or fifteen witnesses. All deposed that Joan was a very modest girl, and a good Catholic; that she spoke nothing but what was seemly, went willingly to

church and other holy places, often made the pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Vermont, and confessed regularly every month. When Nicholas Bailly returned with this information to the bishop, expecting to be rewarded for his diligence, and to have his expenses paid, Pierre Cauchon called him a traitor and a worthless fellow, and reproached him for not having fulfilled the duties of his mission. As for the information thus received, the bishop appears to have kept it secret, for the clerks declared that they never saw anything of it.

In the execution of their odious designs, the Earl of Warwick and the Bishop of Beauvais did not blush to make use of a vile ecclesiastic, named Nicholas l'Oyseleur. This viper crept into the dungeon of Joan of Arc, and told her that he also was of Lorain, a faithful subject of the king, and like her a prisoner of war; and then he related to her all sorts of pleasant news. When he had succeeded in gaining her confidence the earl and the bishop led the two notaries, Guillaume Manchon and Guillaume Colles into a chamber adjoining her prison, in the wall of which an opening had been made, so as to enable them to hear all without being seen. Nicholas l'Oyseleur, dressed as a layman, came to visit Joan; and the guards were withdrawn to enable her to communicate freely with her pretended friend and fellow-prisoner. Then the traitor asked her a number of insidious questions with regard to her revelations. Warwick and Pierre Cauchon wished the notaries to take a minute of her answers; but Guillame Manchon refused so to degrade his office, saying it was not lawful to commence a trial in this manner. This did not prevent the unfortunate girl from placing such confidence in l'Oyseleur, that, accord-

ing to Manchon's testimony, she took him for her confessor, and generally communicated with him when about to appear before her judges.

It was of great importance to Pierre Cauchon to get as many persons as possible to act as judges. Those who had refused to form part of the tribunal were constrained to do so by force, and none were allowed to leave Rouen during the course of the trial. Thus the odium attaching to these proceedings did not fall solely on the bishop. He was particularly desirous to secure the support of the inquisition, and the aid of the vice-inquisitor, Le Maistre, a weak and timid man, who did all he could to escape the devices of Pierre Cauchon, but preferred to wash his hands like Pilate, rather than risk his own life in defence of the innocent blood. He refused many times to take part in this affair, and alleged every imaginable excuse; but Pierre Cauchon triumphed over his weakness, telling him that, if he continued to refuse, his own head would be at stake. Besides, the Bishop of Beauvais wrote to the grand inquisitor, requesting him to grant full powers to his vicar. Poor Le Maistre, thus forcibly attached to the tribunal, first as a jurisconsult, and then as second judge, was tortured with intense remorse through the whole duration of the trial. He said to one of the witnesses, "I see well that one must decide as the English please, or else prepare for death."

The same was the case with most of those who, in this iniquitous affair, stained their hands with guiltless blood. Some sought the favor of the English, others feared their fury, and had not the courage to resist injustice, as many witnesses afterwards unanimously testified. Yet *all* did not silence the voice of

truth before the threats of a Cauchon and a Warwick. One man in particular, Nicholas de Houppeville, distinguished himself by his generous devotion to the law of duty. Like a true servant of the God of eternal justice, he declared, in one of the first meetings, "that neither the bishop, nor the other persons charged with the conduct of this affair, could in conscience pronounce upon it, because, being of the party opposed to the Maid, they were precluded from sitting as judges in their own cause; more especially as Joan had already been examined by the ecclesiastical court of Poitiers, and by the Archbishop of Rheims, the metropolitan of the Bishop of Beauvais."

Pierre Cauchon, transported with rage, ordered the author of this noble and courageous protest to be brought before him. But Nicholas de Houppeville gave him to understand, "that he was not of his diocese, and, not being subject to him, must decline his jurisdiction."

He was, however, seized, and confined in the castle of Rouen. They threatened to banish him to England, and even to drown him; fortunately, his friends succeeded in effecting his escape. The Archbishop of Demetrias was fully justified in afterwards affirming upon oath, at the time of the revision of the proceedings, "that none of those who took part in this abominable affair acted with perfect freedom."

The Bishop of Beauvais had also sent to Paris for several doctors, to assist in a transaction so zealously promoted by their University, of which he was the apostolic protector. They received, whilst their functions lasted, twenty *sols tournois* per day, or about six francs of the modern money.

Everything being thus prepared, Joan was cited to appear on the 21st of February, before her judges, for the first time.

CHAPTER XXX.

OF THE EXAMINATION OF THE MAID BEFORE THE JUDGES AT ROUEN.

If Joan had formerly gone to Poitiers with a mind full of anxiety to encounter the interminable questions of doctors, masters of arts, licentiates, and bachelors, who were, at all events, well disposed towards her and the King—how much more had she now to fear from the science of men, the greater part of whom might be considered her mortal enemies!

From the 21st February to the 17th March, she was examined seventeen times. Now, according to the testimony of a number of witnesses, who assisted in the character of assessors at these hearings, the tribunal was not instituted for the discovery and establishment of truth, but rather for the oppression and ruin of an innocent person, under the forms of justice. The English, and Pierre Cauchon, with his accomplices, wishing to gratify their malice and revenge at any cost, did not shrink from any means, however base and unjust. When their craft did not succeed in snaring the victim, they sought to terrify and torment her by their violence, so that the poor creature, in a moment of despair, might bear witness against herself, and submit to their iniquitous judgment. But the Maid, strong in her good cause, broke through the meshes of their abominable perfidy, and supported all her sufferings with an heroic patience.

In the first examinations, there were present from fifty to sixty assessors; afterwards, from the seventh hearing, the cause was conducted in presence of a small number of persons, in the prison of the accused, and almost in secret. After tormenting her with questions for three or four hours in the morning, starting and running her down like a hunted fawn, they made use of her own replies, to begin a new and insidious cross-examination in the afternoon. The assessors themselves were harrassed with fatigue. For the most part, no order was observed; they hurried from one subject to the other, and did not leave Joan a moment for reflection, as to what answer she should make on the most difficult points; they questioned her all at one time, and in loud voices from different sides. Then she said, in a tone of entreaty:—"Fair sirs, take one thing after the other!" and she begged they would allow her to answer only one or two at a time, complaining of the injustice they did her, and the overwhelming fatigue they occasioned her, by asking so many questions, that had no reference to the matter in hand. But these heartless men took no account of her prayers and complaints, and continued to question her with still more persevering animosity. The queries were often very difficult ones, quite above the rank, the age, and the sex of Joan. Murmurs arose in the bosom of the tribunal itself against so iniquitous a mode of proceeding, for many times with the most learned doctors would have been puzzled by the nature of the examination. The confusion was greatest during the first days; they interrupted the accused at almost every word, when she began to speak of her visions. Besides, there were present several of the King

of England's secretaries, who took down or omitted whatever portion of the answers they pleased; so that Guillaume Manchon declared he would cease to take any part in the trial, unless it were conducted upon some other plan.*

They did not even allow the poor prisoner to seek consolation and strength at Church, or to relieve her oppressed heart at the foot of the Altar. From the beginning, they had forbidden her to be present at the holy sacrifice, because of her pretended crimes, and the masculine garments that she wore. The apparitor, Jean Massieu, informs how harshly they enforced this prohibition:—

"And also, as the said deponent many times took the said Joan from the prison to the place of jurisdiction, and passed in front of the Chapel of the Castle, this deponent permitted, at the request of the said Joan, that in passing she should say her prayers; wherefore he was many times reprimanded by the said promoter (Joseph d'Estivet), who said to him: 'Truant, who makes thee so hardy, as to let approach without license this bad girl, excommunicated by the Church? I will have thee put into such a tower that thou shalt see neither sun nor moon for the next month, if thou so offend again.' And when the said

* Brother Isambard de la Pierre, one of the assessors, but only with power to advise, deposes on this head in the process of revision: "That they asked and proposed to poor Joan questions of too difficult, subtle, and wily a sort, such as the great clerks and lettered people that were there present could hardly have answered; so that many of the assistants murmured thereat." In the same process of revision, Brother Martin l'Advenu says and affirms: "That, in his conscience, they asked and proposed to her too difficult questions, that they might catch at her words, and deceive her judgment; for she was a poor, simple woman, that only just knew her Pater Noster and Ave Maria."

promoter saw that the said deponent did not obey him in this thing, the said *Benedicite* (a surname of Joseph d'Estivet) many times placed himself before the entrance of the Chapel, between the said deponent and Joan, to prevent her saying her prayers before the said Chapel, and asked expressly the said Joan, *if the body of Jesus Christ was there;* being incited to this also as he took her back to prison from before the judges. The fourth or fifth day a priest, called Messire Eustache Turquetil, questioned the said deponent, asking him: 'What thinkest thou of her answers? Will she be burnt? How will it be?' To which the said deponent replied: 'Till now I have seen only goodness and honor in her, but I know not what will be the end. God knows it!' Which answer was reported by the said priest to the King's people, and it was noised abroad that the said deponent was not true to the King; and, on this occasion, he was called before the said M. de Beauvais, judge, who said to him: 'That he should have a care not to mistake, or he might be forced to drink twice as much as he needed,'—and he thinks, had it not been for the notary Manchon, who excused him, he should hardly have escaped."†

At Rouen, as at Poitiers, the virginity of Joan was tested by an examination, which this time was directed by the duchess of Bedford; and, though the result was entirely in favor of the accused, they took care not to mention a word of it in the records of the proceedings, as, according to the notions of the time, the whole charge of witchcraft would thereby have fallen to the ground. For they believed that the devil had no power over a pure maiden, and was unable to form any compact with her.

† Deposition of Jean Massieu.—MSS. of Soubise.

Not content with harassing and perplexing Joan by difficult and wily questions, Pierre Cauchon and his accomplices did all that in them lay, to induce the clerks to falsify the answers of the accused. The latter constantly refused to write down other words than those she had spoken; but the unworthy bishop succeeded, at least, on one occasion, in getting them to omit one of her replies, as the notary, Guillaume Manchon, himself afterwards avowed. Joan complained of this, exclaiming:—"Alas! you write what is against me, and you will not write what makes for me!"

Meanwhile, Charles VII., whose honor was really at issue in this cause—for it was not for herself, but solely for this prince, that the Maid had quitted the paternal roof, and it was he, who had entrusted the shepherdess the sword of his kingdom—Charles VII., did nothing for her, who had done so much for him. Yet, gratitude and the care of his own reputation, should have imposed on him the duty, publicly and formally to demand of the king of England, that he and his servants might be heard with reference to an affair, of which they were the best informed, and that he might be allowed to watch over the impartiality and legality of the judicial proceedings. It was surely his duty, to lay before the new tribunal the minutes of the examination, which Joan had already gone at Poitiers, as also the opinion of the first dignitaries of the Church in France, an opinion, on which he had himself based his belief in the mission of an unknown peasant, so as to confide to her at the same time his own honor, and the destinies of his kingdom. He might even have protested against all the proceedings, as in themselves null and void, because his enemies and the enemies of the Maid,

were at once accusers and judges in their own cause. He might have so protested in the face of entire Christendom, even as the English on their side, after the termination of the trial, addressed a manifesto to the emperor and the other princes, in which they insulted both the king of France and Joan of Arc. But the indolent Charles VII., did nothing of the kind; only two letters of the University make mention of a project by which the captive was to be delivered from the hands of her enemies. "We much fear," it is there said, "that Joan will escape by the seduction and deceit of the devil, and by the craft and wickedness of evil-disposed persons; for, we hear, they are trying everything, to deliver her in one way or the other."

However, had the English been really desirous of justice in this cause, they would themselves, for the sake of their own honor, have summoned both Charles VII., and his adversaries, so as to convince all the world of their equity.

Thus deserted by ungrateful friends, and delivered over to her mortal enemies, surrounded by snares on every side, tormented by threats and evil usage in a gloomy prison, excluded from the consolations of the Church, without advice and without assistance, having ever the fatal stake before her eyes, and the flames of the pile shedding their lurid light over every question, Joan had to maintain this last and terrible combat. Yet the simple girl, who had only learned from her parents the *Pater Noster*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo*, encountered her enemies with a firm and tranquil look; and, more than once, she made them vail their eyes, and filled them with confusion, by suddenly rending the web of their perfidy, and appearing before them in all

the brightness of her innocence. If the bravest knights had erewhile admired her courage and heroism in the midst of battles, she exhibited these qualities in a still higher degree, and now that, loaded with irons, and menaced with a horrible death, she bore witness in presence of her enemies to the truth of her divine mission, and prophesied to this tribunal, about to condemn her in the name of the king of England, the complete ruin of the English power in France, and the triumph of the national cause. In those sublime moments, she remained attached, with unshaken fidelity and love to her king, who had ungratefully abandoned her; and she bore without impatience, as without hate, the injustice and cruelty of her persecutors. Her sacred voices told her, that she was to speak boldly to her judges; she followed this counsel, and fear remained a stranger to her heart. "In truth, it is a good, honest woman; if she were but English!" said one of the lords, filled with admiration at hearing her speak. And yet, with all this heroic courage, she was still the humble, simple, and pious shepherdess, who, in the first moment of grief, wept bitterly at the thought of her cruel destiny, and could not bring herself to believe it. Nor did she any the less continue to maintain the truth of the divine apparitions of her saints; and she told, how every day they came to console, to strengthen, and to advise her in her prison, and how, without their assistance, she must long ago have sunk beneath the weight of her misfortunes.

But the correctness of her judgment was nowhere displayed to more advantage, than in her replies to the most difficult questions. Her answers were at once precise, clear, brief, unaffected, and to the pur-

pose. She showed no signs of morbid excitement, idle fancy, or hesitating doubt; on the contrary, all her statements were impressed with a character of steady courage, piety, and confidence in the justice of her cause. Jean Fabry, Bishop of Demetrias, of whom we have already spoken, and who was present at the examinations in the quality of an assessor, afterwards certified, that during those three weeks, the answers of the Maid were so excellent, that he considered them to be divinely inspired. Her courage and calm good sense were so little disturbed by the dangers which surrounded her on every side, that her presence of mind, and the accuracy of her memory, were often causes of astonishment. She remembered exactly her previous answers, and would repeat them word for word. On one occasion she replied to a question,— "that she had already answered it, on such a day, and in such a manner." The notary, Guillaume Calles, declared that it was not so, but many of the assessors agreed with Joan in her statement. They turned to the minutes of the day specified, and were much surprised to find that she had answered precisely as she said. Pleased with this result, Joan told the notary, that, if he made another such mistake, she would pull his ears. Twenty years after, those who were present at the trial, bore this testimony in her favor: "She was very simple, and yet answered with prudence. Though she knew nothing of law, her replies were skilful, and, in spite of her youth, she displayed great caution in her answers. She spoke with so much wisdom (says Jean Riquier) that if one of the doctors that questioned her, had been put to answer in her place, he could not have done it better. She did wonders

with her answers," says Pierre d'Aron and Jean Marcel.

We shall now let her speak for herself to her judges, merely uniting together some of the answers that she made to their often unconnected questions.

"I came in God's name," said she, "and I have no business here. Leave me to the judgment of God, who sent me. By his command, and that of his angels, I went to the king, and took a manly garb, and I would rather have been torn asunder by four horses, than have gone without being ordered. If he chose me, and not another, it was that it pleased him to drive out the king's enemies by means of a simple girl. Without the grace of God, I know not what would become of me.

"The saints told me to bear my banner courageously, and that God would be my aid. I perform with all my strength, and as far as I understand them, the orders which they give me, and they command nothing which is not agreeable to God. I would rather die than gainsay what God has made me do.

"I have already said, and I now repeat to the right reverend Bishop of Beauvais: You claim to be my judge; if you are so or not, I cannot tell; but beware of passing an unjust judgment upon me, and thereby placing yourself in great danger. I warn you, that, if you should be punished by God, I have done my duty in telling you.

"If you were well advised, you would wish me out of your hands. I have done nothing save by revelation. My voices told me to answer you boldly, and to wear a joyous countenance.

"I tell you, lord Bishop of Beauvais, to think well of what you do, when you claim to be my judge, for

you take a great charge upon you, and you trouble me too much.

"I assure you, that I would do or say nothing contrary to Christian faith, and if I had done or said anything, which wise men could show me was opposed to the religion established by God, I would not maintain, but reject it. I desire to be brought before the Pope, and I would answer him as I ought to answer.

"If you doubt what I say, as to the voices of my saints, send to Poitiers, where I was first examined. My king believed me upon certain signs, and on the judgment of ecclesiastical authority."

At the seventh sitting, Joan expressed herself in the following terms, as to the future fate of the English, and the issue of the war with France: "Before seven years, the English will lose a greater pledge than Orleans; they will lose all they possess in our country. They will have the greatest loss that ever they have had in France, and that through a great victory, which God will grant to the French. I know it by revelation, as surely as that you are before me. Of the day and hour when it will happen, I know nothing."

At the tenth sitting, she repeated the same prophecy, saying: "You will see that the French will gain a great victory, which will be vouchsafed them by God. This victory will be so mighty, that it will shake all the kingdom. I tell you this, that you may remember my words, when they shall be accomplished."

As they asked her when these things would happen, she answered briefly: "I refer it to God."

What she said of the Duke of Orleans was not less remarkable: "I know, by sure knowledge, that God loves the Duke of Orleans, and I have had more revel-

ations about him than about any living man, except my king." Already at Poitiers, she had predicted in her examination, that the Duke would return from his captivity; and this prophecy was fulfilled in 1440, notwithstanding the solemn oath of the Duke of Gloucester, and after Charles of Orleans had languished five-and-twenty years in the hands of his enemies.

It was upon the house of the illustrious prisoner that the crown of France devolved, when the posterity of Charles VII. became extinct; and for a century that house was the cause of good and evil days to France, and to these, no doubt, the words of the Maid alluded. But, in general, she communicated to her judges, who were at the same time her enemies, only a small portion of her revelations; for these judges wished to know what the voices had told her with regard to the issue of her trial—whether she would be delivered or put to death. They were the more anxious to obtain a reply to this question, because, the affair being entirely at their disposal, it only depended upon them, they supposed, to falsify any prediction that Joan might make to them in the name of her saints. Thus the words of the Maid are peculiarly remarkable, as addressed to men who themselves were destined to accomplish their meaning, and to justify the truth of Joan's predictions, at the very moment when they condemned her to capital punishment as an impostor.

On Monday, the 1st of March, 1431—that is, *three months before her death*, which took place on the 30th of May of the same year—her judges having asked if her saints had not promised her anything besides the triumph of her king, and the expulsion of the English, she answered, "Yes; they have promised me some-

thing else, but I will not tell it you: it has nothing to do with this cause. In three months you shall know this other promise." They asked her if the saints intended her deliverance; she answered, "That does not concern this present trial. Moreover, I do not know when I shall be delivered. Those who seek to slay me may, perhaps, go before me." And as they repeated the same question, she added, "Speak to me of this in three months, and you shall be answered. Meanwhile, ask the assessors, on their oaths, if this has anything to do with the cause in hand?" The assessors having answered in the affirmative, they still could get nothing from her, for she had resolved to conceal those revelations, which applied only to herself, and not to her judges. "I have already told you," she said, "that you will not learn everything from me. No doubt I shall be free one day: I will ask permission to answer you on that subject; but I must have time."

In the eleventh sitting, she alluded more clearly to her painful death. It was on this occasion that she said prophetically to the Bishop of Beauvais, "I warn you, that if God should punish you, I have done my duty in telling you of it." As for herself, she added, "St. Catherine told me that I should receive assistance: I know not if I am to be released from prison, or if, at the reading of the sentence, I am to be delivered by some tumult; I think it may be one or the other. My voices tell me, *that I am to be delivered by a great victory;* and they say to me also, *Bear thy martyrdom with patience, and be not afflicted, for by this shalt thou attain to the kingdom of heaven.* My voices told me that in plain terms. I understand by *martyrdom*, the

pains and the misery that I suffer in prison: I know not if greater evils await me; but I trust in the Lord."

In this memorable answer, the Maid clearly distinguishes between what her saints have told her and the sense which she attaches to their words. They announced to her that she would be delivered from her captivity, with God's assistance, and by a great victory. She was to bear patiently and serenely her approaching martyrdom, because it would be to her the road to paradise. Doubtless the saints understood by this great victory, the pious resignation, the love, the courage, and the patience, with which Joan, bearing no hatred to her murderers, but vanquishing the fear of death and the pangs of martyrdom, should go forth from the prison of this world to receive in heaven, from God's hand, the crown of an eternal triumph. Such was the true meaning of the images, wherein the voices had clothed their prediction.

Yet Joan trembled at the thought of suffering, in the flower of her days, so horrible a death. Full of confidence in her Divine mission, she shrunk from the idea, that this was to be the sole reward of all she had done by God's commandment, in the service of her country, and without regard to labor and peril. She refused to believe that the Almighty would not protect her innocence. The narrow limits of her prison, her pitiless gaolers, and unjust judges, were already so great a torment to her, that she must have died of grief, but for the consolation of her saints. Therefore, deceiving herself, she explained, by a victory or a movement in her favor, the words of her celestial voices relative to her deliverance from the hands of the enemy. And it is just this difference, between the words of the saints,

and in the sense in which she took them, which proves the reality of the Maid's revelations, and that her visions were not merely the vain phantoms of an excited imagination.

If, throughout her previous career, her words had not come to pass with such marvellous exactness, it might always have been said (as indeed it has been said) that she was the dupe of her own illusions. Inspired with ardent love for her king and country, whose misfortunes allowed her no rest either night or day, and for whom she implored with so much fervor the Divine aid, it was natural (men might say) that she should *fancy* she saw the object of her warmest desires—the triumph of her prince, and of the good cause.

But this cannot apply to the predictions, which she uttered during her captivity. Even as she had desired the kingdom's safety, she now longed for her own deliverance. She had tried to obtain it at the peril of her life, and even in opposition to the will of her saints, whom she often and earnestly entreated to restore her to freedom. It seemed to her quite incredible, that God should leave her to perish at the stake, after all she had suffered, and when she had served him so truly and faithfully up to that day. All her thoughts being directed to this one point, if her apparitions had only been the effect of an excited and morbid imagination, she would certainly have fancied that she had received the much-desired intelligence of her personal deliverance, in the same manner as that of the deliverance of the kingdom. But this was not the case. The saints continued, indeed, to predict, in clear and precise terms, the fall of the English, and the triumph of the

king; but, for herself, they promised only martyrdom and a celestial crown, in terms plain enough to be understood by others, yet sufficiently dubious, to spare her the frightful torment of having the flames of the pile for three months ever before her eyes, and of feeling, day by day, the hour of her doom approaching. For she said to her judges, who asked her when she would be delivered: "Question me about it in three months, and I will let you know the promise of my saints."—Her voices had then told her something different from what she expected, or even believed possible.

She was assailed with innumerable questions on the subject of her visions. They sought to gather from her answers, contradictions, improprieties, or circumstances at variance with the faith. These questions were often proposed in the most captious spirit. We have already stated some of Joan's answers in the fourth chapter of this history. She said: "That her saints still visited her every day, to console and advise her, and that she never desired their assistance, without their appearing to her all shining with light, and speaking to her in mild and gentle voices. Never (she added) have I perceived in them the least contradiction. I see them with the eyes of my body, as distinctly as I see you. When I desire anything of St. Catherine, she and St. Margaret ask God for it, and then they answer me in the Lord's name. I recognized St. Michael by the language of angels, I believed in him immediately, and I had the wish to believe in him. If the enemy of man were to appear to me in the form of an angel, I should know well how to distinguish him from Saint Michael."

But the judges wished to know everything, down to

the most minute details, so that Joan, being thus pressed, and afraid of a snare at every question, would sometimes lose patience. When they asked her what was the fashion of the clothes and mantles of her saints, whether they had corporeal members, whether they were of her own age, and if they wore ear-rings, she answered:—

"I do not know"—or, "I am not allowed to tell you."

They even asked her, if St. Michael had appeared naked?

"Do you think," said she, "that God has not wherewith to clothe him?"

"Had he any hair?"

"Why should it have been cut off? replied the Maid.

"How can your saints speak if they have no members?"

"I leave that to God."

"Do you think that God created them in this form from the beginning?"

"At present, I will tell you no more," was Joan's reply to this idle question.

The following questions were still more insidious:—

"Did the voices of your saints reveal to you in your childhood that the English would come to France?"

"The English were already in France when the saints appeared to me for the first time."

"Does God hate the English?"

"I know nothing of God's love or hate for the English, but I know that they will be driven out of France, except those who die there; and that God will grant the victory to the French."

She was examined in no less perfidious a strain, with regard to all the odious imputations, which her enemies had cast upon her, so as to prove her unworthy of supernatural grace and visions, if she confessed herself guilty on any point. If, on the contrary, she declared herself free from all sin, and boasted of immaculate virtues, they could reproach her with lack of humility, and equally make her out to be unworthy of divine revelations, so that her apparitions would seem to be falsehoods, or works of the devil. But, to the great astonishment of her enemies, the Maid passed on with a firm step *between* these opposite perils. They asked her one day:—

"Do you know if you are in a state of grace?"

Joan first said that it was very difficult to reply to such a question, and some of the assessors were of opinion that they should not press her on this point; but she surprised them all by opposing these simple words to the contradictory opinions of the tribunal:—

"If I be not in a state of grace, may God bring me to it; if I be, may he preserve me in it; for I should be the most unfortunate of creatures, and would much rather die, if I knew myself a stranger to the grace and love of God."

"Do you think," they asked her on another occasion, "that you can no more fall into mortal sin after your revelations?"

"I do not know," answered the Maid, "but I trust in the Lord in all things. I do not think I am in mortal sin; but, if I have committed any such, it is for God to judge me by the ministry of the priest in the confessional. Moreover, I think that, if I were in a state of mortal sin, the saints would abandon me forth-

with, and that one cannot sufficiently purify one's conscience."

They reproached her particularly with the crime of throwing herself from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir. She answered:—

"That she did not intend to kill herself, but only to escape from the hands of her mortal enemies, and to bring succor to the brave people of Compeigne." She added—"That she had done wrong, because her saints had forbidden her to do it, and that she had confessed the same by their desire."

When they interrogated her as to the mode in which she asked counsel and aid of her saints, she answered:—

"I implore them in the following manner 'Gracious Lord, in honor of Thy sacred Passion, if Thou lovest me, reveal to me what I shall reply to these priests. As for my men's garments, I know well that I took them by Thy orders, but I know not if I am to lay them aside; deign to instruct me on this head!'"

Such was the invocation that she addressed to God in her distress; and yet they strove to represent her as an impious sorceress, who had summoned the infernal powers to her assistance!

But that, which chiefly excited the curiosity of the judges, was the desire to learn the secret revealed by Joan to the king of the Chinon, in consequence of which he had first believed in her divine mission. Joan, however, declared firmly and plainly, that there were revelations, which concerned her king alone, and not her judges; that she had not communicated them to any one, and would not do so, even were they to kill her on the instant. "Send to the king," she said,

"that he may tell you himself. I promised to keep silence with regard to the sign I gave him, and I will not tell it you." She repeated this declaration many times, adding that it could not be the wish of her judges to make her commit perjury. Yet, as they returned to this point on every occasion, she represented, in equivocal terms, her own mission to Charles VII., as a sign given to him, wishing by this mode not to betray a secret, which she kept out of love for her king, and yet at the same time to satisfy the urgent curiosity of her judges. As she appeared before the king in the quality of a messenger of God, conducted and accompanied by his invisible angel, she was herself in some sort an *angel*, or messenger from on high, who, with the promise of the divine succor, had really restored to Charles a lost crown; and he, who believed in her, had seen a delegate of heaven. But, while she served the king as a visible angel, she was conducted and accompanied by an invisible spirit, who had placed a crown upon the king's head at Chinon, as a type of that which he was to receive at Rheims. The judges imagined that this was the true sign, which she had sworn to conceal, and, burning with curiosity, they asked her all sorts of questions, with regard to the precise nature of this angel and this crown. The Maid was much embarrassed thereby, and she sometimes spoke of herself under a figure; as though she had been the angel that brought the crown to the king, and sometimes of the real angel that accompanied her, who, by the general testimony, had never been seen of any one. But the more she told them, the more they desired to know, and they took pleasure in harassing the poor, agitated girl; so that, determined in any case

not to betray her secret, she often knew not which way to turn. The literal questions of the judges, and Joan's symbolical answers, the royal crown at Rheims, and the royal power in France, the invisible and the visible angels, of whom the latter was herself, were thus confounded and mixed together in a strange medley.

When they afterwards demanded fresh explanations on this head, she answered: "What I have already spoken, I told you because you forced me to it. I confess, that God had charged me with a message to the king, and to tell him that his kingdom should be restored to him; and that he should be crowned at Rheims, and delivered from his enemies. Therefore I was the messenger of God, when I asked to begin the work, and to deliver Orleans." In the last decisive examination, which she underwent in the prison, and which immediately preceded her sentence, they exhorted her to tell the truth, in respect to the crown bestowed upon the king at Chinon. She replied: "I have told the truth in all things throughout this trial, in as far as I knew it, or could reveal it." From this we must infer, that a symbolical coronation by the angel, visible only to herself, had really preceded that of Rheims. There is nothing self-contradictory in such a circumstance, and, indeed, it is quite in harmony with the whole spirit of a supernatural transaction.

That the true sign given to the king by Joan at Chinon, was the secret mentioned by Sala, is confirmed by the following extract from a chronicle of Orleans, and even with more details than in the narrative of the pantler of Charles VIII.

"And many as are the chronicles I have seen, there

is not made mention of a thing that I long ago heard say and repeat, not once but many times, by divers great personages of France, who said they had seen it in right trusty chronicles, which thing was then written down upon the authority and reputation of those who had said it, and because it seemed to me a thing worthy of remembrance, I have here put it in writing.

"After the king had heard the Maid, he was advised by his confessor, or others, to speak to her in secret, and to ask her in secret if he could believe certainly that God had sent her to him, so that he might the better trust her, and have faith in her words. Which the said lord did, and she replied thereto: Sire, if I tell you something so secret, that only God and you know it, will you believe that I am sent from God? The king answered; and the Maid asked him, "Sire, do you not remember, that, on last All-Saints day, being at the chapel of the castle of Loches, in your oratory, all alone, you made three requests of God? The king answered, that he well remembered to have made divers requests; and then the Maid asked him, if ever he had told and revealed the said requests to his confessor or others? The king said, No. And if I tell you the three requests that you made, will you believe in my words? The king answered, Yes. Then the Maid said to him, Sire, the first request that you made to God was that you prayed him, if you were not the true heir of France, that he would be pleased to deprive you of the courage to persevere, so that you might not be the cause of making and sustaining the war, from which flowed so many evils, to recover the said kingdom. The second was, that you prayed him, if the great adversities and tribulations, which the poor

people of France were suffering and had long suffered, arose from your sins, and that you were the cause of the same, that he would be pleased to relieve the people, and that you alone might be punished and bear the penance, either by death, or other pain he might choose to inflict. The third was, that if the sins of the people were the cause of the said adversity, he would be pleased to pardon the said people, and appease his anger, and deliver the kingdom from the tribulations in which it had been for twelve years and more. The king, knowing that she spoke the truth, had faith in her words, and believed that she came from God, and had great hopes that she would aid him to recover his kingdom; and he determined to accept her aid, and to be guided by her counsel in all his affairs."*

They also asked Joan many questions, which tended to give to her conduct an air of superstition and magic, as if she had made herself invulnerable, or had enchanted her arms and banner. "Have you never prayed God to make your sword lucky?" "A fine question! I wished all my arms to be lucky. I carried my banner in my hand, when I attacked the enemy, that I might kill no one. *I have never killed any person.*" "Did you not say, that all the pennons, made after the model of your own, were lucky?" "I said: *Advance boldly on the English!* and I, myself, led the way." "When you were about to make an attack, did you not tell your people, that you would stop the flight of arrows, and the darts and stones from the machines?" "No, in truth! for a hundred and more were wounded close beside me; but I told them not to

* First published by M. Buchon, in the 34th volume of his collection of CHRONIQUES NATIONALES.

fear, and that they would deliver Orleans. I was myself wounded by an arrow, at the assault of the bastile of the bridge; but St. Catherine gave me courage, and I was quite cured in a fortnight."

"Which did the most service, the banner for you, or you for the banner?"

"In what concerns the victory, whether it came from me or the banner, all that belongs to God."

And as they repeated this question: "Was your hope of victory founded on your banner, or on yourself?"

"It was founded wholly on God," she replied.

"Why was your banner carried before those of the other chiefs, in the church at Rheims, on the day of the coronation?"

Joan answered with admirable simplicity: "It had been at the peril, it was just that it should be at the honour."

"Has not your angel deceived you, in promising you worldly prosperity, and yet you have been taken prisoner?"

She replied with calm resignation: "Since it has pleased God, I think it was best for me to be taken."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTINUATION OF THE MAID'S TRIAL.

From the minutes of the examinations the promoter, Joseph d'Estivet, prepared the indictment in seventy articles. He read it to the judges on the 26th of March, and it was resolved that they should hear the Maid upon the divers heads of the accusation. This

was, properly speaking, the commencement of the trial, all that had preceded being merely a preliminary investigation.

Pierre Cauchon first called upon Joan to select from the assembly one or two councillors, who might lend her their assistance; but she declined this offer with thanks, declaring that she would not separate herself from the counsels of God. A bitter experience had too well taught her how little aid or advice she had to expect from her enemies. The whole indictment, drawn up with the utmost malice by her most mortal enemies, only supplied a new proof of this. What strikes us the most in this document is, that it brings no regular evidence against the Maid, and that it accumulates the most serious charges without making the least mention of the virtues of the accused. For nearly two years she had lived in the view of the whole world; she had commanded an army of ten or twelve thousand men; she had been brought into connection with thousands of persons; she had had to conquer the fascination of the highest fortune, as well as the sufferings and despair of the most signal reverses; and yet her cruel persecutors, such as d'Estivet, were not able to find any evidence against her. Certainly this is a more conclusive proof in favor of her stainless virtue than all the evidence afterwards produced to vindicate her memory.

On every point, where the words of Joan herself do not form the basis of the accusation, it is simply stated in general terms that such and such things are notorious, or that they are related by many persons worthy of belief. In the small number of cases, in which the names of individuals are cited, the charges

are of such a nature as to merit no credence, or if admitted would make Joan pass for a madwoman, which, however, no one had ventured to advance. Thus, for example, in this monstrous document Robert de Baudricourt is made to say that he had heard Joan boast, that, after the accomplishment of her mission, she was to bear three sons, of whom the first was to be pope, the second emperor, and the third king; and, according to the pretended testimony of Catherine de la Rochelle, she had for councillors two of the spirits of the Fairies' Tree.

The greatest part of the indictment is founded on the Maid's own words, but altered and mutilated, or amplified and explained, to suit the views of the promoter. This latter, starting with the position, "That the assertion of the Maid, relative to her divine mission, and to her visions, was an imposture, an illusion of the devil, or a work of sorcery," deduced from it a long series of the blackest crimes. Therefore, Joan constantly answered to each of these articles, "That she denied a portion of the facts contained in them, and that, as for the rest, she referred to her previous declarations; and that, with regard to the odious conclusions drawn from them, she appealed to God, her supreme lord and king, whose will she had performed in all things."

They summoned her many times to submit herself and the cause at issue to the judgment of the Church; knowing that her judges meant only their own judgment, she always gave them an evasive answer upon this head. But Jean de la Fontaine having gone, with two preaching friars, to visit her in her prison, told her that it was the pope and the chief pastors, and not

Pierre Cauchon and his doctors, who formed the Church; moreover, Brother Isambard having informed her, that in the Council of Bâle, then assembled, there were as many members of her own party as of that of her adversaries, she replied, when they again summoned her to make her submission, "Oh! if there are some of our side at the council I will go thither willingly, and submit to whatever they decree. I ask to be taken before the Holy Father; I do not submit to the judgment of my enemies." Pierre Cauchon's only answer was to forbid the notary to enter this reply in the minutes. The vice-inquisitor was forced to protect from the anger of the bishop, the two friars who had given this information to the Maid, and when they revisited her by order of the assessors, Warwick threatened to have them thrown into the Seine. Then Jean de la Fontaine, who had hitherto presided at the sittings, would no longer take any part in the injustice, and quitted Rouen. From that time also, by special command of Warwick, no one, not even the vice-inquisitor, could see the prisoner without the express permission of Pierre Cauchon.

It was customary, in proceedings relative to matters of faith, to submit the doctrines, without the name of the accused, to the opinions of learned men. The Maid's enemies availed themselves of this custom, to supply the weapon, with which the hands of strangers, who scarcely knew perhaps what they were doing, should destroy the innocent victim. Aided by some assessors of their own choice, the judges reduced all the proceedings to twelve articles, which purported to be an abstract of their examinations, and to contain nothing but established facts. But here, as in the

seventy articles, the story of Joan was distorted in the most perfidious manner. They said not a word of her pious conduct, of her pure fame, and of the favorable testimony of all persons who had had any relations with her; and yet, to form any estimate of the nature of her visions, it was necessary to know exactly the noble character of her life. They told indeed, how the saints had conversed with her near the Fairies' Tree, but they said nothing of the horror she had always shown for all sorts of magic and sorcery. They stated moreover, that, without the knowledge of father or mother, she had followed a band of troopers, and lived with them night and day; but, in the same spirit of falsehood, they omitted her declaration, that she had only acted by the command of God, which with her was paramount to all the orders of men; they kept silence also, as to the pure and holy life she had led in the midst of camps, and they finished by accusing her of a refusal to submit herself to the Church.

Amongst the small number of persons employed to draw up these articles, there was one, who demanded that they should be amended in several particulars.—They consulted in secret on this head, and, having found the amendments justified, they resolved to adopt them. But, as this would have easily overset all the machinery of the trial, they had recourse to an ordinary device, and they suppressed the rectifications. The imposture was so manifest, that the notary Manchon, as it was afterwards discovered, added a little note to the documents, in which he says: "That the twelve articles were not correctly taken down, and that they differed, at least in part, from the declarations made; that they ought therefore to have been amended, and

that it had indeed been determined to add and to retrench divers things, but that these alterations were not carried into effect." And yet these twelve articles, prepared in secret, and not in the first instance communicated to the accused, and with regard to which they suppressed the amendments acknowledged to be just, formed the basis of the charge, on which fifty doctors, the University of Paris, and the chapter of Rouen, gave judgment against the Maid!

Altogether, twenty-five consultations were held upon these articles, and opinions delivered, of which the authors, with a few exceptions, deserve the reproach, that they came to conclusions upon facts beyond their knowledge. The question of the intrinsic falsehood of the articles was not raised, and the members of the jury, influenced some by hate, others by fear, negligence or ignorance, did not even ask to see the official documents. The abbots of Jumieges and of Cormeil had the honesty to declare, that they were not sufficiently informed in the matter to pronounce judgment. Jean Basset expressed himself to the same effect. Raoul Saulvaige demanded that both the articles and the consultations should be submitted to the Holy See.

Many of those, who had been present at the examinations of the Maid, and had seen and heard her, gave undecided answers, as though they had felt remorse. They said: "That Joan must be excommunicated, and the articles interpreted against her, in case her revelations were not of God, which did not appear to them to be yet proved." These, however, were the most favorable judgments. The majority pronounced the twelve articles to contain the most heinous crimes, such as blasphemy, disobedience to parents, idolatory, superstition,

lying, &c., &c. Brother Isambard was sent to the bishop of Avranches, a respectable and respected old man, to ask his opinion. The bishop answered, that, in this matter, he was of the same mind as St. Thomas Aquinas, who held, that, on points concerning the faith, recourse should always be had to the Pope, or, to a General Council. The chapter of Rouen postponed its judgment until after the decision of the University of Paris.

In spite of the desire expressed by the Maid to be taken before the Pope and Council, she was again summoned to submit to the Church, when suddenly she was seized with a mortal sickness. Warwick called in two physicians, and urged them in the most pressing manner to employ all the resources of their art to save her, "for," added he, "the king (who was then scarcely nine years old) would not for the world, that she should die a natural death. He bought her at a high price; his will is, that she should die by the sentence of the court, and I think myself that she will be burnt." The promoter, Joseph d'Estivet, according to his custom, was not sparing in his insults to the Maid, so that her fever, which had abated, returned with redoubled violence, and Warwick himself was obliged to silence his partisan. Joan, thinking she was about to die, wished to confess and receive the Communion; but they refused to grant her request, unless she made a full submission, and they threatened to reject her as a pagan. She answered, that she was a good Christian, "that as such she had been baptised, and as such was prepared to die, and that she was willing to serve the Church with all her might." Her youthful vigor soon got the better of this malady.

At three different sittings the Maid was solemnly conjured to make her submission. The numerous proofs of the malice and injustice of her judges, the contradictory declarations of the doctors, some of whom, not suspecting any deception, advised her in all sincerity to submit, whilst others only intended a submission to themselves, all this necessarily occasioned the greatest perplexity in the mind of the simple young girl. Therefore, she answered with extreme reserve, avoiding all positive declarations, and appealing only to God, as having lost all confidence in men. Now this was what her perfidious enemies desired; for, notwithstanding her former submission, they could thus make her appear as declining the jurisdiction of the Church; and it was indeed from this moment, that the chapter of Rouen no longer hesitated to pronounce on the twelve articles. When they summoned her for the last time, on the 9th of May, they strove to shake the firmness of her soul by terror. They told her, that tortures and executioners were waiting for her, if she persisted in not avowing her falsehoods. She answered with admirable calmness: "If pain should force me to make some false confession, I protest that you will have wrung it from me by your violence. On the 12th of May, there was really a consultation, as to whether they should employ torture; but only two members of the tribunal expressed themselves in favor of it. One of them, the atrocious l'Oysleur, said: "That torture seemed to him good physic for Joan, but he would leave it to the judgment of the others." And so it went no farther.

It must now have appeared evident to the Maid, that death was the inevitable issue of her trial. Jean

de Luxenbourg having paid her a visit, and told her that he was come to treat of her ransom, she answered; "Before God, you mock me, for I know you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well, that the English will kill me, because they think to recover France after my death; but, if there were a hundred thousand *Godons* more than at present, they would not have the kingdom."—At these words, an Englishman, the Sire de Dschinford, became furious, and raised his dagger to strike the defenceless young girl; but Warwick held back his arm. Castillon, who had summoned Joan, in the name of Pierre Cauchon, to make submission, now declared to the bishop, that a trial thus conducted must be null and void; he thereby incurred disgrace, like Jean de la Fontaine, and thenceforth took no part in these odious proceedings.

At length, the opinion of the university of Paris was received. It was such as might be expected from the passion, which that body had always exhibited throughout the affair. The Parisian doctors, not having been present at the examinations, fell the more easily into the snare, and gave themselves up without remorse to their feelings of hatred. Whatever the articles had left uncertain, was considered by them as completely established, and in this manner there was hardly a crime to be mentioned that could not be deduced by inference from these same articles. Moreover, in a letter especially addressed to the King of England, they praised the mode in which the proceedings had been carried on, saying, "that it was holy and just, and that all the world ought to be satisfied with it; and they demanded, that the trial should be brought to a

speedy close."—They added, however, this clause to their opinion : "That they only considered it valid, in as far as Joan was of sound mind, when she spoke the contents of the articles."

Then the judges at length resolved to communicate the articles to the Maid, with the opinions of the doctors, and to proceed without delay to judgment, if she still refused to submit herself. Without first explaining to her the signification and importance of this judicial act, and without leaving her time to answer as to the details, Pierre Morice read to her the whole document without stopping, adding at the end of each paragraph : "You have said it." On her side, the Maid kept referring to what she had really said in her examinations, and she added : "Were I to see the fire ready, the fagots lighted, and the executioner waiting to cast me in, I could only speak in death what I have spoken at my trial."—Thereupon, they told her that the next day, in the churchyard of St. Ouen, they would pronounce her sentence.

The sacrifice of the Maid having now been fully determined on, her enemies feared, that the voice of the people might yet condemn them as murderers. Accordingly, they took great pains to extract from her the renunciation of her supposed errors, and the avowal of her pretended crimes. For this purpose, they prepared beforehand two judgments, one of which delivered her over to the secular arm, as convicted of heresy and blasphemy, and the other (in case of her submission) condemned her to perpetual imprisonment in expiation of her offences.

On the morning of the 24th May, the Maid was taken to the churchyard, where the executioner and the pile

awaited her. An immense multitude was there assembled. Then Master Erard delivered a sermon against Joan, in which were enumerated all the offences laid to her charge. She listened patiently to every insult, that was only personal to herself, but when the preacher came to attack the honour of Charles VII., and said that he had connected himself with an infidel and heretic, Joan, faithful to her king even in sight of death, interrupted the discourse, and exclaimed : "Speak of me, but do not speak of the king ! He is a good Christian."—And, as the preacher continued, she added : "By my faith, sir, reverence apart, I dare say and swear to you at peril of my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and loves the Faith and the Church, and is not such as you say he is."—Then the preacher and the bishop of Beauvais called out at the same moment to the apparitor, Jean Massieu : "Make her be silent !"

Next, they offered to her a written paper, exhorting her to abjure its contents, on doing which, they told her, she would be withdrawn from the custody of the English. Joan replied to the preacher : "That she did not know what they meant by abjuring, and that she demanded counsel."—Then Erard told the apparitor Jean Massieu, "to instruct her on that point." The latter excused himself at first, but was forced to obey. Then, without entering into useless definitions, and thinking to make the issue of the case clear to the accused, he said to her : "That, if she avowed any of those articles, she would be burned, but that he advised her to appeal to the Universal Church, whether she should abjure the said articles or not." Joan took his advice, and exclaimed : "I appeal to the uni-

versal church whether I should abjure or not."—"Thou shalt abjure on the instant, or thou shalt be burned!" replied the merciless Erard. Joan answered: "I have already spoken concerning my submission to the Church, as regards my words and deeds. I consent, that my answers be sent to Rome, and I submit myself thereto; but I affirm at the same time, that I have acted only by God's command. Moreover, I declare that none of my words or deeds can be laid to my king's charge, nor to that of any one else; if I am worthy of reproach in this matter, it belongs to me only, and to none other."—Then they asked her positively: "If she would submit to the doctors?"—"I submit to God, and to our holy father the Pope," answered she once more. They told her daily: "That they could not go to fetch the Pope, who was too far off, and that she was in presence of her natural judges, to whose sentence she ought to submit,"—in other words, that she ought to acknowledge herself an impious heretic, because it pleased the blind hatred of her enemies to declare her so. Summoned three times to answer, she as often refused with unshaken firmness. Then Pierre Cauchon began to read the sentence prepared on the previous evening, and, in spite of what had just happened, in spite of Joan's appeal to the Holy See, he had the audacity to pronounce these words: "Moreover, you have, with an obstinate spirit of perverseness, many times expressly refused to submit yourself to our holy father the Pope, and to a General Council."

At this terrible moment, with a death by fire hanging over her, they pressed her on all sides to yield. "Oh!" said she; "you give yourself a great deal of

trouble to seduce me." A great part of the judgment had already been delivered, when Joan's courage began to fail. She cried out, that she was ready to do whatever the Church ordered, and her judges directed. After this declaration, the apparitor Massieu read to her a paper of six or eight lines, which, according to the evidence of Massieu himself, contained only the promise on the Maid's part, not to wear male attire, or short hair, or carry arms, and something else which had escaped his memory. Joan at first refused to subscribe to this engagement; but soon after, appealing to the conscience of her judges as to what she ought to retract, she consented to repeat the formula. Having obtained this, the next required her signature. Then a great tumult arose amongst the English, who had expected to see her led forthwith to the pile. They made game of her abjuration, as an absurd mockery, and cried out that Pierre Cauchon and his people were accomplices of the Maid. A chaplain of the English Cardinal went so far as to call the Bishop of Beauvais *a traitor*. The latter replied: "That it was false. That, in affairs of religion, one should seek the salvation, and not the death of the accused, and that he would not proceed until he had received satisfaction." Such was now the language of Cauchon himself, who had been the most devoted agent of the English, and the soul of those iniquitous proceedings. The Cardinal finished the dispute, by ordering his chaplain to be silent. Then Joan demanded, that the paper should be first submitted to the Universal Church, by whose orders she was ready to abide. "Sign instantly," cried Master Guillaume Erard, "or this day thou shalt end thy life by fire." She gave way at last. An English

secretary guided her hand, and she made a cross beneath the writing. But, instead of the short declaration which the apparitor had read to her, they made her sign, or at all events they attached to the minutes of the trial, as having been signed by her, the following document:—

"Every person who has erred and gone astray from the Christian faith, and has since, by God's grace, returned to the light of truth, and to the union of Our Holy Mother Church, should be ever on the watch, lest he be disheartened by the enemy of souls, and fall back into error and damnation. For this cause, I, Joan, commonly called *the Maid*, a miserable sinner, having known the bonds of iniquity in which I was bound, and having, by God's grace, returned to Our Holy Mother Church, to show that I have not feigned, but have really returned to her with a good heart and will, do confess that I have very grievously sinned, *in falsely pretending* to have had revelations and apparitions from God, by means of angels, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret: in leading souls astray; in believing madly and rashly; in making superstitious divinations; in blaspheming God and his saints; in offending against the Divine commandments, the Sacred Scriptures, and the Canon Law; in wearing a dissolute, deformed and immodest habit, against the decency of nature, with hair cut round like a man, contrary to what is becoming in the female sex; in bearing also arms, with great presumption, and cruelly desiring the effusion of human blood; in saying that I did all these things by command of God, and the above-named angels and Saints, and that I did well in these things, and was not mistaken; in despising God and His sacraments; in causing

seditions; in idolatrously adoring evil spirits, and invoking the same. I confess also, that I have been schismatic, and have erred in many matters of faith. Which crimes and errors, freely and without fiction, I, by the grace of Our Lord God, being returned into the way of truth, through holy doctrine and good counsel, of you, and the doctors and masters you have sent me, do abjure, detest, deny, renounce, and depart from, and submit myself in all these things to the correction, disposal, amendment, and final determination of Our Holy Mother Church, and of your good justice. And I vow, promise, and swear, to my Lord St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, to our Holy Father the Pope of Rome, his Vicar, and to his successors, and to you, reverend Father in God, my Lord Bishop of Beauvais, and to you, religious person, Master Jehan le Maistre, Vicar of my Lord the Inquisitor of the faith, as to my judges—that I will never for any exhortation or other inducement, return to the above errors, from which it has pleased Our Lord to rescue and deliver me; but that I will always remain in the union of Our Holy Mother Church, and in obedience to Our Holy Father the Pope of Rome. And this I say, affirm and swear, in the name of Almighty God, and by His Holy Gospels. And in testimony thereof, I have set my mark to this schedule.—JOAN ✝."

Such was the base and absurd confessions, which, unknown to herself, the Maid was treacherously induced to sign, or which were substituted in the minutes, for the schedule that she had really signed in deference to the opinion of the ecclesiastics!

After this surreptitious signature, Pierre Cauchon read the second of the two judgments, which con-

demned her to perpetual imprisonment. She asked to be conveyed, as had been promised her, to an ecclesiastical prison. Many of the assessors supported this request, which they considered *well founded, since she was condemned by the Church.* But the Bishop of Beauvais cried: "Take her back to the place whence she came!" This, however, by no means satisfied the English, and they retired, menacing Pierre Cauchon with their swords.

The Maid took off her male attire that afternoon, and, for the two first days, she conducted herself exactly as it had been prescribed to her. The vice-inquisitor exhorted her not to make a relapse, in which case, he added, she would be lost. Pierre Morice and some others offered her the same advice, for which they were in great danger to be beaten by the English.

Precisely at this epoch, Poton de Xaintrailles, and many other old brothers-in-arms of the Maid attempted to take Rouen by surprise, and to capture the King of England and his Council; but they fell into an ambuscade. Xaintrailles being made prisoner, Talbot, to pay his debt of Patay, released him without ransom. During this time, poor Joan, forgotten and abandoned, it would seem, by Charles VII., was more miserable than ever; for her saints reprimanded her severely, in their apparitions, for having yielded to fear. Therefore, she resolved heroically to maintain her divine mission, and to follow with resignation the path that God should point out to her. A woman's garb could no longer protect her from the violence of her keepers. She complained to Brother l'Advenu, that she had been tormented, beaten and dragged along by the hair.

Isambard himself saw her one day all in tears, and

disfigured by the bad treatment she had received. The apparitor Massieu relates, that the English having removed her female garments on Trinity-Sunday, she was obliged, on rising, to resume her former attire. As soon as this was known, Pierre Cauchon sent her two doctors of the University of Paris, to warn her against a relapse. But the English cried out to them with threats, in the court-yard of the castle, that whoever threw them into the water would do a good action. The assessors and the secretaries, who were sent to her that same Sunday, to ascertain if she had changed her dress, were received as traitors by eighty furious Englishmen, and retired faster than they came, to avoid the swords and battle-axes brandished over their heads. Only Andre Marguerie, with a few others, continued to enter the prison. But when he would have begun to speak, an Englishman cried out to him: "Hold thy tongue, in the devil's name!"—and another threatened him with his battle axe. Such was *the just and pious manner of conducting these proceedings, with which all the world ought to be satisfied*—according to the University of Paris.

On the Monday, Pierre Cauchon appeared at the prison with eight assessors. Joan excused herself for having changed her dress, saying they had promised to remove her from the secular to an ecclesiastical prison, under the care of a woman, but that they had not kept this promise, nor that of letting her hear mass and communicate; that she had rather die than remain longer in her present captivity; that, if they would let her go to mass, and take off her chains, she would submit in all things to what the Church might prescribe. They took no heed of her repeated com-

plaints of the violence of her keepers, and yet they reproached her with pharisaical rigor for having resumed her manly garb. Pierre Cauchon, without taking any steps to protect her, began to talk of her apparitions, and asked her if they had again appeared to her. Joan answered with heroic firmness, without regarding the consequences of her words: "Yes, the saints have again appeared to me, and God has informed me by them, how great was the pity of the abjuration that I made to save my life. Before last Thursday, they told me that I should act thus, and that I should do as I have done. When I was on the scaffold, they told me to answer boldly him that preached, and I say that he was a false preacher, because he accused me of doing things that I have not done. Since Thursday, the two saints have declared to me, that I have committed a great fault. Finally, all that I have said and done since Thursday, I have said and done it for fear of the fire. But I have always answered truly at my trial, as far as I knew." Then the judges represented to her, "that, being on the scaffold in the church-yard of St. Ouen, she had declared it was a false boast, that the two saints had spoken to her."—But Joan resumed, and said to them; That is what I never intended to say or do. I did not mean to revoke the apparitions, or to say that it was not the voice of the two saints which spoke to me, and all that I have done, I did it for fear of the fire. It is against truth, that I have revoked all that I could revoke. I had rather have my penance all at once, than suffer any longer what I suffer in this prison. For the rest, I have never said or done anything against God or the faith, whatever I may have been

ordered to revoke. I do not understand what was on the paper that was given to me, and I have revoked nothing, save on condition that it please God. If the judges wish it, I will put on my woman's clothes; but I will do nothing else."

Here the judges terminated this interview, fearing that Joan might change something in what she had just said; and without any explanation, without declaring to her, that they considered her in a state of relapse, and were about to proceed to judgment upon her, they hastily closed their minutes with these words: "Having heard the above, we retired to take ulterior proceedings"—an expression, of which there is reason to believe they did not even inform her.

Such was the Maid's last examination. "The Bishop of Beauvais, coming out of the prison, was aware of the Earl of Warwick and a great multitude of English surrounding him, to whom laughing, he said in a loud audible voice: "FAREWELL! FAREWELL! —meaning: *It is all right! it's done!*" *

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE MAID'S NOBLE AND CHRISTIAN DEATH.

In the last meeting, assembled to deliberate on a final judgment, there were forty-two members present. The majority adopted the opinion of the Abbe Fecamp, who thought, "that Joan was in a state of *relapse*, but that it would be proper to read to her once more the schedule of her abjuration, and to explain to her the doctrine of the Church; after which, the judges might declare her a heretic, and deliver her to the secular

*First depositions of Martin l'Advenu and Isambard de la Pierre.

arm, with the clause: *ut mite agat*"—that is to say, recommending mercy in the application of the punishment.

The majority adopted this opinion, no doubt under the impression that the twelve articles were genuine, and that Joan had really made the pretended abjuration; or that, if she had not done so, she would be able to explain herself at this second reading. But it was just this part of the decision (that the retraction was to be again read over to the Maid) which was set aside by the judges, whilst they agreed with the assessors on all the other points. The latter, moreover, were not allowed to take part in drawing up the judgment.

Pierre Cauchon and Jean Lemaistre, who were to pronounce it in their quality of judges, thanked the assessors for the trouble they had taken, and, without entering further into the nature of the sentence, ordered the Maid to appear before them, the next morning at eight o'clock, at the old market-place, before the church of St. Sauveur, to hear judgment pronounced upon her.

Now that the victim was bound and ready for the sacrifice, Pierre Cauchon sent to her, at break of day, Brother Martin l'Advenu, to announce to her the fate that awaited her, and to exhort her to repentance, and the confession of her so-called crimes. When the friar informed her of the horrid death, which she was to suffer that same day, Joan's great and courageous soul was, for the first moment, seized with terror; she burst out into sobs and cries, threw herself on the floor, began to rend her hair, and relieved her poor heart by lamentations and complaints of the bad treat-

ment of every sort she had endured in her prison. Let us listen to the very words of one of the witnesses of this scene, at first so bitter in its grief, and then so sublime in its resignation. "In the morning, the bishop of Beauvais sent to Joan brother Martin l'Advenu, to announce her approaching death (she was then condemned before-hand) and to persuade her to true contrition and penitence, and also to hear her confession; which the said l'Advenu performed very carefully and charitably."—The apparitor, Jean Massieu, and Brother Jean Toutmouillé or Toutmouille, were present; it appears probable, that the latter accompanied l'Advenu. "And when he (l'Advenu) announced to the poor woman the death that she was to die the same day, and that so her judges had ordered and understood, and when she heard of the hard and cruel death that was near at hand, she began to cry grievously and piteously, and to lie down and rend her hair. Alas! (cried she) they treat me horribly and cruelly, that my clean and pure body, which was never tainted, should to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes. Ah! I would rather be beheaded seven times over, than to be thus burned. Alas! if I had been in a prison of the Church, to which I submitted myself, and if I had been guarded by churchmen, and not by my enemies and adversaries, it would not have so miserably mischanced with me, as it now has. Oh! I appeal to God, the great judge, as to the great wrong and evil they have done me!—And here she complained marvellously of the oppression and violence she had suffered in prison."

But as soon as her first grief had thus exhausted itself, and the friar had given her some consolation, the pure

brightness of her serene and submissive soul shone through her tears, as the sun emerges from amid the storms and clouds of night. Henceforth, her spirit, casting off the cares of the world, turned only towards its God. If she now wept, it was only in imploring mercy for a repentant sinner, about to appear before the sovereign judge. She made her confession to Brother l'Advenu, and begged with extreme earnestness for the holy communion, which had been so long denied to her most urgent entreaties. The friar, not knowing if he could grant her request, went to inform the bishop, who thereupon consulted with several doctors, and decided that she might have the communion, or whatever else she desired. By this decision, the judges really acquitted the Maid, and acknowledged themselves guilty, as they permitted the priest to absolve her of the very sins, for which they were about to excommunicate her. If the priest's absolution was valid, and Joan worthy to receive the blessed body of Our Lord, they could not exclude her from the Church as guilty of heresy.

Therefore, the holy sacrament was brought to the victim, but without the usual ceremonies, either for fear of the English, or to prevent the affair from becoming known. The friar was indignant thereat, and demanded that all the proper rites should be observed. Then the divine body of Jesus Christ was brought in great pomp, with many candles, and those who accompanied it sang the litanies of the dying, saying at every response: "Pray for her!" With the most humble piety, and abundance of tears, Joan received for the last time the communion from the hands of the friar.

The guilty bishop also came to visit her, and heard

his own condemnation from the lips of the condemned. When the Maid saw him enter, she addressed him in these simple and impressive words: "Bishop, I die through you." And he began to remonstrate with her, saying: "Ah, Joan! take it patiently. You die because you have not kept to what you promised, and because you have returned to your evil ways." And the poor Maid answered him: "Alas! if you had put me in a church prison, and in the hands of proper ecclesiastics for keepers, this would not have happened; therefore, I make my appeal from you to God."

At this moment, Jean Toutmouille, to whom we are indebted for these details, being apparently disgusted at so many iniquities, and unable longer to endure such a spectacle, "went out, and heard no more." Then Joan, perceiving Pierre Morice, who she thought had always been well inclined towards her, cried out: "Ah, Master Pierre! where shall I be to-day?" And the said Master Pierre answered: "Have you not good hope in the Lord?" To which she replied "*Yes;* and that, by God's help, she should be in Paradise!"

At nine o'clock in the morning, Joan got into the fatal cart in the court yard of the castle. She was dressed in woman's clothes. Beside her were seated Brother Martin l'Advenu, her confessor, and the apparitor, and Jean Massieu. Good Brother Isambard also was not far from her, and he only quitted her at the last moment. More than eight hundred English, armed with axes, swords, and lances, formed the escort; no one, in the midst of that terrible band was able to speak to her, save her confessor and the apparitor of the tribunal.

Whilst the procession was thus advancing through

the streets of Rouen, towards the place of execution, a man made his way through the fierce English guard with so much haste and anxiety, that one might have thought the pile was kindled for him instead of for the Maid. It was the Judas, who had soiled his priestly vestment with the blood of innocence, Nicholas l'Osyeleur. He succeeded in forcing a passage through the crowd, and gained the cart, to ask Joan's pardon for the great wrong he had done her. The Maid, who, on fields of battle, had wept over the wounds of her enemies, and supported with her own hands the drooping heads of the dying, that they might make their peace with God before they departed, would no doubt willingly have given him her hand. But the English violently enraged at this public repentance of a man who had been their tool, turned their arms against him, and would have sacrificed him to their wrath, if Warwick, to save him, had not ordered him to quit the town on the instant.

If there be in the whole history of the Maid one undeniable witness to her innocence, it is surely this same Nicholas l'Oyseleur. He, the confident of Pierre Cauchon and Warwick, who, by means of disguise and falsehood, had obtained access to the bosom secrets of the accused, who had sought to ruin her by false counsel, and, having been the poor girl's confessor, had yet advised, in a meeting of the judges, to have recourse to torture as the best medicine for her, he it was, that overcome by her innocence, now implored her on his knees to forgive him, and thus himself becoming obnoxious to the English whose odious instrument he had been, was compelled to fly from the scene of his crime.

Still the cart continued to advance towards the old

market, the place of punishment. "Rouen! Rouen! must I die here?" cried Joan; and those, who heard her recommend herself to God and the saints with so much devotion and penitence, could not abstain from tears.

The place of execution was already thronged with people. Three stages had been there erected, one for the judges, the second for the prelates and men of distinction, and the third, near the pile for Joan of Arc. A great number of notable persons, French as well as English, were present, amongst whom we may cite Pierre Cauchon, Jean Le Maistre, and eleven assessors of the tribunal. But the people gazed on the sad spectacle with a gloomy air, and whispered to one another that they were about to commit a great injustice.

Then Nicholas Midy began a sermon on the text, how the whole body suffereth for one member. He said, that the Church had pardoned Joan once already, but that now it was forced to reject her, and could no longer afford her its protection. Joan listened to this discourse with patience and extreme resignation. The preacher concluded in the following words: "Go in peace, Joan, the Church can no longer defend you, and delivers you to the secular arm!"

After this, instead of reading the act of abjuration, Pierre Cauchon exhorted the Maid to think of her eternal salvation, to repent truly of her sins, and to follow the counsels of the two preaching friars. Without waiting for this advice, as soon as Nicholas Midy had finished his sermon, Joan threw herself on her knees, and fervently implored God's mercy and the assistance of all the saints. She particularly entreated the aid of her favorite saints, who had always faithfully accom-

panied her in all her doings. In the name of her dying Saviour, she also addressed herself with the utmost humility, to all there present, of every rank and party, whether French or English, friends or enemies, and begged them to pardon whatever evil she had done them, as she, on her side, forgave all the injustice exercised towards her. Then she asked of them all the assistance of their prayers, and that the priests there present would have the charity to say a Mass for the repose of her soul.

At this last moment, when, as a recompense for her faithful services, she was kneeling beside the stake, she still thought of Charles the VII., and, anxious for the honor of that prince, she proclaimed aloud to the people, "that what she had done, whether for good or evil, could in nowise be attributed to the king." She had offered to him the first fruits of her brilliant victories, but she was willing to take the ignominy and the suffering to herself alone.

Thus spoke the Maid in her dying moments. She asked pardon of those who had done her such horrible injustice, of those who agonised her soul and tortured her body. Those great and noble words pierced every heart like a sharp sword, and her enemies as well as her friends, and even the judges themselves, began to weep and sob. It was the most splendid victory she had ever obtained.

She knelt there upon the pile, in all the beauty of a saintly soul, without anger and without hate, like St. Michael upon the infernal dragon, and, with eyes raised to heaven, spoke only words of pardon and love. It was a more glorious triumph, than when, followed by the bravest knights to the sound of trumpets, and

amid the exclamations of the people, she had planted her victorious banner on the strongest bastion of rescued Orleans, and been hailed as the heroine of the day, and the deliverer of France. Then the blood of vanquished enemies had flowed; and now it was the victors who shed tears over the victim they were about to immolate.

She prayed thus for about half an hour. Then the bishop of Beauvais resumed his discourse, and said: "That, according to proved testimony, this woman had never abandoned her errors and horrible crimes; that she had veiled them, with diabolical malice, under a false appearance of reformation and penitence, perjuring the holy name of God, and falling into blasphemies more damnable than those which had gone before, showing her to be stubborn, relapsed into heresy, and unworthy of the grace and communion of the Church, which had been vouchsafed to her on a former occasion, that in consequence, after due consideration, and maturely deliberating with many skilful persons, he and his colleague had delivered their final sentence." And accordingly he proceeded forthwith to read the same.

This sentence is, like the first, addressed directly to the person of the accused. It begins with a new moral discourse, on the duty which devolves upon pastors, when a member of the Church is obstinately heretical, to prevent the contagion of the disease, by cutting off him or her from the whole body of the elect, according to the rules laid down by the Holy Fathers, rather than let the poison spread through the system. "Wherefore," proceeds the sentence, "we, as competent judges, have already found you guilty of divers errors, crimes, schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, and

other sins; and then we have admitted you to repentance, because you promised to fall into them no more, according to the schedule by you subscribed. Notwithstanding, your heart being seduced by the prince of schism and of lies, you have, by your own confession, returned to them again. O misery! as a dog returns to his vomit; you have declared, that you only renounced them with a dissembling heart, and not in sincerity and good faith; therefore we, sitting in our tribunal, declare you a relapsed heretic by our present sentence; we pronounce you to be a rotten member; and, as such, that you may not corrupt the others, we declare you rejected and cut off from the Church, and we deliver you to the secular power, begging you to moderate its severity with regard to you, so as to spare your life and limbs. And if you display true symptoms of repentance, the sacrament of penance will be administered to you." These last words prove that the sentence had been prepared on the previous evening, before they had allowed Joan to receive the communion, and that they had not even thought fit to make the necessary changes in it.

According to the old principle, that the ecclesiastical power was not to shed blood, Joan was henceforth given over to the secular authorities, that she might undergo her punishment. One might have supposed, that these authorities would now investigate the affair in their turn, to see to what extent the accused had violated their laws, and whether she was worthy of the indulgence demanded by the Bishop; but nothing of the kind took place, and this, unfortunately, was an abuse too often met with in proceedings as to matters of faith. No farther sentence was pronounced, and

the Maid was at once delivered to the executioner, who stood ready to do his office.

Joan asked for a cross, to console her in this last struggle. A compassionate Englishman made one for her, and gave it into her hands. She took it very respectfully, and fastened it to the bosom of her dress. She covered it with kisses and tears, and ceased not to implore the aid of the Divine Redeemer, who died innocently on the cross. Then she begged the apparitôr, Jean Maisseau, and brother Isambard, to bring her the Crucifix from the neighbouring Church, and to hold it up before her, that she might, with her dying eyes, behold the image of her crucified Saviour. When a priest from the Church had brought it to her, she embraced it for a long time with singular fervour, and recommended herself to the mercy of God, and to the aid of the Archangel St. Michael, and her patroness St. Catherine. But let us hear these things in the words of Jean Maisseau, an eye-witness:

"When she was abandoned by the Church, he, who speaks this, was still with her. And with great devotion she asked for a cross; which hearing, an Englishman who was there present, made her a little one of wood, with the end of a stick, and gave it to her; and devoutly she received and kissed it, making piteous lamentations and appeals to God our Redeemer, who had suffered on the cross for our salvation, of which cross she had the sign and representation, and put it into her bosom, between her flesh and her garments. Moreover, she demanded humbly of him who now speaks, that he should fetch her the cross from the Church, so that she might continually see it until her death.* And

* She made the same request of Brother Isambard, who thus relates this circumstance:—"Says also, that the piteous woman asked of him,

he, who speaks this, made so that the clerk of the parish of St. Saviour should bring her the cross; which, when it was brought, she embraced very closely and for a long time, recommending herself to God, to St. Michael, and to St. Catherine. And, while she made these devotions and lamentations, it was much urged by the English, and even by some of their captains, to leave her in their hands, that she might the sooner be put to death, and they said to him who speaks, and who was comforting her as he best could: *How now, priest! will you keep us here to dinner?* And incontinent, without any form or sign of judgment, they despatched her to the fire, saying to the executioner: *Do thy office!*"

The sad spectacle had lasted too long for a portion of the soldiery, inaccessible to every sentiment of pity. These wretches, in their furious impatience, demanded that the victim should be delivered to them, and cried out with brutal threats to the apparitor, bidding him retire from the scaffold. After this violent demonstration, they delivered her to the executioner, without any sentence having been pronounced by the secular judge, who was there present with his substitute.†

Two of the executioner's assistants then approached her, to make her descend from the scaffold on which

and did humbly request and supplicate, when he was near her at her end, that he would go to the next Church, and that he would bring her the cross, to hold it up right before her eyes until her death, so that the cross on which Christ hung might be ever in her sight."

† At the revision of the process, a number of witnesses deposed, that Joan was led to death without any sentence having been pronounced by the secular judges. Brother Isambard gives the most positive details on this head. "Says and deposes, that he has seen and clearly perceived,—being present at all the course and conclusion of the proceedings, that the secular judge did not condemn her to death, or to be consumed with fire, albeit a lay judge appeared and was in the place, where she was last preached against and delivered over to secular justice. Yet, without any judgment or conclusion of the said judge, she was delivered to the hands of the executioner to be burned, these words only being used, without other sentence: DO THY DUTY!"

she stood. She embraced the cross for the last time, made a farewell sign to those present, and went down accompanied by Brother Martin l'Advenu. Some of the English rushed furiously upon her, and dragged her to the pile. Still she did not cease to call upon the name of Jesus in a lamentable voice, and she repeated mournfully: "Ah, Rouen! Rouen! art thou to be my last abode?" These complaints sounded in the ears of the judges like their own condemnation, and they hastened, full of horror, to quit that scene of crime. And, indeed, this fact is very significant, in a time of long and cruel civil wars, which must have hardened the human heart, and accustomed men to the most atrocious actions.

When Joan had reached the foot of the pile, they crowned her head with an ignominous mitre, "on which was written the words following: HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, IDOLATER. And on a tablet in front of the scaffold were these words: JOAN, WHO CALLED HERSELF THE MAID, A LIAR, A PERNICIOUS PERSON, AN ABUSER OF THE PEOPLE, A SORCERESS, SUPERSTITIOUS, BLASPHEMING GOD, A RECREANT FROM THE FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST, A BOASTER, AN IDOLATER, CRUEL, DISSOLUTE, INVOKING DEVILS, SCHISMATIC, AND HERETIC."

Then Joan ascended the pile, where she was bound to the stake. Beside her stood Brother Martin l'Advenu, like a true minister of Him, who called the afflicted to him saying:—*Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* Already the flames began to rise, yet the friar remained in the same place, entirely occupied with the soul, which God had committed to his charge. But Joan, though surrounded by the threatening fire, had strength enough to

care for his safety, and entreated him to withdraw. Thus death, which already clung to the garments of the unfortunate victim, could not overcome her firm and tranquil courage, and at a moment, when most persons are too weak to think even of themselves, she was still occupied with the fate of others. She implored the worthy priest to descend from the pile, to hold up the cross before her, and to continue to exhort and console her in a loud voice.

At this instant, Pierre Cauchon approached her once again. Joan, who had pardoned all her enemies, and who was now in the midst of the flames, spoke these last words to the judge forgetful of his duty, as if to awaken his conscience from the sleep of death: "Alas! I die by your means. If you had kept me in a prison of the Church, I should not be here." As for her revelations, she would never revoke what she had said, but persisted in it to the end. "Always, to the end of her life," says Brother Martin l'Advenu, "she maintained and asserted, that the voices she had heard were of God; and that, whatever she had done, it was by the order of God, and that she did not believe she had been deceived by the said voices." Moreover, with a deep feeling of her own innocence, and the iniquity of her judges, she exclaimed as she cast round her a look of anguish: "Ah, Rouen! I much fear, thou wilt have to suffer for my death!"

All those who heard the Maid, in the midst of the flames, protesting her innocence, and saw her, at nineteen years of age, in the very flower of life, endure this horrible death with such heroic courage, were seized with a great compassion, both French and English, judges and people. One of the assessors, Jean Fabry,

Bishop of Demetrias, afterwards deposed: "That he did not think there was in the world a man with so hard a heart, as to have refrained from tears, if he had been present." He himself could not bear the lamentable spectacle, and left the spot. The emotion of the Bishop of Boulogne displayed itself so poignantly, as to draw every eye upon him. Many murmured at so great an injustice, and complained bitterly, that Rouen should be made the scene of such an execution.

Yet there were a few of the English, so inspired by hate and malice, as to laugh with infernal joy. Others of that nation, on the contrary, praised God, and thanked Him for giving them the grace to be present at so noble and Christian a death. Though enemies and persecutors of the Maid, they were forced to do her justice at this hour of doom, which their own fury had brought upon her.

When the executioner had kindled the combustible substances, and Joan saw the flames rising, she cried out in a loud voice: "Jesus!" But the pile was so lofty, that the fire rose slowly and with difficulty around the victim. The executioner himself, who wished to shorten her sufferings, was seized with a strong feeling of pity.

When the smoke and flames surrounded the Maid on all sides, she asked once more that they would throw holy water upon her, and then invoked for the last time the Archangel Michael and the other saints, and thanked God for all the favor he had shown her. At length, the fire having mastered her body, she bowed her dying head, and repeated in a voice loud and clear enough to be heard by all those present:—"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" ‡

‡ Brother Isambard, who had not quitted her a single instant, says:—"Moreover, being in the flame, she did not cease to resound and confess in a loud voice the holy name of Jesus, imploring and invoking unceasingly the aid of the saints in Paradise, and still more, in giving up the ghost, she bowed her head, and pronounced the name of Jesus."

This name of eternal love, with which, in expiring, she bade farewell to earth, and greeted heaven, penetrated even the hardest hearts. Near the pile stood an Englishman, who, in his wild hate, had sworn to carry wood with his own hands, to burn the accursed enemy of his country. At the moment he was about performing his cruel vow, he heard the last cry of the victim. His senses failed him, and he thought he saw a white dove rise from the flames towards heaven; struck with terror, he fell motionless to the earth. They were obliged to carry him from the spot, and he only recovered after they had given him some wine. But his heart left him no peace, until he had confessed that same day to the friar, and expressed his remorse for the injury he would have done the Maid. Many others declared that they had seen the name of Jesus written in the midst of the flames.

When Joan was dead the English removed the fire a little, that the people might be assured she was really no more, and not say afterwards that she had escaped by miracle. Yet here happened a marvellous event. For, however much oil, sulphur, and charcoal the executioner might heap on the heart and entrails of the Maid, the fire would not consume those parts of her body. This was attested on oath by the executioner himself, who was greatly astonished at it, and thought it a miracle. In consequence, the English cardinal ordered the heart, the ashes, and whatever remained of Joan, to be cast into the Seine, that no relic might be left of her to be made an object of veneration.

Such was the death of the Maid of Orleans. Thus perished the woman who had sacrificed herself for

France, and to whom the French people are indebted for not being obliterated from the list of independent nations. Though cowardly servants of the Church betrayed her, as Judas betrayed his Lord, and delivered her to death, she remained true to the Church with unalterable constancy, and did not impute to religion the crimes of its unworthy ministers. In the same spirit she did not desert her country, though French judges pronounced her sentence, and she remained faithful to her king, in spite of his ingratitude: and thus she furnished a perfect model of a sublime and truly Christian death.

Four hundred years had elapsed on the 30th of May, 1831, since Joan of Arc suffered martyrdom at Rouen, on the old Market-place, to the great terror of her guilty judges, and the much edification of the people, thereby attesting her divine mission. And this took place just three months after she had spoken these words to her judges, who preserved them for future ages in the official acts of the trial: "Ask me in three months about my deliverance. My saints have made me a promise, on which I will answer you in three months. They have told me to take courage; that I shall receive aid and deliverance by a great victory; that I ought not to grieve for my martyrdom, and that I shall go at length to paradise."

That in this also she spoke truth, her judges themselves bore witness in the hour of her death. Many said, "that she had died like a martyr for her king." John Tressart, secretary of the king of England, said, as he returned sadly from the execution: "We are all lost, for a holy person has been burned to-day." The executioner himself, in great agony of mind, went that

same day, like a desperate man, in search of Brother Matrin l'Advenu. He feared that God would never pardon him for what he had done to so blessed a virgin, and he confessed that no execution had ever caused him so much pain. He only recovered his peace of mind after he had received absolution from the friar. The notary Manchon was so moved by the scene of death, that he remained in a state of terror for a month. "He had never wept so much for anything that had happened to him, and could not appease himself for a whole month after." Master Jean de l'Espee, canon of Rouen, said, as he burst into tears, to Jean Riquier, who was beside him, "Would to God that my soul were in the same place, where I believe the soul of that woman to be at this moment!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW JUSTICE WAS RENDERED TO THE MAID, AND HOW HER MEMORY WAS HELD IN GREAT HONOR.

As the people were convinced, and openly expressed their opinion, that Joan had been sacrificed as a victim for France to the hatred of the English, the judges, fearing a second investigation, obtained from the king of England letters patent, in virtue of which they could not be cited on this head before the pope, or a general council, or any other tribunal. Besides this, a circular was addressed to the emperor, the princes of Christendom, and the towns of France, giving an account of the trial, much in the style in which it had been conducted—that is to say, with complete disregard to the truth. Whoever ventured to speak of the

injustice of this abominable affair was severely punished. But the fate of some of the chief criminals inspired many with the thought that God, the supreme judge, had taken into his own hands the punishment of those who flattered themselves that they could escape all human justice. It is said that Pierre Cauchon died suddenly in 1442, whilst under the hands of his barber. Joan had said to him, "I know not if you be my judge, or not; but take care that you judge not ill, and bring yourself into great peril; I give you this advice, that should you be punished by God, I may have done my duty in warning you." The harsh and malicious promoter, Joseph d'Estivet, was found dead on a dung-hill, near Rouen; l'Oyseleur also died suddenly in a church at Basle; and Nicholas Midy, who had preached at the execution, was carried off by the leprosy. Thus died those to whom Joan of Arc had said, "You will not do to me what you threaten, without suffering damage both in body and soul."

That which she had prophesied to the English with so much courage, when in fetters, and with a cruel death before her eyes—namely, the ruin of their power in France—was also duly accomplished. "Before six years," she had said to them, "you will lose a greater prize than Orleans." Exactly within that time (1436) Paris, the capital of the kingdom, fell into the king's hands: and in 1437, when he entered, to the sound of trumpets, and at the head of his knights, that town, which had formerly received him with cannon-shot, and in the ditches of which Joan of Arc had fallen wounded, did the words come true, which she had proclaimed to the English by her herald before Orleans, "The king shall enter Paris in good company." Rouen

was retaken in 1449; all Normandy and Guienne were reconquered soon after; and finally, in 1558, when the white banner of the *fleurs-de-lis* waved over Calais, the last stronghold of English power in France, the words of the Maid, in her prison at Rouen, were fulfilled: "The English shall lose all they have in France!"

But, besides this, the justice which they had refused to Joan of Arc, during her life, was to be granted her after her death. Charles performed this sacred duty, which he had neglected so long. If, before her condemnation, he had done what honor and gratitude demanded, he might perhaps have saved her, to whom he owed his crown, and who was then in captivity for him. It now only remained for him to rescue the *memory* of his benefactress. The inquiry, which took place by his orders, was conducted with so much care, and such strict impartiality, that no one, even amongst the most violent enemies of the Maid, could dare to call it in question. The judges themselves have preserved the original documents, that, in this important affair, posterity might be convinced by the evidence of the senses, that nothing but truth and justice had guided them in their decision.

The first examination of witnesses took place at Rouen in 1449, by command of the king, as soon as that city was once more in his power. The cardinal-archbishop, influenced by the reiterated complaints of the citizens, on account of the crime which had left a stain upon their town, ordered a second inquiry. In 1455, Pope Calixtus III. at the solicitation of the family of Joan of Arc, addressed a brief to the archbishop of Rheims, the bishops of Paris and Constance, and

the inquisitor, charging them to investigate the proceedings, to hear both sides, and to decide according to right and justice.

On the 17th November, 1455, the mother of Joan of Arc, accompanied by the brothers and other kinsfolk of the victim, appeared before the judges with tears in her eyes, humbly to demand justice for her innocent child, whom she had trained up in the fear of God, and whom the enemy, from hatred of the king, had condemned and executed as a heretic, contrary to conscience and equity. Then the inquiry commenced, and they heard witnesses, at Rouen, at Lyons, at Domremy, at Orleans, and at Paris, concerning the life and acts of the Maid, as well as her trial and death. The depositions, which have been preserved to this day, to the number of 144, include those of the noblest princes, the most famous captains, and the bravest knights of France, as well as of the poor peasants of Domremy. The collected documents were submitted to the opinion of the first doctors and jurisconsults, by the judges themselves, who, having called in a council of learned men to their aid, again went through the whole affair, and only pronounced upon it after mature deliberation. The iniquity of the whole trial became manifest in their eyes; they saw how much had been omitted, falsified, retrenched, or added; how the accused had been terrified by threats and violence, and in every manner maltreated, without the clearest and simplest rules of justice being observed towards her. Therefore, they declared all the proceedings null and void. With regard to the apparitions, they decided, that, according to the signs which ought to accompany such revelations to prove their truth, those

of Joan were of such a nature, that there existed no lawful ground for rejecting them. Her pious and irreproachable life, her vow of virginity so faithfully kept, the extreme calamities of France, which stood in such great need of God's help, were so many reasons for giving credit to the reality of her apparitions, and the truth of her divine mission. Besides, her predictions of future events, humanly impossible to foresee, had been accomplished in such a manner as to show they could not have been mere inventions. Finally, she had really submitted herself to the Church, and the abjuration put forward had been obtained from her by deception and treachery.

On the 7th July, 1456, in a solemn assembly held at the episcopal palace of Rouen, in presence of the mother and brother of Joan, the archbishop of Rheims pronounced the sentence of restoration. He gave an account of the course pursued in the late inquiry, explained the grounds of the new verdict to which they had come, and declared the twelve articles, which formed the basis of the first prosecution, to be false, calumnious, fraudulently put together, and contrary to the declarations of the accused herself, and therefore to be considered as null and void. We only give the conclusion of this important document:

"Having implored the assistance of Heaven, so that our sentence may proceed from that God, who weigheth all spirits, and is the only real judge and discerner of the truth of revelations—of that God, whose Spirit inspireth whomsoever he will, who sometimes chooseth the weak to confound the strong, and who, never abandoning those that trust in him, comes to their aid in the midst of sorrow and tribulation:

"Having maturely deliberated, as well on the preliminaries of the affair, as on the decision of the cause, with skilful and honorable persons; and considering their solemn arguments in their treaties, and having had their opinions, as well by word of mouth as in writing, by which they have come to the decision, that the acts of the deceased are worthy of admiration rather than censure, and that all which was done against her is defective both in fact and form; we declare the above twelve articles to be faithfully, calumniously, fraudulently, and maliciously extracted from the declarations of the said Joan, to be far from the truth, and in many points utterly false, intended to lead the judges to adopt another opinion from that which they would otherwise have come to, and, in fact, chargeable with adding circumstances not contained in the said declarations, and with altering many others. Therefore, we annul them as false, calumnious, full of fraud, and not in conformity with Joan's declarations, and we condemn them to be judicially torn to pieces."

This portion of the indictment being thus condemned, and forever set aside in a cause, of which it formed the only foundation, it still remained to pronounce upon the two judgments delivered against Joan d'Arc, including the main facts of the affair. This the judges did by a second decision, to the following effect:

"Considering all the precedure—considering principally the two judgements given against Joan of Arc, of which the first is called judgement of *charter*, because it condemns her to perpetual imprisonment, and the second judgement of *relapse*, because it condemns her as having again fallen;

Considering—I. The quality of the judges;

2. The manner in which Joan was confined;

3. The challenge of her judges;

4. Her submission to the church;

5. The manifold appeals and requisitions, by which she submitted to the Pope and to the Holy See, her actions and her discourse, and many times earnestly required that the whole case should be referred to the Pope:

6. Considering that the abjuration inserted in the minutes is false; that the one, which she gave, was obtained by fraud; that it was wrung from her by fear, in presence of the executioner, and the pile, and was consequently inequitable unforeseen, and moreover not understood by Joan d'Arc.

Considering, finally, that the prelates and doctors, both of the civil and canon law, all agree as to the injustice and nullity of the proceedings;

Considering all these things, and having only the fear of God before their eyes, the judges have decided that the indictment, the abjuration, and the two judgements given against Joan, contain the most manifest fraud, calumny, and iniquity, with errors both in form and fact; and, in consequence, the whole is declared null and void, with all that follows therefrom, and, in as far as may be needed, is cancelled as having neither force nor virtue. In consequence, Joan, the suitors, and their relations, are declared to have received no stain or spot of infamy from these proceedings, from which, in any case, they are entirely cleansed and discharged."

The rest of the document concerns the reparation due to the memory of the innocent accused, unjustly

condemned and executed. These measures are as follows:

"1. This judgement shall be solemnly published in the town of Rouen.

"2. Two solemn processions shall moreover be made there; the first to the place of St. Ouen, the scene of the pretended abjuration; the second, on the following day, to the very spot, where, by a cruel and horrible execution, the flames have suffocated and burned Joan of Arc.

"3. There shall be a public sermon at these two places.

"4. A cross shall be set up on the place of the execution, in perpetual memory of the same.

"5. Finally, in all the towns of the kingdom, and in all notable places that the judges may think fit to determine, there shall be a publication of this judgement (*pro futura memoria*)."

This was placed above her tomb, as the sign of justice and reparation, that cross, before which she had prayed in her infancy, which she had carried through the midst of battles, and on which she had fixed her eyes till the moment they were closed in death. Since that time, four centuries and many generations have passed away; but the memory of the Maid, and of her glorious deeds, still lives in the gratitude of men—still shines, in the heaven of the past, like a brilliant star—an admirable token of the divine mercy, a model of human trust in celestial aid, of heroic courage, of fidelity to king and country, and of love full of charity and compassion towards mankind. Therefore, many a garland has been suspended upon her tomb, and many an act of homage has been ren-

dered to her memory, both in her own country, and in foreign lands.

At this day, there still exist a great number of manuscript copies of the acts of the original proceedings. Several of these manuscripts, which are quite authentic, being signed in the margin and certified by the notaries, are preserved at the Royal Library and the Charter-office at Paris, at the Vatican in Rome, and at the libraries of Cambridge, Orleans, Dijon, and Munich. Moreover, we possess a host of writings of the chronicles who were contemporary with Joan of Arc, and most of these recorded the facts they witnessed on the very spot. For the time of Charles VII, so frightful in events, and in which the crown of France was to rise from its degration by heroic efforts, aroused in more than one heart the desire to transmit to posterity the remembrance of such remarkable incidents. It is thus that we possess, with regard to the Maid and her times, a quantity of chronicles and annals, to which unfortunately the history of Germany furnishes no parallel. Finally, this marvellous history has appeared to posterity more worthy than any other of special attention and profound study. All ranks and classes of men have found inexhaustable matter in its infinite variety. Joan of Arc has been celebrated in the most opposite domains of human intelligence by historians, romancers, theologians, jurisconsults, philosophers, writers on tactics, politicians, genealogists, heralds, preachers, orators, epic, tragic, and lyric poets, magnetisers, demonologists, students of magic, rhapsodists, biographers, journalists, and critics. A French author has drawn up a list of four hundred works, dedicated entirely or in part to the

Maid's history. This list might be augmented by a good number of writings not mentioned therein, so that there would be a work for each year that has elapsed since the death of Joan of Arc. But the two books, in which the evidence has been examined in the most detailed and safest manner, are the greatest dissertation of l'Averdy, inserted in the 3d volume of the *Notices and Extracts from the Manuscripts in the Royal Library*, and the *History of Joan of Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans*, by Le Brun de Charnettes. These two works have chiefly been put under contribution in this history, particularly where the author could not obtain access to the original documents.

Amongst the facts which prove how generally Joan was both known and honored, even in foreign countries, from the time in which she appeared, we shall cite the following note extracted from the accounts of the town of Ratisbon in 1430, at which period it was visited by the Emperor Sigismund: "Item, we have paid twenty-four deniers, to see the picture which represents how the Maid fought in France." The citizens of Orleans erected to her, on the bridge of their city, a monument in bronze, two years after the revision of the proceedings against her. It represents the *Mater Dolorosa*, seated on the cross, with the body of the Saviour on her lap; Charles VII. and the Maid are kneeling at her feet. In memory of the erection of this monument a medal was struck, bearing on one side the legend, "*A Domino factum est istud*," and on the other, "The grateful people of Orleans erected this monument after the deliverance of their city."

Thrown down in 1567, during the wars of religion, it was restored three years later. The French Revo-

lution turned it into cannon; but, in 1805, a new monument was raised by voluntary subscription, representing the Maid with her banner in her hand. A medal was also struck in commemoration, with Joan of Arc on one side, and Napoleon on the other. The mother, and, after her death, the brother of the Maid, the Chevalier Pierre d'Arc, enjoyed a pension from the town. The last male descendant of her family died on the 29th June 1760, and with him expired the pension, which he received from the king as a member of the house that had delivered France. The tomb of the Dulis may still be seen at this day in a chapel of the church of Domremy, and this part of the church, has been designated: *La Chapelle de Notre-Dame de la Pucelle.* In the environs of the village, there is a road, a vineyard, and a fountain, which still bear the name of the heroine; and, during the reign of terror, when the National Guard of Vacouleurs rose against the tyranny of the Convention, they emblazoned on their flag the arms of the Dulis.

The procession, which the Maid performed on the 8th May at Orleans, with the knights and citizens, to return thanks to God for the deliverance of the town, is still celebrated every year with great pomp. This was the order of the ceremonies before the French Revolution. The festival commenced with a solemn mass at the cathedral, and a sermon reminding the people of the distress of Orleans in 1429, and its marvellous deliverance. Then the procession, chanting hymns and prayers, visited the various places where their ancestors had fought against the English. During all this time, the bells, the cannon, and the trumpets, resounded alternately. A young boy, represent-

ing the Maid, walked in the military dress of the fifteenth century, with a sword by his side, and the banner in his hand. To retrace the sufferings of Joan of Arc in her prison, and bring to mind, that she had not only borne herself valiantly in the high road of prosperity, but that she had also followed patiently the narrow path of sorrow, this young boy was for a time loaded with irons. The next day was consecrated to the memory of those, who, without having the happiness to witness the day of victory and deliverance, had fallen in battle for their king and country, and a solemn mass was said for the repose of their souls. The Cardinal d'Estouteville and three other bishops, with the intention of adding to the festivity, and making it a day of salvation as well as joy, granted a plenary indulgence to all those, who, after piously confessing, should with devotion draw near the Holy Table.

At Rouen, Charles VII. erected a stone fountain, on the very spot where Joan perished in the flames. At the top of this monument was a cross; a little lower stood the Maid herself, and beneath were the statues of several other celebrated women. In 1755, this fountain, being impaired by time, was reconstructed in another form. The revolution of 1793 threatened it with destruction; but the mayor rescued it, by saying: "That Joan d'Arc belonged to the Third Estate, and that therefore her image was to be respected."

A third monument was erected to her in later times, by the gratitude of the French kings and people, at Domremy itself, her native village. In 1819, the department of the Vosges, by a unanimous vote, resolved to purchase the Maid's little dwelling at Domremy. It then belonged to an old dragoon, named Gerardin,

to whom a foreigner had offered six thousand francs for the stone statue placed over the door, but who preferred selling it for two thousand five hundred francs to the department, that so interesting a relic might not be removed from the country. The town of Orleans, in acknowledgment of this noble action of Gerardin, caused a medal to be struck in honor of him. Louis XVIII. established in the neighborhood of the house a free-school for the young girls of Domremy, Greux, and the environs, and granted an endowment for a Sister to teach in the same. Thus, thanks to this excellent institution, the memory of Joan of Arc is still a source of blessings to the place of her birth, and by this act Louis XVIII. paid another instalment of the debt, which his ancestor Charles VII. contracted at Chateau-Thierry. Besides the school, Louis XVIII. erected in front of the church of Domremy a monument with a stone bust of the Maid.

On the 10th September, the inauguration took place with great solemnity, and, amongst the deputies from many other places, might be seen delegates from Orleans, sent on purpose to assist at the festival of its heroine. There was also present a descendant by the female line of Joan of Arc's family, who delivered an oration in honor of the Maid. The curate of the parish blessed, on this occasion, a banner made after the model of that which Joan had formerly carried in battle, and, amongst other discourses, he spoke as follows to those who bore it: "Preserve the faith and the piety of the Maid; labor as she did to deserve the favor of God, and, like her, you will always find aid and support in the arm of the Most High. He never abandons those who turn to Him in the purity of their

heart. If peace should one day be broken, and this banner, which is now a festive sign, should again be unfurled on the field of battle, remember for yourselves, and repeat to your brethren in arms, the noble lesson which the Maid has given us—that we should seek for victory in the aid of God alone."

These words, which the curate of Domremy spoke to the French people, we Germans may address to ourselves. For the Maid did not conquer and suffer for France only, but for all nations. The image of the shepherdess, with her banner and sword, with the lily, emblem of her virgin purity, with the double halo of victory and martyrdom, surrounded by her saints —shines out brilliantly in the annals of the past, to instruct and console the future; showing, that human strength and skill cannot dispose of the people according to human caprice, and that the destiny of nations is determined by a higher power, whose justice punishes the pride of the oppressor, whose mercy listens to the prayer of the oppressed, and whose infinite wisdom governs the whole race of Man.

No doubt, a painful death was the recompense awarded by the world for all the great services of the Maid; but it was thus that she obtained the crown, which her saints had promised her in her captivity, before she herself understood the prediction, which a careful examination of the proceedings now leads us fairly to regard as a miracle. As we follow the testimony (not of historians, far removed from her by time and distance, but of the hundred and twelve eye-witnesses, who beheld her in the different circumstances of her life, she appears to us, in her native village, amongst the poor country-people, as a child full of affa-

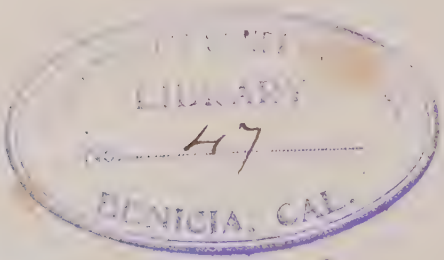
bility, submission, and modesty; in battle, in the midst of knights, as a model of the most heroic courage, the most tender pity, and the severest chastity; in the splendor of her triumph at Rheims, in the presence of the king and his nobles, as an example of the deepest humility; and finally, at Rouen, in her sufferings, before her judges who are at the same time her enemies, and even on the pile, she presents a sublime image of patience, of pardon, of love, and of unshaken fidelity to her king. In a word, through all the phases of her earthly existence, she seems to us the ideal of a pure soul, exclusively attached and devoted to God. Therefore may every eye be raised to that saintly image, and every heart be penetrated with its lustre! Then will her memory become to us an inexhaustible source of blessings, even as her victories have been to France, or even as the grateful veneration of posterity was for four hundred years, and is still at this day, to the valley where she was born.

Greek and Roman antiquity has inscribed great names on the tablet of history—of heroes, who joyfully sacrificed their lives for the happiness and honor of their country, who conquered other nations and people, and adorned the brows of their own nation with the blood-stained laurels of universal dominion; or of others, who generously opposed their breast to the steel intended for the hearts of their countrymen, and buried themselves gloriously beneath the crumbling ruins of the state. But can *one* be cited, who, like the Maid, bore the sword, not for her own fame, or for any terrestrial advantage, but only for the service of the Almighty; who, on the field of battle, never gazed proudly on her mortal weapon, but raised

her eyes humbly to God, the author of victory, or turned them with looks of love on the vanquished enemy; and who, declaring herself unworthy of the crown, placed it upon the altar, and thus, in the vain and transitory affairs of life, rendered homage to the one Infinite and Eternal Being?

Of old, a grateful country gave to her brave knight, Du Guesclin, the glorious surname of the SWORD OF FRANCE; the name which best befits her pious heroine, Joan, the Maid of Orleans, is that of the SWORD OF GOD.

THE END.



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Compiled from Authentic Sources.

AUTHOR

Historical Memoir of Joan of Arc,

TITLE The Maid of Orleans.

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DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED